POPEYE

EDITED BY MIKE HIGGS

With Contributions From

BILL BLACKBEARD DENIS GIFFORD
GLENN MITCHELL STEVE HERBERT

E. C. Segar created Popeye the Sailor in his 'Thimble Theatre' comic strip back in 1929. The character was only intended to pass through one particular story but seemed to have ideas of his own. The one-eyed sailor took over the strip and has now been going strong for 60 years. To celebrate this fact we bring you a collection of vintage Popeye strips featuring some of the best work of Elzie Segar himself and samples of the work of the other artists who have had the unenviable task of continuing the strip after the untimely death of this master cartoonist/writer in 1938.

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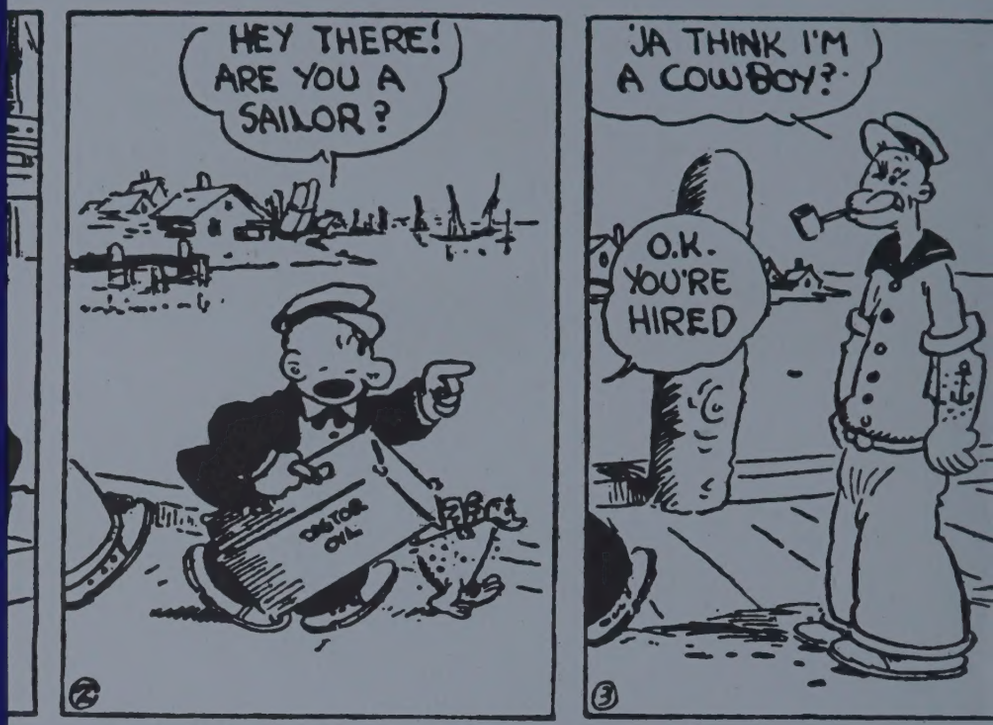
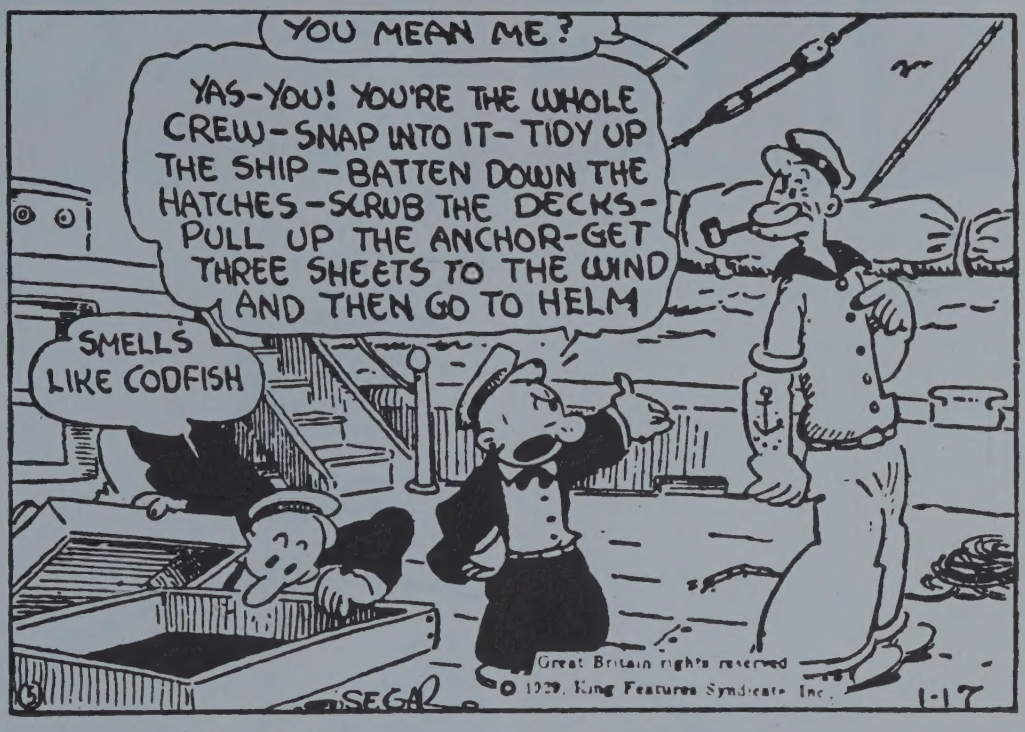


First appearance of Popeye on January 17th, 1929


YOU MEAN ME?
YAS-YOU! YOU'RE THE WHOLE CREW-SNAP INTO IT-TIDY UP THE SHIP-BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES-SCRUB THE DECKS-PULL UP THE ANCHOR-GET THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND AND THEN GO TO HELM
SMELLS LIKE CODFISH
SEGAR
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1-17

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with contributions from

BILL BLACKBEARD
DENIS GIFFORD
GLENN MITCHELL
STEVE HERBERT

Edited & Designed by
MIKE HIGGS

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POPEYE NOIR:

How E. C. Segar Brought Black Comedy to the Comic Strip and Created a Mythic Hero

Introduction by Bill Blackbeard

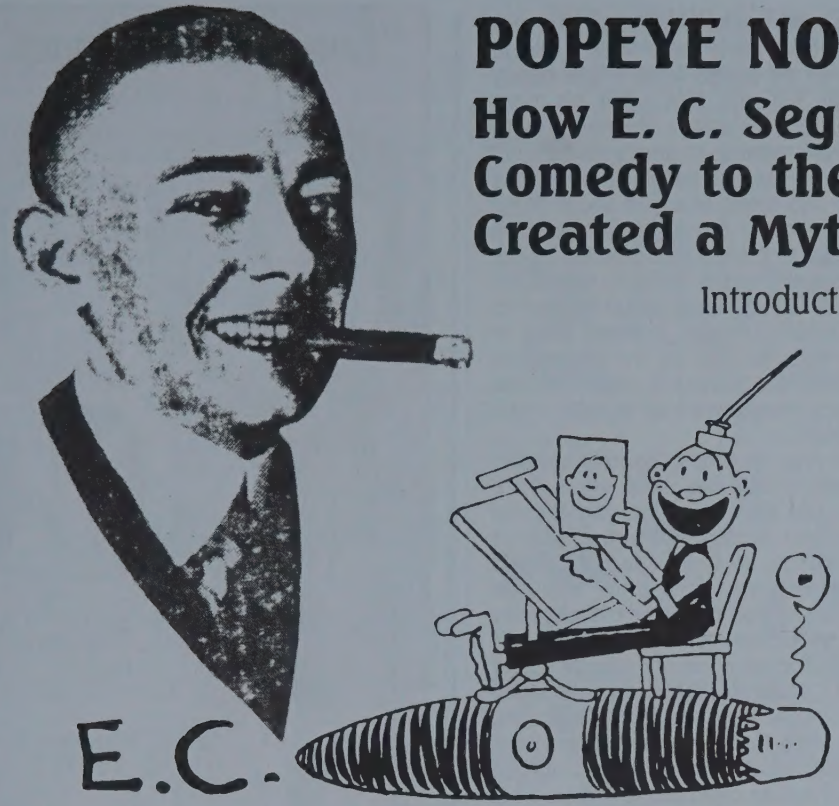


Photo of a young Segar and a self-caricature circa 1918.

Once upon a time there was no Popeye. The sea-salt sun shone upon no one-eyed sailor who could – and would – "lay ya among th' swee' peas" if you messed with him, and whose "supker-strenk" could sock through brick walls or lift houses if necessary. Hard as it is to believe today, no one before 1929 knew that it was possible to be disgustipated, to have symphity, or to be fearful of monskers or ghosks, while pre-Crash households everywhere were bereft of Wimpy, the Jeep, Swee'Pea, Toar, Rough House, Bluto, the Goon, and the Sea Hag as household words.

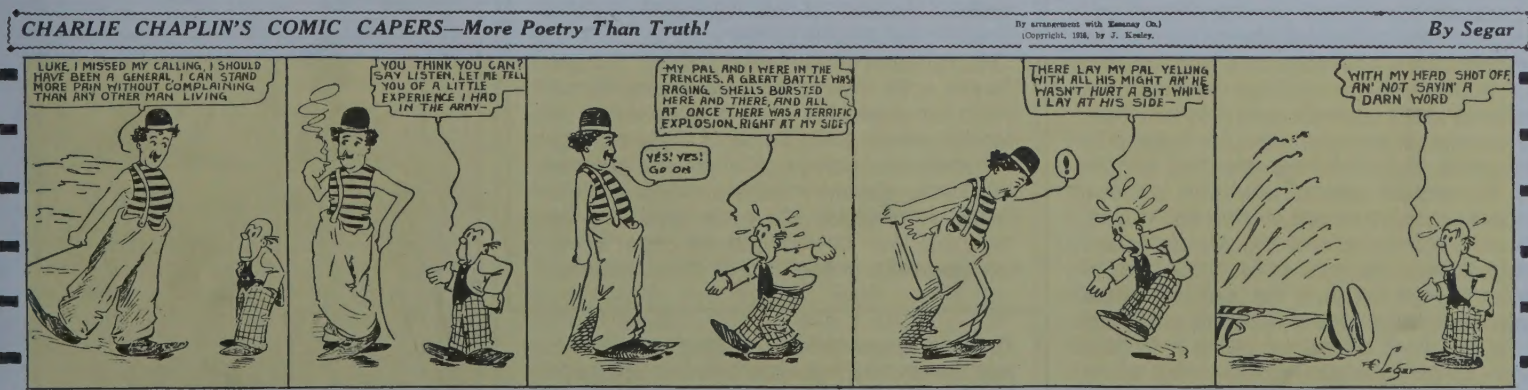
That was because a small, frail comic strip artist from Illinois named Elzie Crisler Segar hadn't yet gotten around to creating **that** bunch of characters in his **Thimble Theatre** newspaper strip. After all, the young cartoonist, born in 1894, had been too busy putting such earlier and equally extraordinary inhabitants of his strip as Olive Oyl, Castor Oyl, Ham Gravy, Hotfoot, Eelskin, Batt McNatt, King Blozo, and Blizzard, the Whiffle Hen, through their slapstick paces in one hilariously frenetic mock melodrama after another – to say nothing of the nervy, enchanted John Sappo and his wife, stars of still another inimitable Segar **Bande**, **Sappo** or **The Five-Fifteen**, drawn and published during that same pre-Popeye decade of 1919-1928.

Segar's pre-1929 newspaper audience was comprised largely of relatively small groups of sophisticates clustered around a few major metropolitan areas in the U.S.: New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles. Segar's strange humor and drawing style, at once brash and subtle, was not for the boonies, where the mass public gaffawed over the likes of **Mutt and Jeff** and the **Katzenjammer Kids**, strips in which the jokes were obvious, the characters stereotypes, and the security-blanket of repetitious humor assured. Segar's **Sappo** and **Thimble Theatre** were relished, clipped, and kept by the same readers who appreciated George Herriman's equally esoteric **Krazy Kat** or Milt Gross's madly inspired jape with lunacy, **Count Screwloose From Toulouse**. The Segar works ran in only a handful of newspapers, largely those belonging to the nationwide chain of titles owned by William Randolph Hearst, Segar's publisher, and lacked the mass sales appeal that saw other strips regularly reprinted in book form through the 1920's. Essentially, Segar's unique humor only saw print because, like Herriman's and Gross's, it held the favor of the same Hearst who was then all but universally denounced as a tasteless yellow press scalawag – the Rupert Murdoch of his day. Probably not one American in a thousand knew who E. C. Segar was, or cared to know about him.

All that changed in 1929.

It was a little as if a wonderfully imaginative and totally charming writer who concerned himself largely with the small ironies and turns of subtle humor that attracted only a limited readership, such as Lord Dunsany, Max Beerbohm, or Ring Lardner, were suddenly and unexpectedly to introduce a figure of massive inherent public appeal into his work – a James Bond, an Allen Quatermain, or a Sam Spade, made **funny** – whereupon amazed word-of-mouth would give him new and universal fame virtually overnight. Certainly Segar's already amused and devoted band of 1920s afficionados, who wincingly bought such raffish and lowbrow evening sports dailies as Hearst's **New York Journal** and **Chicago American** just to read **Thimble Theatre** and **Krazy Kat** every day, saw no reason to expect the artist who could sometimes bring them to helpless laughter with his picaresque sorties into the arcana of triple-crossing con men, fixed boxing, cock fighting in Mexico, and epochal mechanical inventions which worked but brought epoch disaster, would ever amaze them beyond belief with a character of such extraordinary dimensions that he would soar above the work which gave him birth in the way that a sudden Pecksniff or Gamp or Micawber would have totally dwarfed, for a time, the otherwise entertaining characters of a Surtees or a Lever. A Popeye – or a Wimpy – was simply not in the cards these readers had been dealt through 1928 by the gifted but seemingly limited Elzie Crisler Segar.

The one-eyed Sailor sauntered on the **Thimble Theatre** scene innocuously enough. A vision of consummate ugliness at first (Segar gave him a


CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S COMIC CAPERS—More Poetry Than Truth!
By arrangement with Keaney Co.)
(Copyright, 1916, by J. Keeley.
By Segar
LUKE I MISSED MY CALLING, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A GENERAL, I CAN STAND MORE PAIN WITHOUT COMPLAINING THAN ANY OTHER MAN LIVING
YOU THINK YOU CAN? SAY LISTEN, LET ME TELL YOU OF A LITTLE EXPERIENCE I HAD IN THE ARMY—
-MY PAL AND I WERE IN THE TRENCHES. A GREAT BATTLE WAS RAGING. SHELLS BURSTED HERE AND THERE, AND ALL AT ONCE THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RIGHT AT MY SIDE
YES! YES! GO ON
THERE LAY MY PAL YELLING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AN' HE WASN'T HURT A BIT WHILE I LAY AT HIS SIDE—
WITH MY HEAD SHOT OFF AN' NOT SAYIN' A DARN WORD

A 1916 example of E. C. Segar's first comic strip.

bit of cosmetic retouching as the strip continued), Popeye's first utterance on the strip stage was a stunning put-down of Castor Oyl's ebullient demand to know if the salty sea dog he had just approached was a sailor. "J'a think I'm a cowboy?" the comic hero of hundreds of thousands of readers to come replied. And indeed Popeye was the quintessence of all funny sailors caught in comic graphics from the eighteenth century on, a kind of amalgam of Smollett's fiery and irascible Commodore Trunnion as drawn by Cruikshank and Dickens' near-mute but stunningly grotesque Jack Bunsby as linned by Phiz. He could have been nothing other than what he was – the sun-wrinkled target of ten thousand seagulls and the battered survivor and victor of bar-room fights from Singapore to Nome. The complete sailor, as Popeye himself put it rather memorably, in first person: I yam what I yam, and tha's all I yam!"

But he was apparently no more than a sailor in the opening weeks of that new **Thimble Theatre** story. A funny new character dragooned into the strip by Castor Oyl to sail him and Ham Gravy and a stowaway Olive Oyl to a gambling hell in the far Pacific called Dice Island (where Castor intends to use the magic powers of a female whiffle hen to beat the games and break the bank) but nothing very much more than that. It is true that Popeye is shown to be something pretty terrific from the outset; indeed, the conniving Castor has hired Popeye to do the work of an entire normal crew on Castor's rented sailing ship, which Popeye proceeds to do – not, however, without informing Castor that if he is expected to do the work of twenty men, he wants the pay of twenty men. But this is mere labor, Herculean labor, to be sure, but nothing very heroic or impressive in the normal terms of popular romance, even popular comic romance like **Thimble Theatre**.

Certainly there is no suggestion of super-powers of any kind in these opening weeks, nor is there any reference to spinach, the famed source of Popeye's miracle strength in the animated cartoons of Max Fleischer based only in part on the Segar strip. In fact, it is not until we are very far along in the epic cruise to Dice Island – **after** Dice Island actually, when Castor's ship has been boarded by the murderous Jack Snork seeking vengeance for Castor's plundering of the island casino – and Popeye has been shot by Snork and left for dead, that we slowly realize we are in the presence of a figure who is going to step beyond the possibilities of known reality and return to save the day, the ship and Castor's crooked winnings. For Popeye, who has befriended the whiffle hen in the face of the almost total indifference shown the bird except at the gaming tables by Castor, Ham and Olive, discovers another magic capacity of the insipid looking little creature. He finds, although dying, he can derive new surges of strength and life from rubbing the head-feathers of the whiffle hen (much to the hen's pleasure). And as Snork tyrannizes over Castor and the others on deck, in the hold Popeye gradually recovers not just the bullet-sundered life he was sure he had lost, but an extraordinary physical prowess beyond any even this tough sailor had known before. The lowly, enchanted whiffle hen, now long forgotten by a public used to viewing the engaging Fleischer Popeye cartoons over the past half-century wherein popeye renews his temporarily lost fighting strength through ingesting spinach from unexpected sources, was thus the true source of the super powers Popeye was to hold, with only very occasional and bizarre lapses, through the next ten years of the Segar strip.

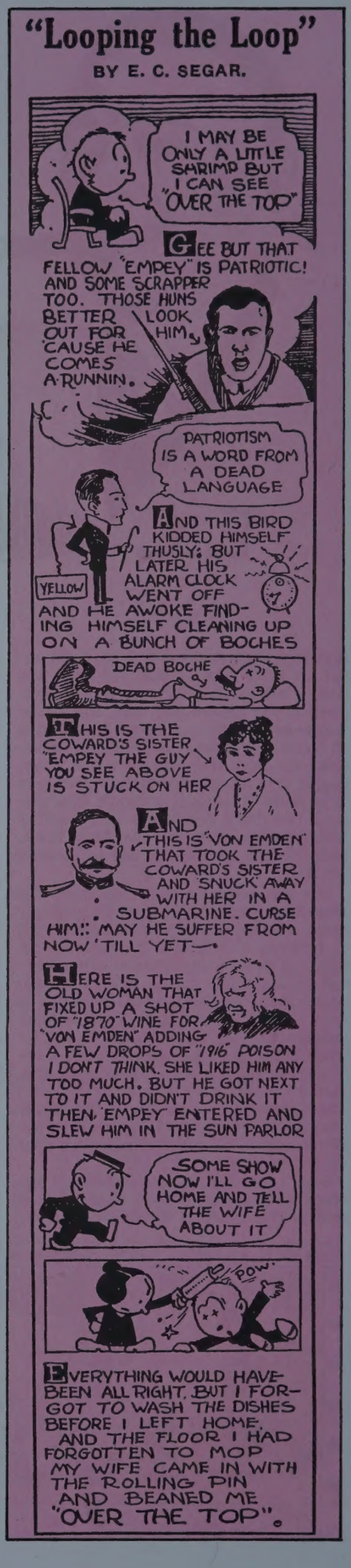
When Popeye returns to the deck to confront Snork, the gambler – knowing he had previously put Popeye down with fifteen bullets in his lean body – despairingly puts another round where the others have gone, but is knocked out of his senses with a single casual sock by Popeye. Segar's super-sailor has not yet thought of a trick he was to perform many times later – that of coughing up all the bullets some trigger-happy scoundrel has put into him – but his mere swaggering around Castor's ship filled with Snork's lead was enough to amaze and delight the readers of the day, and people of intelligence and wit who had never heard of Segar or his sailor before suddenly found themselves being regaled with tales of his comic prowess by the obscure cartoonist's regular readers, who could simply not keep such delicious stuff to themselves any more. Suddenly it was a vogue thing in intellectual circles to pick up the horrendous Hearst rags with this wonderful comic and see what Segar and Popeye were up to today – and indeed **every** day.

Of course, even in proportionately sizeable numbers, intellectuals had little effect on a newspaper's sales figures. But they did exercise considerable clout in circles of power, such as publisher's offices and newspaper editor's sanctums. In a fairly short time, editorial grapevine contacts had non-Hearst newspapers from Keokuk to Medicine Hat asking for **Thimble Theatre** proofs and taking on the strip for a year or so. Hearst's syndicate heads, amazed at the sudden interest now being shown in a strip some of them had been futilely suggesting to Hearst should be deep-sixed instantly, pulled out the preceeding six months continuity to find out what the fuss was all about and encoutered Popeye for themselves. The Syndicate people seemed ignorant of the content of their comic strip goods and appeared to be genuinely shocked to find themselves caught up by the story line of a born master of comic narrative suspense and were bowled over by the impact of Popeye's character and performance. Unlike Segar's intellectual champions, the syndicate businessmen saw that they had an immediate new popular hero on their hands – they knew in their bones that what had thrilled them would thrill multitudes, and would send a closely competing major newspaper's circulation (and there were many such in the America of 1929) nowhere but up if the fiesty sailor were aboard the comic page.

With Hearst's all-out support, Segar's wrongheadedness (obvious to all but himself, wrapped up as he was in the artist's basic job of storytelling) was set right, and the cartoonist speedily reinstated Popeye as a central figure in **Thimble Theatre**, now to be seen as the leader and acknowledged decison-maker of Segar's odd group of adventurers. Fighting – the brutal knocking-about of tough guys and obnoxious types in general – became, at the insistence of the syndicate heads (who had seen at once what would put Popeye over with the general public), a regular feature of the strip. Segar himself had no trouble with this; he had always regarded fearful, overwrought physical battles of all kinds as tremendously risible subjects graphically and fictionally, and relished getting his creative teeth into them. (A glance at the Sunday episodes for May 10 and 17, 1931, in the end section of this book, will give the reader an exhilarating look at a master of comic art realizing a peak of comic narrative and graphic hoopla.

Placed before a mass audience at last, **Thimble Theatre** with Popeye became a national hit. Within two years after 1929, the strip was to be found in virtually every American city of any size, enlivening the comic pages of just one paper at each locale – the one with the quickly heightened circulation, of course. The public revelled in the "new" strip – not because of Segar's wit, narrative skills, or subleties of characterization,

The daily Segar cartoon comment on theatre and movies which got him a Hearst newspaper job drawing Thimble Theatre: from the Chicago Evening American for June 4th, 1918.


"Looping the Loop"
BY E. C. SEGAR.
I MAY BE ONLY A LITTLE SHRIMP BUT I CAN SEE "OVER THE TOP"
GEE BUT THAT FELLOW "EMPEY" IS PATRIOTIC! AND SOME SCRAPPER TOO. THOSE HUNS BETTER LOOK OUT FOR 'CAUSE HE COMES A-RUNNIN.
PATRIOTISM IS A WORD FROM A DEAD LANGUAGE
AND THIS BIRD KIDDED HIMSELF THUSLY: BUT LATER HIS ALARM CLOCK WENT OFF AND HE AWOKE FINDING HIMSELF CLEANING UP ON A BUNCH OF BOCHES
YELLOW
DEAD BOCHE
THIS IS THE COWARD'S SISTER "EMPEY THE GUY YOU SEE ABOVE IS STUCK ON HER
AND THIS IS "VON EMDEN" THAT TOOK THE COWARD'S SISTER AND SNUCK AWAY WITH HER IN A SUBMARINE. CURSE HIM:: MAY HE SUFFER FROM NOW 'TILL YET—
HERE IS THE OLD WOMAN THAT FIXED UP A SHOT OF "1870" WINE FOR "VON EMDEN" ADDING A FEW DROPS OF "1916" POISON I DON'T THINK SHE LIKED HIM ANY TOO MUCH. BUT HE GOT NEXT TO IT AND DIDN'T DRINK IT THEN "EMPEY" ENTERED AND SLEW HIM IN THE SUN PARLOR
SOME SHOW NOW I'LL GO HOME AND TELL THE WIFE ABOUT IT
"POW"
EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN ALL RIGHT, BUT I FORGOT TO WASH THE DISHES BEFORE I LEFT HOME. AND THE FLOOR I HAD FORGOTTEN TO MOP MY WIFE CAME IN WITH THE ROLLING PIN AND BEANED ME "OVER THE TOP".

THE THIMBLE THEATRE
Now Playing—"The Dish of Death"
Percy Pieface.....Harold Hamgravy
The Fair Maiden.....Olive Oyl
The Willain.....Bondo Bitter
Copyright, 1919, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
THE FAIR MAIDEN MUST MARRY ME
I SHAY SHE SHANT!
I LOVE ONLY YOU POICY
THE BEST MAN GET'S HER- HERE- CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON
I MUST TRICK THE VILLAIN
HAVE SOME SPAGHETTI BEFORE YOU FIGHT
AH!
THE TIME IS RIPE- GO YONDER AND STICK HIM WELL
CURSES I'M DEAD
MY HERO!!
E.C.

THE THIMBLE THEATRE
Now Showing—"The Fatal Shot."
To-morrow—"A Bear of a Hug."
Copyright, 1920, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
WHY CASTOR OYL- WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE EDGE OF THIS CLIFF?
AW- EVERYBODY SAYS I'M LOCO
I'M NOT SO DUMB I GOT GOOD SENSE
THEY WONT KID ME ANY MORE- I'LL JUST JUMP OFF AND END IT ALL
BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA COMMIT SUICIDE WHY DON'T YOU JUMP OFF WITHOUT THE PARACHUTE?
OH- 'STOO DANGEROUS
E.C.

The Five-Fifteen
GOING TO TOWN IS ALL RIGHT, BILL, BUT GOING HOME ON A CROWDED TRAIN IS WHAT GETS MY GOAT
I WOULDN'T MIND BEING A COMMUTER IF I COULD GET A SEAT GOING HOME
MY GOODNESS BUT I'M TIRED!
I'M SO TIRED I'M READY TO DROP!
GOSH, BUT MY FEET HURT!!
DOGGONIT! NO GENTLE- MEN ON THE TRAIN TO-DAY
7 23

Left: Early episode of **The Thimble Theatre** complete with Olive, Ham, and a tophatted villian: December 20th, 1919. **Centre:** Castor Oyl's early bow as a canny fool: **Thimble Theatre,** February 2nd, 1920. **Right:** John Sappo, hero of Segar's second early daily strip: a harried commuter in **The Five-Fifteen** for July 23rd, 1921.

but, as the syndicate men had forseen, because of the abilities of the ebullient Popeye to ride roughshod over anything and anyone who got in his way. Popeye's superheroics, edged always with Segar's tongue-in-cheek humor and classically flawed by Popeye's omnipresent susceptibility to temper tantrums, would, of course, be surpassed in public acclaim within a few years by the totally humorless, totally unmarred super abilities of Everyman's fascist alter-ego, Superman. In the meantime, the socks and pows delivered by Popeye in hilarious comic sequences brought Segar the fame and fortune his essential talents had long deserved, and seemed to lift him to new plateaus of creativity. Certainly the comic strip he drew between 1929 and 1938, the year of his premature death at the drawing board, has never been surpassed for comic narrative and character by anything else in American art and literature in this century except for George Herriman's **Krazy Kat,** although this later **Thimble Theatre** has been equalled by Chaplin, Keaton, and Fields in the cinema, the Monty Python group of television and in followup film work, and Evelyn Waugh and P. G. Wodehouse in English prose. The three long narrative sequences selected for this volume, one from Segar's Sunday page work and the other two from his daily strip, represent the artist at the sustained apogee of his talent. Let those afflicted for the moment with throat ailments which sudden hilarity can trigger into coughing fits beware; the rest of us can set to, as Dickens wrote in his last narrative words, "with an appetite."

Thimble Theatre was funny from its start as a daily strip on December 19, 1919, in Hearst's national chain of evening sports and crime story dailies, although it was to be a decade before his fine comedy of character and situation would verge on the cosmic realms where the likes of Falstaff, Quilp, Jeeves, and Mr. F.'s Aunt forever gambol on shelves just a finger-tilt away. Before he went to work nationally as a Hearst comic page staffer – and in those early days, famed strip cartoonists whose work was read by millions daily checked in at a newspaper time clock every day just like any other hourly workers; in Segar's case, at Hearst's **New York Journal** offices – the stripling cartoonist had just completed a formal cartoonist course by mail, in the face of his own despair at the low graphic quality of his amateur strip work for a struggling Chicago daily called the **Record-Herald,** rendered in two works called **Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers** and **Barry the Boob** between 1915 and 1918. Although the paper's publisher, Robert Keeley, liked the youngster and the obvious zest he put into his clumsy graphics, the public was largely indifferent, and Chaplin so annoyed at the story handling of his persona in a strip named for him that he withdrew his permission to continue the work, forcing Segar to invent a new title – **Barry the Boob** – virtually overnight.

When the **Record-Herald** went belly-up in mid-1918 (and when a newspaper cannot make it in the middle of a world war with a public ready and willing to buy almost anything in print with the latest war news as soon as it was on sale, that had to be one sorry sad sack of a paper), Hearst bought its circulation, its tattered good will, and its cartooning and writer staff for a song. Although Segar had been a featured Sunday-page cartoonist in the Keeley paper, Hearst understandably saw little promise in him from his New York offices, and put the kid to work as a staff cartoonist doing filler bits on the daily theatre and movie page of his **Chicago American.** Here, while he devoted himself to improving his style by mail, Segar caught the public's amused attention with a sprightly little satiric feature, just a column-wide and a few inches high and run beside the theatre and film ads, called "Looping the Loop" (the reference in his title being to Chicago's famed "Loop," a series of streets in the entertainment district). Segar lampooned (and sometimes praised) the current dramatic product with great good nature, a series of terrible puns, and a constantly improving graphic style – indeed, by early 1919, it was hard to find any real resemblence between the sleek, sophisticated competence of the American "Looping the Loop" cartoonist and the aimable but tanglefingered dolt who wrought the graphic horrors of **Chaplin** and **Barry the Boob.**

The public, and particularly the influential theatrical crowd in Chicago, liked both the bright daily Segar commentary, and word of this soon got to Hearst. Always sensitive to promising new talent, the publisher told the twenty-five-year-old artist to pack his gear and catch the train for Manhattan – and a new job. It seems Hearst had need of a cartoonist with precisely the sort of miniaturist comic skills Segar had been evidencing in his "Loop" work. The owner of the world's largest newspaper chain (who nevertheless gave unstinting attention to his chain's comic strips, fully aware that their appeal had much to do with his healthy circulation figures) had just lost the services – in an explosive conflict of personalities – of a cartoonist named Ed Wheelan, who had pioneered the concept of small-panel strip comedy, featuring simplified cartoon characters, in his daily movie-satire feature called **Midget Movies.** Since Wheelan had immediately set up shop with another syndicate continuing his distinctive feature under the name of **Minute Movies,** Hearst felt he couldn't very well hire someone to keep drawing so seemingly blatant an imitation as a continued **Midget Movies,** but he believed Segar could do some-thing effectively similar in the form of a daily satire on the then still-popular roadshow melodrama stage companies featuring productions of publicly-adored turkeys such as **Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Drunkard,** and **East Lynae,** in which top-hatted villains strutted their stuff,

SAPPO
A Touching Scene
I'VE BEEN AWAY CAMPING FOR THREE WEEKS AND YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE A BIT GLAD THAT I'M BACK.
I DON'T THINK YOU LOVE ME ANY MORE
I DO LOVE YOU
YOU DON'T!
I DO !!
YOU DON'T LOVE ME!
I DO !!
YOU DON'T!
HOW DARE YOU CONTRADICT ME LIKE THAT
SOCK
I DO LOVE YOU !!

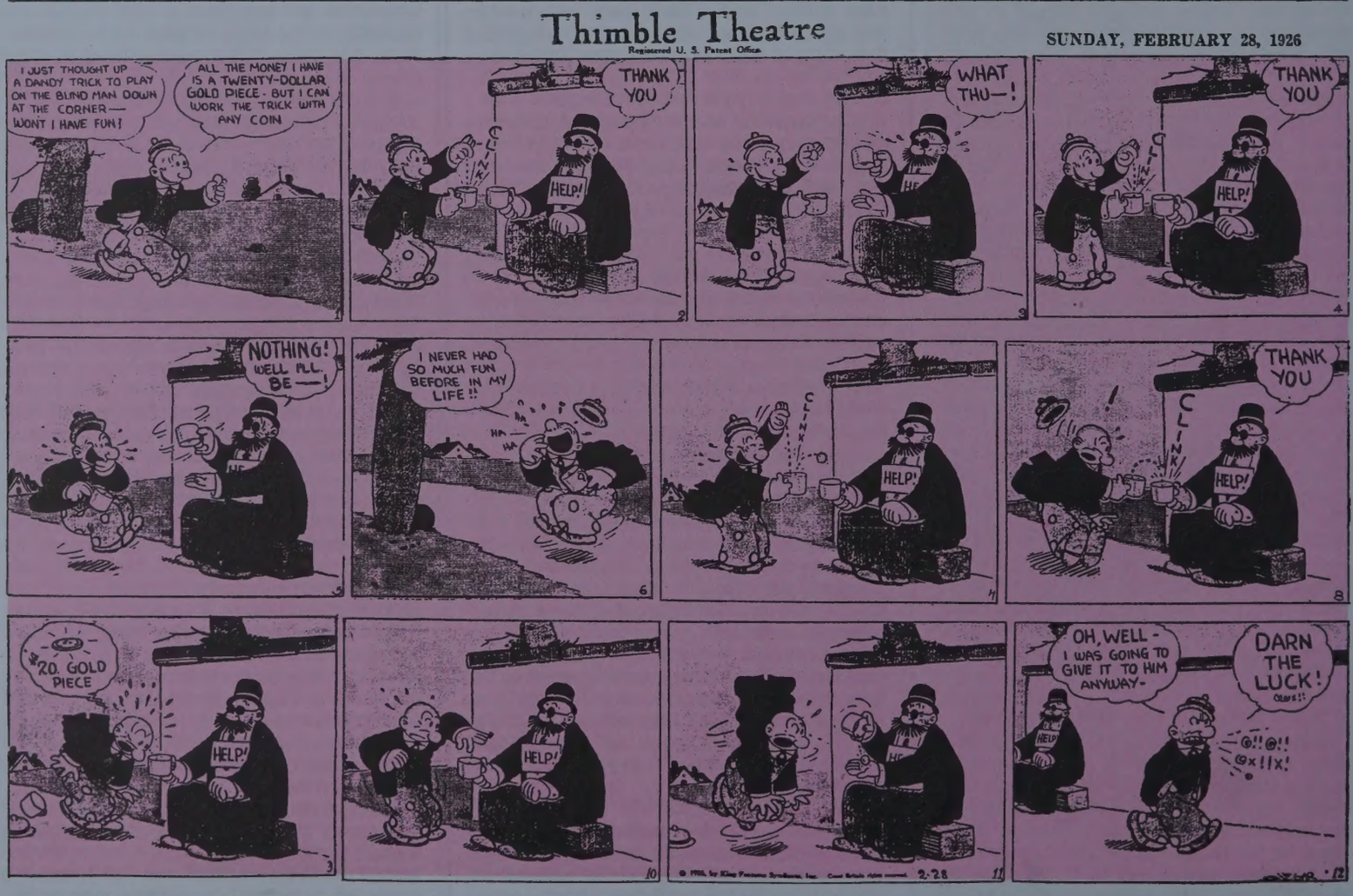
Sappo again in a later daily, now called Sappo, for April 17th, 1924.

stalwart heroines wept, and crag-chinned heroes slugged the villain and produced the money for the mortgage from their right boot at the crucial moment. This, Hearst suggested, might be called **Thimble Theatre**, and feature five to six little panels every day sustaining a lively jibe at antiquated theatrics as played by a regular named cast of performers. Such small panels on a daily comic page, it might be mentioned, were something of a novelty in a time of daily strips measuring five to six inches in height and running the full horizontal length of a standard newspaper page. (Segar's strip, like Wheelan's before it, intrigued readers in part because of its small size, much as Charles Schulz's **Peanuts** caught the casual reader's eye at once on its tiny inauguration in a handful of papers in 1950).

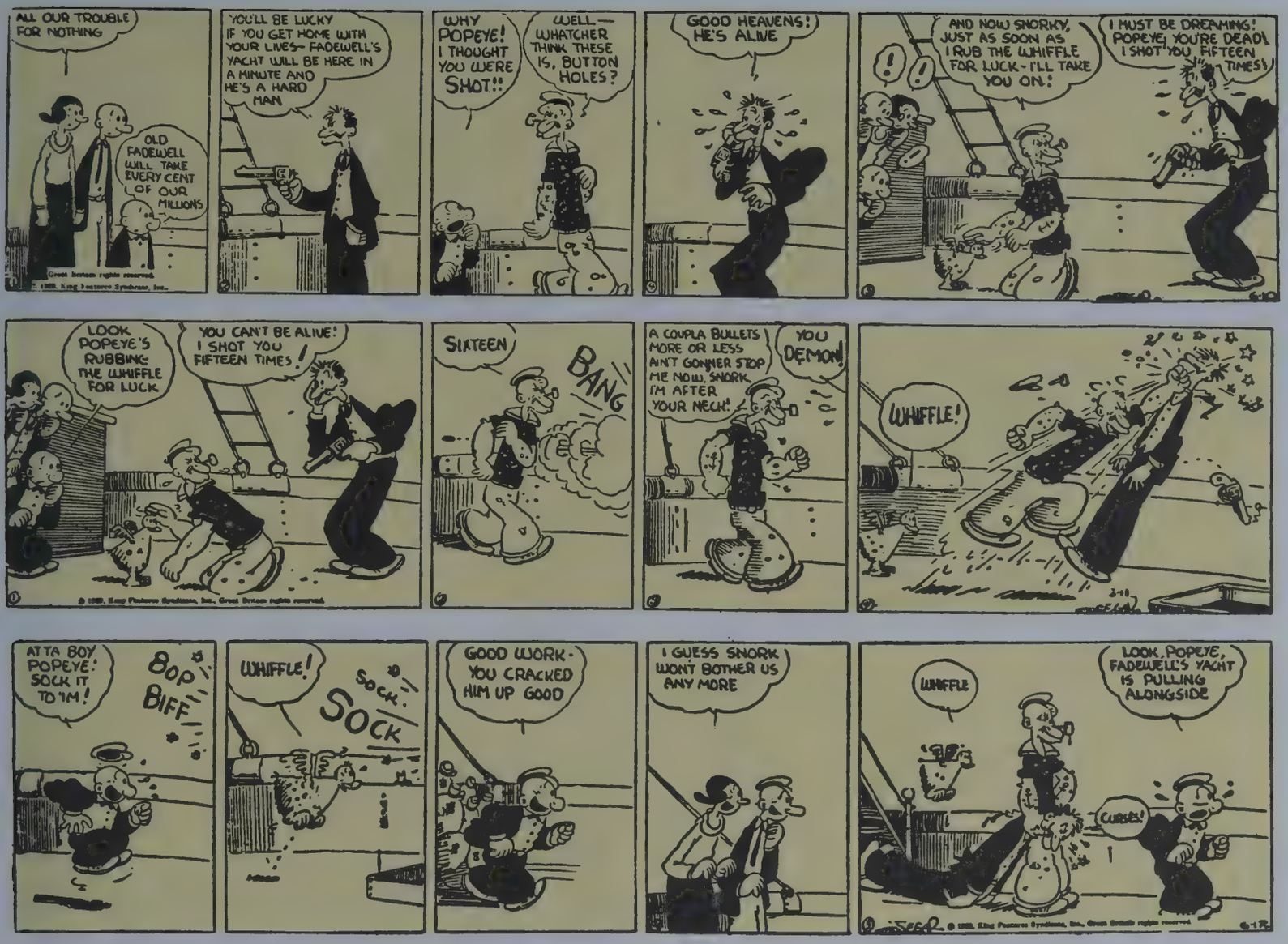
Segar, who had already demonstrated a yen for prolonged slapstick adventure on a fairly large stage in his ill-fated **Barry the Boob** page was evidently not too happy with the restrictions of theme and format the initial **Thimble Theatre** placed on him. Doing the best he could with the concept Hearst had given him, he gradually worked his way out of the direct state-satire idea – complete with an actual top-hatted nasty named Willy Wormwood – and into a concept of simple character drawings and daily gags, coupled with continuity which suited his needs better and still met the titular demands of **Thimble Theatre**. (Segar never forgot the title with which Hearst had saddled him, but he made it work for him, notably in his regular naming of every new strip adventure in a small splash panel like a theatrical poster with which the new story opened, a feature unique with Segar until a serious comic strip cartoonist named Will Gould mimicked it, effectively, in his **Red Barry** of 1925-39.)

Fantasy and suspense were early features of Segar's strip, leading him to develop a strip narrative concept of which he was, and has remained, the unchallenged master: the cliffhanger gag. In this, Segar was able to couple the regular involvement of his characters in horrendous predicaments sustained in daily segments over weeks at a time, driving readers up the wall with suspense and the need to see what happens next, while at the same time ending each daily segment with an often marvellously funny gag and never anything less than a guffaw. For most cartoonists such a regimen of narrative and comedy has proven almost impossible to equal, and only a very few – Bernard Dibble, in his memorable **Captain and the Kids** daily strip of the 1930s, and Floyd Gottfredson in his brilliant "Walt Disney"-signed daily and Sunday newspaper **Mickey Mouse** stories of 1930-66, were among them – but none ever matched Segar's genius in this area. In his strip of the 1920s, this narrative technique emerged slowly but clearly, reaching its initial peaks in the battle of Blizzard the Whiffle Hen in a Mexican cock-fighting ring in 1924 and John Sappo's involvement in a bank robbery, his flight from the law and apparent death in **Thimble Theatre's** companion strip, **The Five-Fifteen** of 1924. By the later 1920s certainly, Segar had perfected the formula for he served it up piping hot in that first gripping Popeye story of 1929. In these pages, you will find it at its best in the much-postered "Mystery Melody" daily drama of 1936-37, and – somewhat less evidenced because of the longer, partly self-contained Sunday episodes – in the "Plunder Island" thriller of 1933-34.

In large part as a result of this concern with the close wedding of sustained menacing suspense and comic relief in his burlesque melodramas, Segar was the first to introduce black comedy – as written by Swift, Smollett, Dickens, Stevenson,


Thimble Theatre
Registered U. S. Patent Office
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1926
I JUST THOUGHT UP A DANDY TRICK TO PLAY ON THE BLIND MAN DOWN AT THE CORNER— WONT I HAVE FUN!
ALL THE MONEY I HAVE IS A TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE - BUT I CAN WORK THE TRICK WITH ANY COIN
THANK YOU
HELP!
WHAT THU—!
THANK YOU
HELP!
NOTHING! WELL I'LL BE—!
I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN BEFORE IN MY LIFE!!
HA HA HA
CLINK
HELP!
THANK YOU
CLINK
HELP!
$20. GOLD PIECE
HELP!
HELP!
OH, WELL - I WAS GOING TO GIVE IT TO HIM ANYWAY-
DARN THE LUCK!
@!!@!!
@x!!x!
2-28

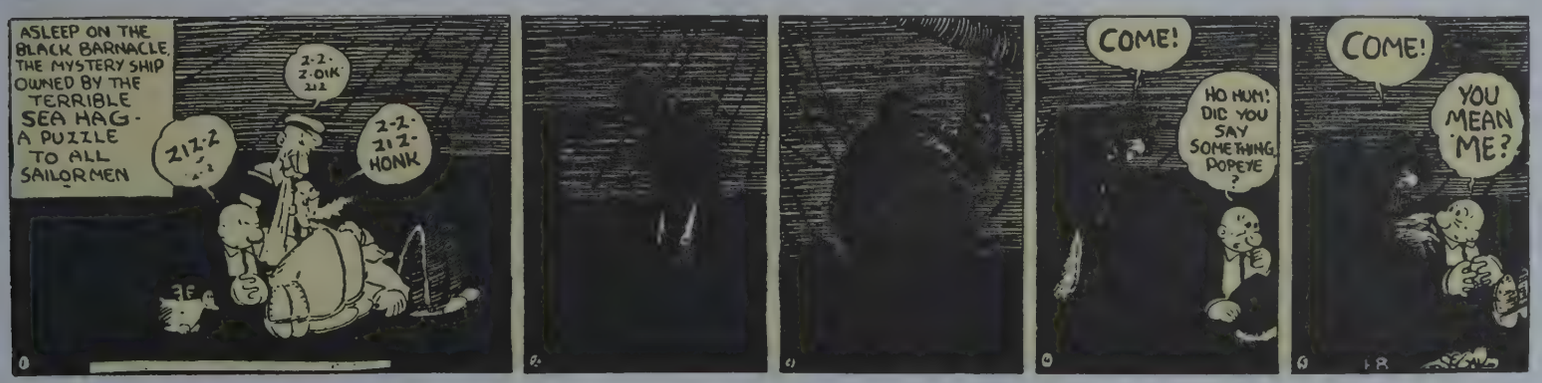
Castor at his most amoral, teasing a blind man in an early Sunday episode of the Theatre: black comedy manque.


ALL OUR TROUBLE FOR NOTHING
OLD FADEWELL WILL TAKE EVERY CENT OF OUR MILLIONS
YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF YOU GET HOME WITH YOUR LIVES- FADEWELL'S YACHT WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE AND HE'S A HARD MAN
WHY POPEYE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SHOT!!
WELL— WHATCHER THINK THESE IS, BUTTON HOLES?
GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S ALIVE
AND NOW SNORKY, JUST AS SOON AS I RUB THE WHIFFLE FOR LUCK - I'LL TAKE YOU ON!
I MUST BE DREAMING! POPEYE, YOU'RE DEAD! I SHOT YOU FIFTEEN TIMES!
LOOK, POPEYE'S RUBBING THE WHIFFLE FOR LUCK
YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE! I SHOT YOU FIFTEEN TIMES!
SIXTEEN
BANG
A COUPLA BULLETS MORE OR LESS AIN'T GONNER STOP ME NOW, SNORK. I'M AFTER YOUR NECK!
YOU DEMON!
WHIFFLE!
ATTA BOY POPEYE! SOCK IT TO 'IM!
BOP
BIFF
WHIFFLE!
SOCK
SOCK
GOOD WORK - YOU CRACKED HIM UP GOOD
I GUESS SNORK WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE
WHIFFLE
LOOK, POPEYE, FADEWELL'S YACHT IS PULLING ALONGSIDE
CURSES!

A gripping three-day sequence documenting the magical origins of Popeye's super-prowess: impermeable strength rubbed from the head of the whiffle hen. June 10th, 11th & 12th, 1929.

Twain, and Waugh – into the comic strip narrative form. The gorgeously risible fictional potentials of maladroit comic heroes encountering total evil in form of wholly murderous heavies or the horrendously supernatural (often implicit in romps amid the coffined dead or japes involving the miserably dying), which comprises much of the continuity of such Dickens classics as **Martin Chuzzlewit**, **The Old Curiosity Shop**, or **Bleak House** and today is found at brutally hilarious perfection in many of the novels of Tom Sharpe, exercised Segar's comic imagination from the first years of **Thimble Theatre** and dominated it in the 1930s. In a graphic entertainment field noted for its essentially slapstick comedy involving cretins hitting others with heavy objects or blowing them up in comic domestic settings on the one hand and somewhat brighter characters in offices or homes putting each other down with insults or falling prey to a loved one's trickery or dumbness, Segar's bizarre ventures into such darker strains of comedy – a leading character's nasty trick on a blind man, say, or the development of cock fighting as a mock-heroic field for comic suspense – startled many bored strip readers of a certain level of receptive imagination and spurred them into paying amused attention to this increasingly offbeat little strip. To compliment Segar's grisly themes and subject matter, of course, was the almost total amorality of his central hero, Castor Oyl, nearly matched by that of his sister, Olive, and only offset by the good-natured naivety of their constant companion and butt, Ham Gravy – Olive's nominal lover before the advent of Popeye.

Segar didn't disappoint his newly garnered audience, small but devoted as it was, raising the grim comic ante of **Thimble Theatre** as death and disaster continued to plague his boisterous and conniving simpleton heroes – most memorably in an epic desert adventure of horse thievery and murder involving Castor Oyl and Ham Gravy in the **Thimble Theatre** Sunday pages from 1927 through 1930, the longest single sustained narrative in newspaper comic strip history and (except for "Plunder Island") probably the funniest. With the advent of Popeye, however, and in reply to his new national audience's clear interest in large-scale comic characters on a conceptual level with Popeye, Segar gunned his always-fertile imagination into peopling his strip with a largely fresh set of companions and opponents fit for his fighting sailor. Olive Oyl was retained from the earlier strip, as the vixenish lady-love of his hero, while Castor Oyl stayed on stage for a time as a kind of straight man to Popeye's anti-social antics (managing him in his initial prize-fighting career as well), but Ham Gravy was simply dropped for good after 1930, at the close of the Sunday desert adventure. The magic whiffle hen, perhaps unhappily, disappeared from the strip in 1929, but the melancholy monarch of Nazilia, a comic-strip


ASLEEP ON THE BLACK BARNACLE, THE MYSTERY SHIP OWNED BY THE TERRIBLE SEA HAG - A PUZZLE TO ALL SAILORMEN
Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-OIK
Z-Z-Z-Z-HONK
COME!
HO HUM! DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, POPEYE?
COME!
YOU MEAN ME?

First encounter of the Sea Hag with the Theatre gang: January 8th, 1930.

CASTOR, WHY DON'T YOU BLOW YOUR DETECTIVE WHISTLE? MAYBE SOME OF YOUR ASSISTANTS ARE NEAR
DON'T BE SILLY
AT HOME THEY'RE ALWAYS NEAR ME - IN FACT, THEY'D BE AROUND ALMOST ANYWHERE ON LAND - BUT NOT ABOARD A SHIP - AND ESPECIALLY THIS SHIP
BUT IT WON'T HURT TO TRY - GO ON, BLOW YOUR WHISTLE
OKAY, I'LL BLOW IT TO PLEASE YOU BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD - MY ASSISTANTS ARE FAR FROM HERE
TWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
3-19
WHAT DO YOU THINK? CASTOR BLEW HIS DETECTIVE WHISTLE AND ABOUT TWENTY OF HIS ASSISTANTS APPEARED. THEY'VE BEEN HIDING ON THIS SHIP SINCE WE STARTED OUT
IS 'ASD ?!
BOYS, YOU'RE A CREDIT TO MY GREAT DETECTIVE ORGANIZATION - I THOUGHT YOU WERE FAR AWAY, BUT HERE YOU ARE, ALERT AND READY
I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU, BOYS - SEE THAT BRUTE OVER THERE? WELL, I KNOCK HIM OUT AND TIE HIM UP
3-20
?
50 YER ASSISTANTS RUN OUT ON YA WHEN THEY SEEN TOAR ARF! ARF!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL CALL THEM BACK AND THEY'LL OBEY ME BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT THE WRATH OF CASTOR OYL IS SOMETHING!
TWEEEEEEEEEEE
SOCK, BOP, BIFF, BOP, CRACK, WHOP, POW, BAM, !?!
WELL - THA'S THAT - ARF! ARF!
WHAM
3-21

Three stunning episodes for 1935, introducing Toar, in which Segar reaches his graphic and narrative peak: March 19th, 20th & 21st, 1935.

fanatic named King Blozo and introduced in the **Thimble Theatre** strip of the late 1920s, seemed to hold great comic possibilities in Segar's eye – as indeed proved to be the case – and he was kept on in the post-1929 strip.

The new characters, however, proved to be sensational. The Sea Hag, an old nautical enemy of Popeye's and first seen in 1930, allowed Segar to indulge in his propensity for the trappings of Grand Guignol horror to the delight of his new readership early on, while Toar, a prehistoric giant of enormous strength and menace, later linked to Popeye through admiration and friendship, first loomed on stage through the malevolent machinations of the Sea Hag in 1933. A quondam referee in some of Popeye's earliest prizefights in the Sunday strip, at first only obscurely noticeable, then suddenly emerging as a full-fledged strip personality in 1931, was the Crown Prince of Bums, the poetic, hamburger-hungering, totally worthless scoundrel named J. Wellington Wimpy, a creation of comic genious some have ranked higher than Popeye himself. Rough House, the brutal, cynical proprietor of a seaman's cafe and bar, also joined the new cast in 1931, as did, a bit later, the tangle-bearded, Wimpy-hating regular at Rough House's Cafe, Geezil, whose constant plaint is of the flies he finds "in mine zupe." Oscar, a buck-toothed smart alec first encountered in King Blozo's court, bobs on stage in the early 1930s, as does Popeye's pal of sea-faring yore, Bill Barnacle. A mysterious infant, delivered to Popeye in a wooden crate, and promptly called "Swee'Pea" by his paternally-aroused addressee, is fairly quiescent during his initial appearance, acting more as an infant **ex machina** of the plot than an individually realized character, but later merges as a fully active and involved strip figure in his own right, having become Popeye's "adoptik infink son."

But it was the entrance of the hideous Alice the Goon in 1933 that first made it abundantly clear to strip readers that they were in the presence of an imagination now able to introduce wholly new graphic images into their ken. Nothing like Alice had ever been seen in heaven or earth before (although the likelihood of her semblance roving other regions was not in question), and readers reacted in something of a state of shock, especially younger readers. One can often encounter people today who were just out of swaddling in 1933 and who knew the visual delights of Alice in their nightmares for years afterward. There were parental objections, and Hearst himself felt obligated to communicate their complaints – and his – to Segar. The general burden of his orders was, "Tone it down kid." But Segar had already anticipated the impact of the

All together in one drawing, the whole post-Popeye Thimble Theatre gang, rear to front: Geezil, Rough House, Lucy, Toar, Oscar, the Goon, Wimpy, Olive, Swee' Pea, Popeye, and the Jeep. Only Castor and King Blozo are off-scene. August 20th, 1936.

Goon, and his continuity as unveiled in the Sunday papers of 1934 quickly ameliorated her grim menace by involving her in the slapstick interplay that almost immediately followed, and – ultimately – by adding her to Popeye's own domestic entourage.

Two more major characters entered the strip in the mid-1930s. The first was a wondrous product of Segar's comic imagination at full boil and called Eugene the Jeep, a little creature at once sensationally popular with the public, able to pop in and out of the fourth dimension at will, and who has to live on orchids (thus badly shaking Popeye's financial foundations, having appeared on his doorstep, like Swee'Pea, in a box, and so laying a claim on his affections from the first). Eugene can also predict the future in a simplistic way by answering "yes" or "no" to specific inquiries about upcoming events with a deep bob or shake of his head. The Jeep's magical abilities seemed unplumbed in full at Segar's death, and there was a strong likelihood the little creature would have been involved in fantastic escapades beyond even those narrated by Segar had his creator lived.

The last important new character in the post-1929 **Thimble Theatre** galaxy was brought into being as a result of another Hearst criticism, levelled at about the same time as the gripe about the Goon. Since Segar's Popeye had become hugely popular with kids in particular, the publisher had become worried about the image of the iconoclastic, cop-belting, socially upsetting sailor hero as developed by the cartoonist in the early 1930s – in short, Hearst was upset over the very aspects of Popeye that most wowed the kids. He wanted Popeye civilized, society-oriented, acclimated to middle-class values. It is to Segar's credit as an artist that

he was able to carry off this shift in Popeye's behaviour and attitudes without the public noticing; he accomplished it, largely, through focussing on the antics of his **other** anti-social characters such as Wimpy, **et al**, while doing the behavioural shape-up job on his hero over a period of months. But he missed the old brutal salty devil he had introduced in 1929, and to get him back he conceived of an even worse version of this Popeye in the form of the sailor's long-lost father, Poopdeck Pappy. Poopdeck, who entered the scene in 1936, dominated much of the comic action of the strip in its last two years, obviously having captured Segar's heart and captivated his comic imagination. And there wasn't much Hearst could do about the old man's terrible undertakings – beating up women, doing in "eminies," and swindling his son at every opportunity – since Popeye was always in evidence to deplore Poopdeck's behaviour, and to slug some temporary sense into the old man when the occasion demanded. Thus morality was sustained – shakily – in **Thimble Theatre** to the end.

Elzie Crisler Segar, obviously, was one of a kind, as inimitable as Boz at his best, and a tragic loss to both fiction and art when he died of a spleen disorder in 1938. Since **Thimble Theatre** was entrenched in hundreds of American newspapers and numerous periodicals abroad, King Features had a considerable financial stake in continuing Segar's characters under the pen of another cartoonist. The syndicate heads of the time seem to have exercised remarkably little thought in pursuing this obviously important project and appear to have settled for the first cartoonist able to effectively mimic Segar's graphic style. Cartoonist Bill Zaboly, called in another strip artist named Tom Sims as script writer. Although this team's strip looked good, it was shallow in its handling of Segar's characters and concepts. Circulation plummeted. Later switches to other artists, Ralph Stein, Doc Winner, and Bud Sagendorf (who drew a passably amusing juvenile version of Popeye for the comic books for years), availed the newspaper strip little. Distribution reached rock bottom in American newspapers by the 1950s, never to recover. Popeye's popularity with the public was largely sustained by the classic Fleischer animated screen cartoons, which had begun to appear on television in the 1950s and have continued there ever since – nominal kid's shows which loads of adults seem to find time to tune into now and again. For in these cartoons of the 1930s and 1940s there is more of the original punch and comic power of Segar – diluted as it was by the studio processes of the time – than in any of the newspaper continuations suffered by the original strip.

But Segar's Popeye is back now, ready for a fresh public. For reasons too complex to discuss here, Segar's work was dropped from public view completely for the thirty-three long years between 1938 and 1971, when the tentative beginning of a new, serious interest in the best comic strip art of the past at last rekindled the first of what have been several Segar reprint collections, culminating in this one, surely the best designed to reach the largest possible audience for this still widely-unheralded master of comic art and story. It is a little as if, after decades of critical neglect and sloppy, sentimental ruinous television treatments based thinly on the original character and his activities, Dickens' own, long-forgotten Pickwick had been resurrected from his first appearance in print in March 1836, to a new, amazed, and delighted public

Already unique among strip artists for his recognition as the creator of two words for the English language in the various American Webster's dictionaries – "**goon** (goon), **n.** [after a grotesque comic-strip character invented by E. C. Segar], [Slang], 1. a person who is awkward, grotesque, stupid, etc. 2. a ruffian or thug, especially one used in breaking a strike, etc." and "**jeep** (jep), **n.** [orig. military slang < sound made by droll little animal (Eugene the Jeep) with extraordinary powers, in comic strip by E. C. Segar (1894-1938); supposedly suggested by G.P., General Purpose Car], etc. – E. C. Segar is also due his long-deserved credit as one of the great comic writers and artists of the twentieth century. Of course, comic novelists and their ilk are **already** kept out of the general literary way – the deadly serious literary way – in a nifty little Ghetto all of their own, but certainly Segar must now be given his well-earned and substantial place **in** that Ghetto.

To find out the irrefutably funny reasons why this is so and to have a generally gorgeous time, turn on – and may the Goon be with you!

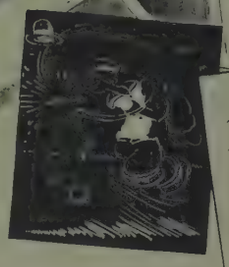
YOU MEAN TO SAY I'M THE WHOLE CREW! ALL BY MYSELF? WHY THIS TUB OUGHTA HAVE TWELVE MEN
BUT LOOK AT THE HONOR! I'M LETTING YOU BE TWELVE MEN - THINK OF IT! YOU'RE TWELVE MEN - WHILE I'M JUST THE CAPTAIN - AND AM ONLY ONE MAN
SURE - YOU'RE THE WHOLE CREW - IT'S A PRIVILEGE - TWELVE MEN
ALL RIGHT - THEN I WANT THE PAY OF TWELVE MEN!
SAY - YOU'VE GOT THIS THING ALL WRONG! GEE WHIZ! DON'T BE LIKE THAT!
CASTOR OYL AND HIS WHIFFLE HEN HAVE VANISHED! ALL ATTEMPTS TO LOCATE THEM HAVE FAILED - I CARE NOTHING ABOUT HIM BUT I'D GIVE A FORTUNE FOR BERNICE - THE LUCK BIRD
1-18
SEGAR
YOU'LL FIND THE SCUM OF THE EARTH RIGHT HERE IN THIS PORT - SO WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL IN PICKING OUR CREW
HEY THERE! ARE YOU A SAILOR?
JA THINK I'M A COWBOY?
O.K. YOU'RE HIRED
I'M GLAD WE GAVE OLIVE THE SLIP
YEAH - I'LL BET SHE'S STILL LOOKING FOR A DIME'S WORTH OF LONGITUDE
YOU MEAN ME?
YAS - YOU! YOU'RE THE WHOLE CREW - SNAP INTO IT - TIDY UP THE SHIP - BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES - SCRUB THE DECKS - PULL UP THE ANCHOR - GET THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND AND THEN GO TO HELM
SMELLS LIKE CODFISH
SEGAR
1-17

The first two Popeye episodes in Thimble Theatre: January 17th & 18th, 1929.

POPEYE CLIPPINGS...

ALL-PURPOSE Camera

The unusual film-less camera, shown above, was designed by E. C. Segar, noted cartoonist, for copying originals of his comic strip, "Popeye, the Sailor." Two 250 watt lamps illuminate the ground and the image is focused on the ground glass. The inset at the right shows the three-section back with frames for holding the bromide paper and ground glass and a door to shut out light.



The negative print above is first produced in the camera. A copy of this results in the true color picture at right.

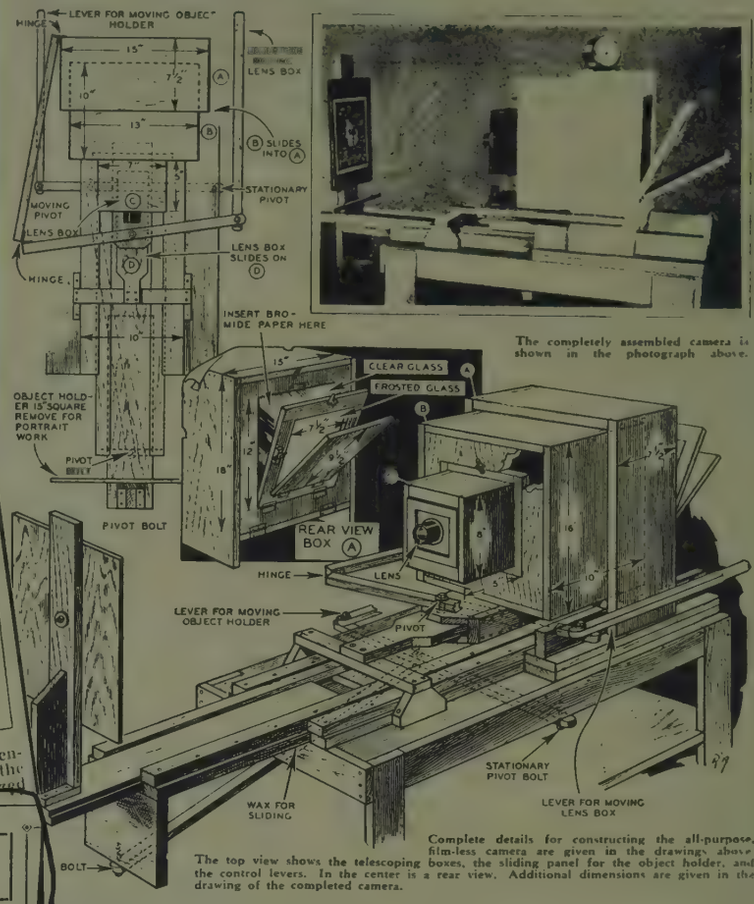
For a few dollars you can build the combination instrument, described here, that will not only copy, enlarge, and reduce photographs, but can be used as a projector for [illegible] make portraits in your home.

[illegible] other moving the lens box, enlarging the image on the [illegible] forcing it, [illegible] adjusted

MILWAUKEE, [illegible]

Requires No Film

by PAUL W. GARTNER



The completely assembled camera is shown in the photograph above.

Complete details for constructing the all-purpose, film-less camera are given in the drawings above the sliding panel for the object holder, and the control levers. In the center is a rear view. Additional dimensions are given in the drawing of the completed camera.

[illegible]ng a person or an object a number of [illegible]way, the front section of the lens box [illegible]rted to obtain a comparatively dis-[illegible]cu.. interesting experiments can be [illegible]ith this simple camera. Photo-[illegible] other pic[illegible] the negat[illegible] nlarged [illegible]tion, a [illegible]ions

duced into a virtual line drawing, which, with a little retouching, can be made into a zinc etching. Here hard or contrast paper is given a long exposure and not developed thoroughly. The highlights disappear, and the result is a sharply black and white photograph.

By removing the sliding object holder [illegible] its place inserting a film holder, an[illegible] [illegible]he machine into an en-[illegible]negative. The film[illegible]

"POPEYE" POPS LUCIFER FOR VICTORY

—International Newsreel.

POPEYE RADIO BOUT

"Popeye," famous comic character of the Hearst newspapers, delivers a knockout victory over Lucifer Butts, funnyman of the air, in his first appearance in New York in a radio broadcast with his creator, E. C. Segar. Mr. Segar is shown at the left. At the right is John [illegible]ous ma[illegible] eremonies o[illegible] eye's" creator to the radio audience. Mr. Butts, of course, is the gentleman lying on the floor. Popeye is the only one of his kind in captivity. His creator, Segar, is far ahead of others. Popeye has ended wars, battled regiments, "laid 'em among the sweet peas," and been unsuccessful in love. You'll find him daily in the Wisconsin News on the comic pages. Follow h[illegible] the new[illegible] he is i[illegible] starti[illegible]

Lands $250 a Week Job As "Popeye's" Double

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 20 — At those gay volunteer firemen's parties in Tarentum and elsewhere, the youngsters, and oldsters too, pointed to Milton McGeary Black, saying:

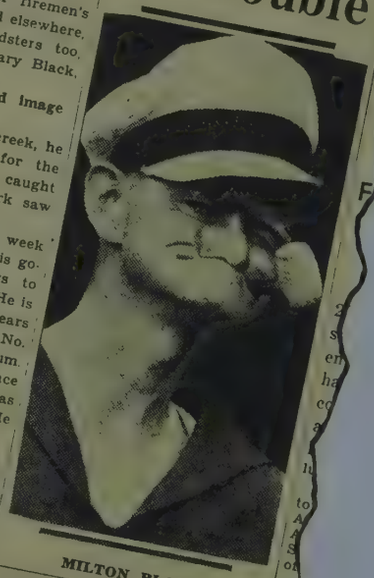
"Dearie, he's the dead image of Popeye."

One evening, in Turtle creek, he was acting like Popeye for the crowd, when a movie man caught him in the lens. New York saw the pictures.

And now, with a $250 a week contract in his pocket Black is going East within a few days to make some "Popeye" movies. He is a roofer by trade, and for 24 years has been a red-shirt with the No. 2 Eureka Hose house, Tarentum. He has been out of work since Christmas. In the war, he was shell-shocked and wounded. He said:

"At every firemen's affair in western Pennsylvania I am called on to impersonate the famous character.

"I signed the contract this week for four years at $250 a week."



MILTON BLACK

Skipp[illegible]8, Prese[illegible]s Right

Top: Article on Segar's home-made camera from 'Modern Mechanix and Inventions' Magazine for Jan. 1934. **Bottom Left:** Publicity article from The Wisconsin News, December 31st, 1931. **Bottom Right:** Real life Popeye look-a-like from The Wisconsin News, July 20th, 1932.

CASTOR & BLIZZARD – An hilarious sequence from the pre-Popeye **Thimble Theatre.**

I WONDER IF HAMGRAVY'S GIANT SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOOD-PECKER REALLY IS A FIGHTING BIRD- I'D LIKE TO PUNCH FARMER JONES FOR OVER FEEDING "BLIZZARD"
I'M GOING OVER AND TRY TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT HAM'S FIGHTER
HEY HAM, LET ME SEE THAT TROPICAL WOOD-PECKER WILL YOU?
HE ISN'T HOME- I GOT HIM A JOB IN A BIG MEAT MARKET
I GET FIVE BUCKS A DAY FOR HIS SERVICES
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? "A JOB IN A MEAT MARKET!" WHAT KIND OF A JOB?
KILLING CHICKENS
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
1-23
SEGAR
IT'S MIGHTY FUNNY THAT 'BLIZZARD'S' BAY WINDOW DOESN'T GO AWAY- I HAVEN'T FED HIM A THING- AND I'M NOT GOING TO EITHER. HE CAN'T FIGHT WITH ALL THAT FAT ON HIM
WOCKLE WOCKLE! WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE
KUT— KUT-DOT-CUT ? WOCKLE!
CACKLE CACKLE CACKLE
WOCKLE !!!
THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME I'VE NOTICED EGG ON YOUR FACE- !!! WHERE THE HECK DO YOU GET THEM ?!!
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 1-24
SEGAR
BROTHER CASTOR SURE IS HAVING A TIME TRYING TO REDUCE 'BLIZZARD'S' BAY WINDOW
HE'LL NEVER LICK HAMGRAVY'S GIANT SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOOD-PECKER WITH ALL THAT FAT ON HIM
I'M AFRAID "BLIZZARD" IS GOING TO LOSE THE STATE CHAMPION SHIP
ONE - TWO- BUCKLE MY SHOE
BOP BOP BOP
THREE - FOUR- OPEN THE DOOR
BOP BOP
FIVE-SIX- PICK UP STICKS
BOP BOP
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 1-25
SEGAR
IT BEATS ME! I DON'T FEED 'BLIZZARD' A THING BUT HE SEEMS TO BE GETTING FATTER EVERY DAY
HAMGRAVY'S SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOOD-PECKER WILL KILL "BLIZZARD" I'M OUTTA LUCK THAT'S ALL
OH CASTOR, YOU KNOW HOW MANY ROACHES WE USED TO HAVE AROUND THE HOUSE?
WELL, THEY'RE DISAPPEARING I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY'VE GONE TO BUT THERE ISN'T NEAR AS MANY— ISN'T THAT FINE?
YEAH I GUESS
AH— HAAAA!!
WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE
SEGAR
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 1-26
"BLIZZARD" WILL NEVER LICK MY GIANT SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOOD-PECKER- LOOK, HE EVEN PECKS ON THE STOVE- SOME TOUGH BEAK
YOU CAN GO OUTSIDE AND GET SOME AIR BUT DON'T RUN AWAY
MY GOSH! SOMEBODY'S HOUSE IS ON FIRE
DING DING DING
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
FROM THE WAY THE VILLAGE FIRE BELL IS RINGING IT MUST BE SERIOUS
WHAT THU-!
1-28
DING DING DING DING
SEGAR
I'VE GOT TO REDUCE 'BLIZZARD'S' BAY WINDOW - HE'S A DISGRACE TO HIS FIGHTING ANCESTORS
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S MR. GOLDFELLOW COMING HERE FOR
MY FRIENDS AND I CAME TO TELL YOU THAT WE'RE GOING TO SOCK EVERY CENT WE HAVE ON 'BLIZZARD'- I AM EVEN GOING TO MORTGAGE MY COUNTRY HOME
IS HE IN GOOD FIGHTING SHAPE?
GREAT SHAPE MR GOLDFELLOW- IN FACT HE'S IN THE VERY PINK OF CONDITION
WOCKLE!
SEGAR
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
1-29

BLIZZARD, OLD BOY, I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED
NOBODY'LL BET ON "BLIZZARD" WHEN THEY SEE HIS BAY WINDOW
I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF FARMER JONES HADN'T OVER FED HIM WHILE HE WAS TAKING CARE OF HIM
RUN IN AND SHOW CASTOR WHAT I MADE FOR YOU
WOCKLE
FLOP
WOCKLE !!!
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 1-30. SEGAR
IS YOUR FIGHTING WOODPECKER IN GOOD SHAPE?
GOOD SHAPE? LISTEN STRANGER, JUST BET YOUR MONEY ON MY FIGHTING BIRD, HE CAN'T LOSE
HE COULD LICK A WILD CAT- HIS CONDITION IS PERFECT—BUT I DON'T WANT CASTOR TO KNOW IT- YOU WON'T TELL HIM, WILL YOU?
I GIVE YOU MY WORD I WON'T TELL HIM— HOP DOWN OLD BOY
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
A HAT, A COAT AND A LITTLE PAINT DID THE TRICK
I NOW HAVE THE DESIRED INFORMATION
WOCKLE
SEGAR 1-31
"BLIZZARD" IS SO LAZY HE WON'T TRAIN FOR THE FIGHT- HAM'S GIANT WOODPECKER WILL PICK HIM TO PIECES
HE WON'T LISTEN TO A THING I SAY- I GET SO DARN MAD AT HIM!
HEY- MOVE AROUND A LITTLE- GET SOME EXERCISE— YOU'VE GOT BAY WINDOW LIKE A RUBBER BALL
DON'T STAND THERE AND STARE AT ME LIKE THAT YOU SAP BRAINED WEAK MINDED IDIOTIC FATHEAD OF A DUMB-BELL"
X!!=!! Cccccc !! @!%
BOP
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 2-1. SEGAR
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE FIGHT BLIZZARD- YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO STAND UP AGAINST HAMGRAVY'S SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOODPECKER
IT'S A MEAN TRICK- BUT I'M GOING TO PUT THIS CRANE INTO HAMGRAVY'S BACK YARD- HE'LL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THAT WOODPECKER
GO ON— EAT 'IM UP!
LET'S SEE NOW- TWELVE POUNDS AT EIGHTEEN CENTS A POUND— ETC—
Copyright, 1924 by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 2-2. SEGAR
HEY OLIVE OYL COME OVER AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY GIANT SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOODPECKER
HE'S IN PERFECT CONDITION YOU'D BETTER NOT BET ON YOUR BROTHER'S ROOSTER
I TURNED HIM LOOSE IN THE YARD WHEN I LEFT THE HOUSE
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I HEAR HIM PECKING ON SOMETHING NOW— HE'S A BUSY SCAMP
PECK PECK PECK
PECK PECK PECK PECK PECK PECK
I DON'T FEED HIM A THING. BUT HE GETS SOMETHING TO EAT SOMEWHERE- BLIZZARD YOU'RE A HECK OF A LOOKING FIGHTING COCK
YOU'RE GOING TO STAY TIED TO THIS STAKE TILL YOUR BAY WINDOW GOES AWAY
NOW I CAN REST IN PEACE. I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM FINDING ANYTHING TO EAT
WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE
WOCKLE
CLUCK
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 2-5. SEGAR

MAY I TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUR ROOSTER?! WISH TO USE IT TO ADVERTISE OUR CHICKEN FEED
YES, BUT DON'T MENTION HIS NAME
YOU SEE HE'S A FAMOUS FIGHTING GAME COCK AND I DONT WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW HE HAS SUCH A BIG BAY WINDOW
CLICK
THANKS — HEH! HEH-! HAW-HAW!
?
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
I DIDN'T QUITE GET THAT DIRTY LAUGH - IT'S BEEN WORRYING ME ALL MORNING
HEY BOY
EXTRA EXTRAAA
2-6
!
BLIZZARD IN BAD CONDITION
COULD NOT LICK A YOUNG FLEA
SEGAR
LOOK AT THIS!! THE BUGLE HAS A HALF PAGE CARTOON KNOCKING 'BLIZZARD'!! HOLY SMORES!!
SPORT THE BUGLE EXTRA
FIGHT WILL BE ONE-SIDED AFFAIR
THE SHADOW"
DEFEAT
BLIZZARD WILL LAST ABOUT AS LONG AS A SNOW BALL IN A BLAST FURNACE
I'LL GO BUY SOME MORE PAPERS MAY BE SOME OF 'EM ARE BOOSTING "BLIZZARD"
2-7
BLIZZARD WOULD MAKE A DANDY PAPER WEIGHT
THE DAILY BALLOT
A FIGHTING ROOSTER - HA! HA!
BLIZZARD
DUNCE
HERE'S A FELLOW WHO IS GOING TO BET ON BLIZZARD
THE EVENING
WITH CRANBERRIES OH BOY
WOCKLE
BLIZZARD
AFTER THE FIGHT
STEW
OLD BOY, THEY'RE ALL AGAINST US'
SNIFF
SNUFF
SEGAR
YOU'RE GOING TO GET SOME EXERCISE TO-DAY OR GET ATE UP, YOU BUM GAMECOCK
EAT 'IM UP, FIDO — IF HE STOPS
?
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
HAW! HAW! HAW! DID YOU SEE BLIZZARD BEAT IT HAW! HAW!
I GUESS HE'S HAD ENOUGH EXERCISE FOR TO-DAY - I'LL GO OUT AND TURN HIM LOOSE - LISTEN AT 'EM GO 'ROUND THE HOUSE
WOCKLE!
YIPE WOOF YIPE
2-8
SEGAR
IF THE STUNT I'M TRYING NOW DOESN'T REDUCE BLIZZARD'S BAY-WINDOW - I THINK I'LL TRY AN AX ON HIS NECK
WHY WHERE'S BLIZZARD - MAY BE SOME BODY KIDNAPPED HIM
BLIZZARD
HEY CASTOR! YOUR ROOSTER IS NOT IN HIS BED
I BOUGHT HIM A NEW KIND OF A BED - HE'S ASLEEP IN THE OTHER ROOM
Z Z Z
PREGS
SEGAR
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2-9
ALL THE NEWSPAPERS ARE AGAINST BLIZZARD THEY ALL GIVE HIM THE RAZZ
PARDON ME, BUT ARE YOU THE OWNER OF BLIZZARD?
I NOTICE THAT THE PAPERS ARE ALL KNOCKING YOUR ROOSTER, I'M THE EDITOR OF A SPORTING MAGAZINE AND I WANT TO GIVE HIM A DANDY WRITE-UP. I'M FOR HIM
EVEN IF HE HAS A BAYWINDOW I THINK HE CAN LICK ANY BIRD LIVING - AND I'M GOING TO TELL THE READERS THAT IN MY WRITE-UP
FINE!
WOCKLE
WOCKLE
WOCKLE
SPARROW
WOCKLE WOCKLE WOCKLE
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
2-11
SEGAR
I'VE GOT A DIP OF AN IDEA TO FOOL THE REPORTER WHO IS COMING TO TAKE A LOOK AT BLIZZARD
IF HE SEES YOUR BAYWINDOW HE'LL GIVE YOU A BUM "WRITE-UP" SO WE'LL PAINT IT BLACK -
NOW YOU STAND IN FRONT OF THIS BLACK PIECE OF CARD BOARD AND HE'LL NEVER KNOW YOU'RE FAT
WHY HE'S IN EXCELLENT CONDITION, HE HASN'T GOT A BAY WINDOW
FIT AS A FIDDLE, AIN'T HE?
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
I KNOW HOW TO TRAIN GAMECOCKS - HE'S IN PERFECT SHAPE AS YOU CAN SEE
FLY
2-12
SEGAR

THIS BUM CHICKEN IS GOING TO GET SOME EXERCISE TODAY IF I HAVE TO PULL HIM ALL OVER THE STATE
HE WONT DO A THING I TELL HIM SO I'VE GOT TO USE FORCE
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
CASTOR SURE IS WORRIED ABOUT THE FIGHT- HE'S BEEN OUT ALL DAY TRYING TO RUN SOME OF THE FAT OFF HIS ROOSTER
WELL CASTOR- DID BLIZZARD LOSE ANY WEIGHT ?
NO- BLIZZARD DIDN'T LOSE ANY WEIGHT
SEGAR 2-13
I'VE GOT MY LAST DOLLAR ON HIM, HAM
ME TOO
MY GIANT SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOODPECKER IS IN PERFECT CONDITION. AINT HE BOYS?
I'VE GOT TO LAUGH WHEN I THINK OF BLIZZARD GETTING INTO THE RING WITH MY FIGHTER
BLIZZARD, YOUR BAY WINDOW IS GOING TO BE REMOVED!! GET ME? !!!
I HAD THIS STEAM BATH APPARATUS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU
GET READY, YOU FAT LOBSTER I'M GOING TO TURN THE STEAM ON
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 2-14
YOU'LL EITHER REDUCE OR ROAST
WOCKLE!
TO BE CONTINUED
SEGAR
DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT YOUR FIGHTER- IF BLIZZARD GET'S IN SHAPE YOU KNOW THERE ISN'T A BIRD IN THE WORLD THAT CAN LICK HIM
G'WAN HE COULDN'T LICK AN ALL DAY SUCKER
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
BLIZZARD IS TAKING A TREATMENT RIGHT NOW- I WOULDN'T GIVE A BAD APPLE FOR YOUR BIRD'S CHANCES
POOH POOH
HE'S BEEN IN THE STEAM BATH TWENTY FOUR HOURS NOW- THAT'S LONG ENOUGH TO KILL A HORSE
BLIZZARD IS PERSPIRING SOMETHING AWFUL. DON'T YOU THINK HIS BAY-WINDOW IS GONE BY NOW?
"BUZ", OLD BOY, DON'T LOOK SO SAD- I'M DOING THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD
IT HURTS ME WORSE'N IT DOES YOU, OLD TIMER. (SNIFF) I'LL LET YOU OUT TOMORROW
WOCKLE
2-15.
SEGAR
CASTOR YOU'D BETTER TAKE BLIZZARD OUT OF THE STEAM BATH- HE LOOKS AWFULLY WEAK
I'M AFRAID TO LOOK AT HIM FOR FEAR HE STILL HAS HIS BAY WINDOW
I'LL FAINT IF HE'S STILL FAT
ALL RIGHT BLIZZARD I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT
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WOCKLE!
2-16
SEGAR
BLIZZARD, OLD PAL, I GUESS I PLAYED THE DICKENS - I LEFT YOU IN THE STEAM BATH TOO LONG.
WOCKLE
I GOT RID OF HIS BAY WINDOW ALL RIGHT BUT I NEARLY KILLED HIM - POOR BOY
THERE'S THE DOCTOR NOW- COME IN!!
KNOCK KNOCK
IS THERE ANY DANGER DOCTOR-? IS HE VERY SICK?
I CAN TELL YOU BETTER AFTER I SEE WHAT HIS TEMPERATURE IS
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 2-18
A HUNDRED AND TEN! GET HIM TO BED. QUICK
DID THE DOCTOR HELP BLIZZARD ANY?
I'M NOT DEPENDING ON ONE DOCTOR- I'VE HIRED EVERY M.D. IN TOWN
I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, HE'S GOT TO BE WELL IN TIME FOR THE FIGHT
I'LL GO IN AND SEE HOW THEY'RE GETTING ALONG
I'M SURE IT'S INDIGESTION
NO- IT'S CHICKENPOX
APPENDICITIS
HAY FEVER
LUMBAGO
MUMPS
JUST AN EARACHE
A BAD CASE OF GRIP
TONSILITIS
RHEUMATISM THAT'S ALL
WOCKLE
M.D.
M.D.
M.D.
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. 2-19
SEGAR

BLIZZARD IS WORSE THIS MORNING— I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GET DOCTOR FLIXEM, THE GREATEST M.D. IN AMERICA
COME QUICK, DOCTOR! DROP EVERYTHING! IT'S A CASE OF LIFE AND DEATH!
HURRY, DOC. BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!
PUFF-PUFF-
PUFF-PUFF
ONLY TWO MILES MORE
WHAT! YOU BRING ME HERE TO CURE ZE SICK CHICKEN! ME! ME ZE GREATEST DOCTAIR IN ZE LAND
BAH
G'WAN— YOU AIN'T SICK
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2-21.
SEGAR
THE SMILE OF VICTORY IS ALREADY FIXED UPON HAM'S FACE— HE IS SURE THAT HIS FIGHTER WILL COP THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP
HERE IS HAM'S GIANT SOUTH SEA ISLAND FIGHTING WOODPECKER— HE IS IN PERFECT CONDITION.
UP TO THE PRESENT TIME BLIZZARD HAS LICKED EVERYTHING THAT CAME HIS WAY— BUT NOW CASTOR IS WORRIED
ONLY "5" MORE DAYS 'TILL THE FIGHT.
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
AND HERE IS POOR OLD BLIZZARD WHO WILL DEFEND HIS TITLE AGAINST THE GIANT WOODPECKER. CASTOR GAVE HIM THE STEAM BATH TREATMENT AND REDUCED HIM TOO MUCH
WOCKLE
THE ADVANCE SALE OF TICKETS LOOKS VERY FAVORABLE — WE HOPE THEY GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH— BUT THE FIGHT MAY BE OVER IN A COUPLE OF PECKS
TICKETS
SIX
2-22.
SEGAR
FROM THE LOOKS OF THE ADVANCE SALE OF TICKETS THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME CROWD AT THE FIGHT
THE BIG FIGHT NEXT WED.
HERE'S SOME SPARRING PARTNERS FOR YOU, OLD TOP— YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT 'EM ALL AT ONCE
BLIZZARD'S TOO WEAK TO COME OUT— I'LL GO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT HAM'S FIGHTER
WHAT THE HECK'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?
GOBBLE SQUAWK R-R-R- SQUAWK
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
ATTA BOY— YOU CLEANED 'EM UP IN FIFTY SECONDS THAT'S THE WAY YOU'LL DO BLIZZARD, ONLY QUICKER
2-23.
SEGAR
I'M TELLING YOU— BLIZZARD HASN'T GOT A CHANCE
I'VE GOT MY WAD ON THE WOODPECKER
BIG FIGHT DAY AFTER TOMORROW BLIZZARD V-S- THE GIANT SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOODPECKER ADMISSION 50¢
PUBLIC OPINION HAS BLIZZARD LICKED ALREADY
BLIZZARD, THERE'S A LADY OUTSIDE WHO SEEMS TO WANT TO TALK TO YOU, SHALL I SHOW HER IN?
WOCKLE
HE'S IN THE PARLOR— GO RIGHT IN
BLIZZARD, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?
CACKLE CLUCK CACKLE
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.
THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME EXCEPT I'M STARVING— THAT SAP CASTOR THINKS I'M SICK AND WON'T FEED ME ANYTHING
WOCKLE WICKLE WORKLE WACKLE WOCKLE
SHE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND CHICKEN TALK.
CACKLE SQUAWLK CLUCK
2-25.
SEGAR
GREAT CROWDS ARE POURING INTO THE ARENA— THEY ALL EXPECT TO SEE THE TITLE CHANGE HANDS AND A NEW BIRD CROWNED STATE CHAMPION
BLIZZARD, YOU LOOK HUNGRY. I'D LIKE TO FEED YOU BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS NOT— YOU HAVEN'T HAD A BITE FOR A WEEK
WOCKLE
BLIZZARD ISN'T SICK— HE'S JUST STARVING— BUT OF COURSE HUMAN DOCTORS DO NOT UNDERSTAND CHICKENS—
AND LOOK AT THIS DEMON SOUTH SEA ISLAND WOODPECKER, HEALTHY AND IN PERFECT SHAPE.
GET UP INTO THE RING OLD BOY— THE TIME HAS COME
THE GONG SOUNDS— THEY ARE WALKING TOWARD EACH OTHER— WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THEY MEET? YOU'RE GOING TO SEE SOMETHING TOMORROW
DING
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2-26
SEGAR
IN SPITE OF BLIZZARD BEING IN A STARVED AND WEAKENED CONDITION— HIS OLD FIGHTING BLOOD IS UP— HERE'S WHERE WE LEFT THEM YESTERDAY
GAZE UPON THE GIANT WOODPECKER, THE MOST HEARTLESS AND DESTRUCTIVE DEMON IN THE BIRD WORLD
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BLIZZARD RECEIVES A PECK ON THE FOREHEAD THAT WOULD STUN A HORSE—
THE EXCITED MOB HAS GONE COMPLETELY WILD!
BLIZZARD, DAZED FROM THE TERRIFIC BLOW AND TORMENTED BY THE PANGS OF HUNGER HAS NO CHANCE, SO THE CROWD THINKS
WOW!! WHAT THU—!!
WOCKLE
2-27.
SEGAR

SAPPO – A selection of Segar's Sunday strips that headed the **'Thimble Theatre'** page.

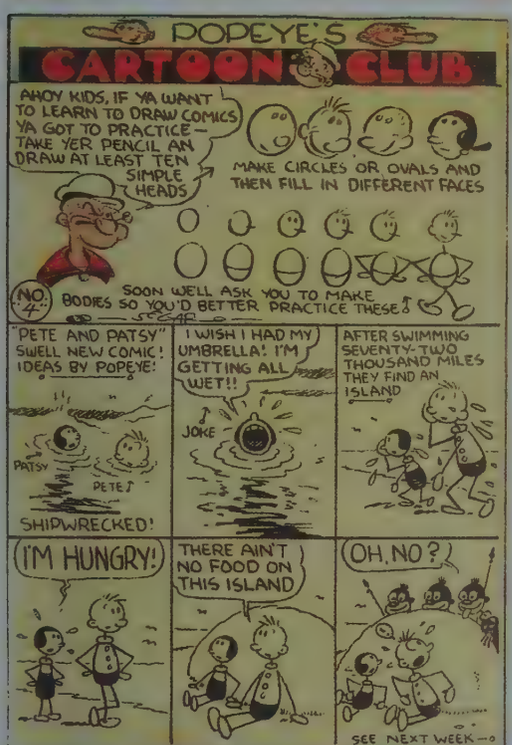
Facing Page: Popeye's Cartoon Club – one of the Sunday page header features.

SAPPO BY SEGAR
YOU SAY THERE'S NO GOLD IN THESE ROCKS WHICH I CARRIED SIX MILES ?
NOT A BIT—THEM'S NOTHIN' BUT COMMON BOULDERS
I DON'T THINK YOU'D KNOW A PIECE OF GOLD IF YOU SAW IT
YOU MUST THINK I'M DUMB
THERE'S GOLD IN THESE HILLS AND I'M GOING TO FIND IT
GOOD GOSH! WHAT'S THIS?!
GOLD! OLD TIMER! I'VE FOUND IT!!
JUST THINK! A GOLD MINE RIGHT BY MY SHACK!! WHOOPEE!
IT'S GOLD! NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT
I'LL BUY A DOZEN CARS—A YACHT—AND A FLOCK OF COUNTRY HOMES
YOU MUSTA LOST THIS INLAY OUTTA A TOOTH, MRS. SAPPO
OH WHERE DID YOU FIND IT? I'LL HAVE TO SEE A DENTIST AND HAVE IT PUT BACK
I'D LIKE TO PUT A FENCE AROUND THE LOT I JUST BOUGHT
BUT DIGGING POST HOLES IS A HECK OF A JOB
POST HOLES—HAH! THEY'RE A CINCH
WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING ?
I'M MAKING A "POST HOLE ACID" AN EARTH DISINTEGRATOR
SEE! I POUR THE "EARTH ACID" IN A CIRCLE WHERE YOU WANT THE POST HOLE
YOU SEE, THE ACID EATS RIGHT STRAIGHT DOWN TO A DEPTH OF ABOUT FIVE FEET
NOW WITH THIS LONG CORK SCREW
I'LL PULL OUT THE CORE LEAVING A NICE ROUND HOLE
WELL, I'LL BE —!
NOW I'LL SPRAY THE CORE WITH "WOTASNOZZLE'S EARTH PETRIFIER"
AND APPLY THE FAMOUS "WOTASNOZZLE CEMENT TO ONE END
PLOP
YOU HAVE A POST HOLE AND ALSO A POST- HEH! HEH!
HOW TO DRAW COMICS
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAY MONEY
MISTER SOPPY
WHEN DID OUR NUT ARTIST BOARDER PAINT THIS PICTURE? I THOUGHT HE WAS OUT OF CANVAS—I'LL BET I COULD GET $500. FOR IT
I'LL GO ASK HIM TO LET ME SELL IT—I COULD USE FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS
NO! THAT PICTURE WILL STAY RIGHT THERE—YOU CAN'T SELL IT!
AW, WHY NOT ?
I MAKE THAT PICTURE FOR THAT ONE SPOT AND SHE STAYS THERE!
YOU GIVE ME A PAIN!
PHOOEY! KEPT STILL!
WHEN HE'S NOT LOOKING I'LL GRAB IT AND RUN OUT THE DOOR
JOHN SAPPO GENERALLY GETS WHAT HE WANTS
SAPPO
"L" STANDS FOR "LAWN" SEE IF YOU CAN DRAW A FELLOW PLAYING LAWN TENNIS
IT'S A TOUGH ONE BUT I'LL TRY
I'VE FINISHED WITH "L". SO NEXT WEEK I'LL USE THE LETTER "M"

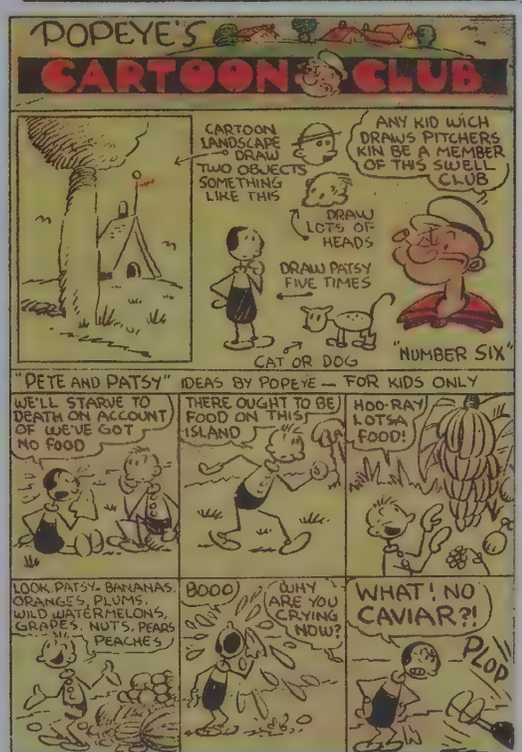
POPEYE'S
CARTOON CLUB
AHOY, PALS! IF YA WANTS TO BELONG TO THIS CLUB ALL YA GOT TO DO IS DRAW LIKE WE SHOW YA - PERTY SOON WE'LL START A STORY USIN' SIMPLE LITTLE FIGGERS FOR ACTORS
FIRST YA GOT TO LEARN HOW TO DRAW HEADS
BE A CARTOON-ISK
YOU CAN DRAW GOOD CARTOONS WITH SIMPLE FIGURES SEE NEXT WEEK
NUMBER "1"
SEGAR

POPEYE'S
CARTOON CLUB
AHOY, KIDS - LE'S GET UP A NEW COMIC RIGHT NOW - WE KIN RUN IT IN THIS SPACE
YA DIDN'T KNOW I HAD A MAGIC PENCIL, DID YA? - SEE - IT HAS WINGS
COME ON, MR. PENCIL, DRAW US A HERO FOR OUR NEW COMIC
O.K.
CALL THE BOY "PETE" AND HIS KID SISTER "PATSY"
PETE AN' PATSY - ARE YA READY FOR AN ADVENTURE?
SURE!
HELLO, POPEYE!!
THE BIG NEW COMIC BEGINS NEX' WEEK - THE MAGIC PENCIL WILL DO THE DRAWIN' AN' I'LL HELP WITH IDEARS
HERE IS HOW TO DRAW PETE
DRAW THE WAY WE SHOW YOU AND YOU'RE IN OUR CLUB
NO. "TWO"
PATSY
SEGAR

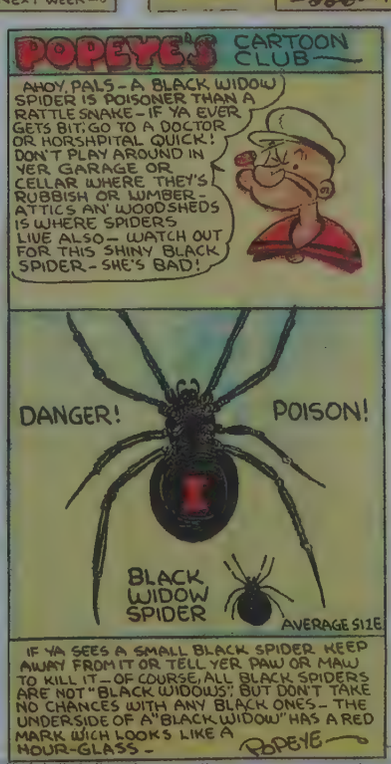
POPEYE'S
CARTOON CLUB
HERE'S HOW TO DRAW A TOUGH FACE
LARGE CIRCLE AT TOP MAKES A BRAINY-LOOKING HEAD
NO. "3"
"PETE AND PATSY" BIG NEW COMIC!! IDEAS BY POPEYE!!
HELP! HELP!
PATSY
THE SHIP IS SINKING!!
LET 'ER SINK!
SWEAT
PETE
BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT WE'RE 72,000 MILES FROM LAND
AW, WE CAN'T SINK
WE GOT A CARGO OF WINE CORKS ABOARD
OH! WHAT A RELIEF!
BANG
BOILER BURSTS!
HA! WINE CORKS OR NO WINE CORKS WHEN WE DECIDE TO-
HAVE A SHIPWRECK WE'RE GONER HAVE A SHIPWRECK!!
SEE NEXT WEEK


POPEYE'S
CARTOON CLUB
AHOY KIDS, IF YA WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW COMICS YA GOT TO PRACTICE - TAKE YER PENCIL AN DRAW AT LEAST TEN SIMPLE HEADS
MAKE CIRCLES OR OVALS AND THEN FILL IN DIFFERENT FACES
NO. "4"
SOON WE'LL ASK YOU TO MAKE BODIES SO YOU'D BETTER PRACTICE THESE!
"PETE AND PATSY" SWELL NEW COMIC! IDEAS BY POPEYE!
PATSY
PETE
SHIPWRECKED!
I WISH I HAD MY UMBRELLA! I'M GETTING ALL WET!!
JOKE
AFTER SWIMMING SEVENTY-TWO THOUSAND MILES THEY FIND AN ISLAND
I'M HUNGRY!
THERE AIN'T NO FOOD ON THIS ISLAND
OH, NO?
SEE NEXT WEEK

POPEYE'S
CARTOON CLUB
THIS WEEK DRAW FIVE PICTURES OF PETE IN DIFFERENT POSES -
COME ON, KIDS, GET YA A SOFT PENCIL AN' DRAW PITCHERS
HORSH
NUMBER "5"
PETE AND PATSY
SWELL NEW SERIOUS COMIC - IDEAS BY POPEYE
FOR KIDS ONLY: ADULTS, DON'T LOOK
PATSY: THOSE CANNIBALS ARE GOING TO COOK US!
OH, MY GORSH!
PETE, WE'RE SAVED - I FOUND A BOTTLE OF ASBESTOS OIL IN MY POCKET
IT WILL MAKE US HEAT-PROOF
PUT 'EM IN THE POT
HAW! HAW! HAW!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THEY WON'T COOK
BEAT IT AND DON'T NEVER COME BACK!
ARE YOU TELLING US?


POPEYE'S
CARTOON CLUB
CARTOON LANDSCAPE - DRAW TWO OBJECTS SOMETHING LIKE THIS
ANY KID WICH DRAWS PITCHERS KIN BE A MEMBER OF THIS SWELL CLUB
DRAW LOTS OF HEADS
DRAW PATSY FIVE TIMES
CAT OR DOG
"NUMBER SIX"
"PETE AND PATSY" IDEAS BY POPEYE - FOR KIDS ONLY
WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH ON ACCOUNT OF WE'VE GOT NO FOOD
THERE OUGHT TO BE FOOD ON THIS ISLAND
HOO-RAY LOTSA FOOD!
LOOK, PATSY - BANANAS, ORANGES, PLUMS, WILD WATERMELONS, GRAPES, NUTS, PEARS PEACHES
BOOO
WHY ARE YOU CRYING NOW?
WHAT! NO CAVIAR?!
PLOP

POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB
AHOY, PALS - HERE'S A CARTOON FOR YA TO SHOW TO YER DAD - YER DAD OUGHTA PLAY WITH YA ONC'T IN A WHILE
WILL YOU PLAY WITH US, DAD?
G'WAN, BEAT IT! I'M TOO TIRED
IF I HAD A YOUNGSTIR I'D PLAY WITH HIM EVER' CHANCE I GOT - A KID WOULD RATHER PLAY WITH HIS OR HER DAD THAN ANYONE ELSE - IF YA KEEP REFUSIN' YER KIDS'LL THINK YA DON'T LIKE 'EM AN' THEY'LL QUIT ASTIN' YA TO PLAY - BETTER BE A PAL TO YER CHIL'REN -
YERS TRULIE - POPEYE


POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB
AHOY, PALS - A BLACK WIDOW SPIDER IS POISONER THAN A RATTLE SNAKE - IF YA EVER GETS BIT GO TO A DOCTOR OR HORSHPITAL QUICK! DON'T PLAY AROUND IN YER GARAGE OR CELLAR WHERE THEY'S RUBBISH OR LUMBER - ATTICS AN' WOODSHEDS IS WHERE SPIDERS LIVE ALSO - WATCH OUT FOR THIS SHINY BLACK SPIDER - SHE'S BAD!
DANGER!
POISON!
BLACK WIDOW SPIDER
AVERAGE SIZE
IF YA SEES A SMALL BLACK SPIDER KEEP AWAY FROM IT OR TELL YER PAW OR MAW TO KILL IT - OF COURSE, ALL BLACK SPIDERS ARE NOT "BLACK WIDOWS" BUT DON'T TAKE NO CHANCES WITH ANY BLACK ONES - THE UNDERSIDE OF A "BLACK WIDOW" HAS A RED MARK WICH LOOKS LIKE A HOUR-GLASS -
POPEYE

POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB
AHOY, PALS - TO-DAY WE GOT ANOTHER CARTOON WICH TEACHES A LESSON - IF YA GETS ANY IDEAS WICH'LL SHOW FOLKS HOW TO DO RIGHT, DRAW 'EM UP - IF EVER BODY'D DO RIGHT THEY WOULDN'T BE MUCH TROUBLE ON THIS OL' EART'
G-R-R-
G-R-R
!
BAD HABITS
THIS TERRIBLE-LOOKIN' THING IS THE WORST EMENY WICH WE GOT ON EART' - HE'S CHAINED UP AND HE CAN'T GET YA UNLESS YA GO NEAR HIM - SO DON'T NEVER GET CLOSE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO REACH OUT AN' GRAB YA -
YERS TRULIE
POPEYE

AHOY, KIDS - TO-DAY WE GOT SORT OF A EDDYTORIAL CARTOON - IT'S ABOUT CARELESSNESS - THE BOY IN THE PITCHER BELOW IS CARELESS, AN' THA'S BAD - HE TORE UP A BOX TO GET LUMBER FOR A WAGON AN' HE LEFT NAILS STICKIN' UP WICH SOME-BODY MAY STEP ON
POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB
SUSPOSE HIM OR HIS LITTLE SISTER STEPS ON A NAIL - WELL, JUS' AST YER MOTHER WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN - ANYWAY, BEIN' CAREFUL IS BETTER'N BATIN' APPLES TO KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY -
YERS TRULIE - POPEYE

AVANTI, VECCHIO MIO!.. FACCIAMOCI UNA BEVUTA!
WOF!
STOR OYL
OLUME 5
WOF!
$5000. REWARD
FOR THE CAPTURE OF
BILL SNAG
DEAD OR ALIVE
THIMBLE THEATR
Presents
CASTO
OYL
volume 4°
COMICS SECTION
CASTOR OYL presenta:
SAPPO
by SEGAR
!! X !!
HAW! YAH!! YAH-HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW
EEEEEE
KNOCK KNOCK
AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT ONE
SURE! I'LL SELL YOU A CHICKEN BUT YOU HAVE TO CATCH IT YOURSELF AND THAT WON'T BE EASY IN DAY-TIME
WHY YOU — COME HERE!!!
HOLD HER STILL PLEASE
A FUTURISTIC MASTERPIECE
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS!
BE CAREFUL WITH THAT STUFF MISTER- ANY LITTLE JAR WILL SET IT OFF
O.K. AND THANKS EVER SO MUCH
WHAT ARE YOU PLANTING NOW?
DYNAMITE - GRAIN DYNAMITE
WHAT?!
YOU HEARD ME
HOW ARE WE GOING TO LIVE? NO JOB, NO MONEY
WE'LL LIVE BY MY WITS
HA HA! BY YOUR WITS! WELL GET BUSY AND WEED SOMETHING FOR DINNER
HELLO, IS THIS MR. YOLKS POULTRY FARM? SAY SEND OVER FIFTY HENS- YEAH I'M GOING INTO THE CHICKEN GAME
C-K
JOHN, ARE YOU CRAZY? HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PAY FOR FIFTY HENS
CACKLE CACKLE
TIME TO COLLECT THE EGGS
EIGHTEEN - NINETEEN - TWENTY
HERE WE'S TWO DOZEN EGGS & WHAT WE GOT FOR NOTHING
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? FOR NOTHING

Italian full-colour collections of early Segar **Thimble Theatre** and **Sappo** strips.

THE JEEP

One of Segar's nicest creations, this strange little animal made his first appearance in the daily strip story beginning on March 20th, 1936 (see following pages). It's first appearance in the Sunday page (see below) explains exactly what a Jeep is ... or does it?

WHEE!! LOOK WHO'S HERE !!!
JEEP! JEEP!
EUGENE THE JEEP!
THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD- THE GREAT UNSOLVED MAGICAL MYSTERY—
GOOD MORNING, MR. POPEYE-
YOU SENT FOR ME? ME, PROFESSOR BRAINSTINE, THE SMARTEST MAN ON EARTH- DID YOU WANT TO ASK ME A QUESTION ?
YEAH, WHA'S A JEEP?
A JEEP IS AN ANIMAL LIVING IN A THREE DIMENSIONAL WORLD- IN THIS CASE- OUR WORLD- BUT REALLY BELONGING TO A FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL WORLD- HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED- A NUMBER OF JEEP LIFE-CELLS WERE SOMEHOW FORCED THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER INTO OUR WORLD-
THEY COMBINED AT A FAVORABLE TIME WITH FREE LIFE CELLS OF THE AFRICAN "HOOEY HOUND"
THE ELECTRICAL VIBRATIONS OF THE HOOEY HOUND CELL AND THE FOREIGN CELL WERE THE SAME-
THEY WERE KINDRED CELLS- IN FACT, ALL THINGS ARE TO SOME EXTENT RELATIVE-
WHETHER THEY BE OF THIS OR SOME OTHER WORLD— NOW YOU SEE —
THE EXTREMELY FAVORABLE CONDITIONS OF GERMINATION IN AFRICA CAUSED A FUSION OF THESE LIFE-CELLS -
SO THE UNITING OF KINDRED CELLS CAUSED A TRANSMUTATION— THE RESULT- A MYSTERIOUS STRANGE ANIMAL
NOW IS THERE ANY QUESTION YOU'D LIKE TO ASK?
YEAH-
WHA'S A JEEP?
8-9
SEGAR

AHOY, FOLKS!
HELLO, MOTHER!
FATHER, LOOK WHO'S HERE! THE GANG HAS RETURNED
ESCUSE ME, FOLKS, I GOT TO GO FIND A ROOMIN' HOUSE
SO LONG, POPEYE
POPEYE
OLIVE, YOUR UNCLE BEN SENT YOU A BOX- AND THERE'S SOME KIND OF AN' ANIMAL IN IT
ANIMAL!
IT SAYS ON THE BOX- "EUGENE, THE JEEP"
?
WHAT THE HECK'S A JEEP?!
?
JEEP
EUGENE, THE "JEEP"
3-20
EGAR
AW, IT'S JUST SOME SORT OF A PET, I GUESS
I NEVER HEARD OF A JEEP
JEEP!
JEEP
JEEP
EUGENE THE "JEEP"
WHAT ON EARTH IS A JEEP? AND WHAT WILL I DO WITH HIM?
HAH! IF SHE ONLY KNEW!
THE JEEP CAME FROM THE VERY DARKEST PART OF THE DARK CONTINENT
JEEP
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HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU, DAUGHTER, FROM YOUR UNCLE BEN- IT CAME WITH THE BOX
3-21
GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT A STRANGE LETTER- IT'S- IT'S MYSTERIOUS
!
EGAR
UNCLE BEN SENT ME A PET FROM AFRICA- IT'S A JEEP- DO YOU KNOW WHAT A JEEP IS, POPEYE?
EUGENE THE JEEP
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I AIN'T NO AUTHORIKY ON AMINALS
PETS ARE A BOTHER- I'D SELL IT FOR THIRTY CENTS
BETTER LOOK AT IT FIRST
WHY, BLOUT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN AMERICA? YOU DON'T MEAN THAT YOU'VE ——.
I MEAN THAT AT THIS MOMENT THERE IS A JEEP IN THIS CITY! I TRAILED IT ALL THE WAY FROM AFRICA
MR. CHIZZELFLINT, YOU SENT ME TO AFRICA FIVE YEARS AGO TO KEEP MY EYES OPEN FOR ONE OF THOSE LITTLE ANIMALS- WELL- BEN ZENE, THE GREAT EXPLORER, FOUND ONE- HE SENT IT HERE TO HIS NIECE, OLIVE OYL
A JEEP IN THIS CITY!!! GOOD! FINE! MY DREAMS WILL COME TRUE, AFTER ALL!
EGAR
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3-23
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WANT A JEEP, BUT I'VE LOCATED ONE FOR YOU-
I ACCIDENTLY LEARNED OF THE STRANGE POWER OF A JEEP, AND I'M NOT SPILLING IT
ANYWAY, YOU DID A GOOD JOB AND I'M GOING TO REWARD YOU- REWARD YOU HANDSOMELY-
ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN GET THE JEEP FROM THIS DAME, OLIVE OYL, MR. CHIZZLEFLINT?
LEAVE THAT TO ME- YOUR JOB IS FINISHED
LISTEN, OLIVE, DON'T SELL THAT AMINAL TILL YA FINDS OUT WHAT A JEEP IS WORTH- YA SAID YA'D SELL HIM FOR THIRTY CENTS—
AN' HE MIGHT BE WORTH TWO BUCKS-
WELL, I DON'T CARE- I HAVEN'T TIME TO BOTHER WITH A PET- I WISH UNCLE BEN HADN'T SENT HIM
EUGENE - THE JEEP -
3-24
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HERE YOU ARE- TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
TEN THOUSAND! GOOD HEAVENS!!
EGAR
YOU GAVE ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR LOCATING A JEEP! IT WILL BE TOUGH ON YOU IF THAT DAME WON'T SELL HIM TO YOU
IF SHE WON'T SELL HIM, HAH!- THEN I'LL USE OTHER METHODS! BUT I'LL GET THAT JEEP!
AHOY, OLIVE, LE'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE AMINAL YER UNCLE SENT YA
GEE, POPEYE, I'M AFRAID TO OPEN THE BOX, IT MIGHT JUMP OUT AND BITE MY HEAD OFF— UNCLE BEN WAS ALWAYS FOND OF PRACTICAL JOKES
WELL, LE'S PEEK THROUGH A CRACK IN THE BOX- I NEVER SEEN A JEEP IN FACK, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY WAS JEEPS
OKAY
EUGENE THE JEEP
3-25
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MY GOSH!
OH! ISN'T HE CUTE?
LEMME SEE-
EUGENE THE JEEP
EGAR
YES, POPEYE, PETS ARE A LOT OF BOTHER- I THINK I'LL SELL THE JEEP THAT UNCLE SENT ME
SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR, OLIVE- YA WANT ME TO SEE WHO IT IS?
OKAY
KNOCK
KNOCK
CHIZZLEFLINT IS MY NAME- MISS OYL, I HEAR THAT YOU ARE THE OWNER OF AN AFRICAN JEEP- IS IT TRUE?
IT IS
HMM
THE LITTLE PEST ISN'T WORTH IT, OF COURSE- BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE CRISP ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL FOR HIM
HE'S YOURS! GEE- I'D HAVE SOLD HIM FOR 30¢
I YAM SORRY, MISTER CHIZZLEFLINK, BUT MISS OYL AIN'T SELLIN' YA THAT AMINAL
I BEG PARDON?
I SEZ SHE AIN'T SELLIN' THE JEEP
OF COURSE, I'LL SELL HIM
WHO ARE YOU?
I YAM POPEYE, THE SAILOR, THA'S WHO
3-26
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EGAR

LISTEN, POPEYE, YOU KEEP OUT OF MY AFFAIRS! I'M OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! WHY, I'D BE KA-RAZY IF I DIDN'T SELL MY JEEP FOR A HUNDRED BUCKS!
PROBABLY THE ONE-EYED GENTLEMAN THINKS I'M NOT OFFERING YOU ENOUGH— HMM- NOW, MISS OYL- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO—
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR YOUR JEEP
REALLY? OKAY!
MISS OYL AIN'T SELLIN' THE JEEP
WELL, I'LL BE—
IT'S NOT YOUR JEEP !!
NO, BUT SHE'S ME SWEETY AN' I YAM GONER PROTECK'ER AN ME PERS'NAL INSTINCK TELLS ME YER A CROOK
3-27
MR. CHIZZELFLINT OFFERED ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR MY JEEP AND YOU WOULDN'T LET HIM BUY IT!
EUGENE THE JEEP
GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN
YA MEANS WE AIN'T SWEETIES NO MORE?
YES- WE'RE NOT !!
ME PERS'NAL INSTINCK TOLD ME NOT TO LET YA SELL THE JEEP— WELL- G'BYE-HONEY-
DON'T CALL ME HONEY !!
G-R-R- I'M SO MAD I COULD CHEW THE HINGES OFF THE DOOR!!
MISS OYL- P-S-T- I'LL GIVE YOU TWO THOUSAND FOR YOUR JEEP
SURE- OKAY!
I YAM SORRY, BUT MISS OYL AIN'T GONER SELL THAT AMINAL
3-28
HELLO, MISS OYL, IS THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR AROUND? HE ISN'T? GOOD! - LISTEN, MISS OYL, I STILL WANT TO BUY YOUR JEEP
MEET ME BY THE OLD OAK TREE ON BROWN'S HILL — BRING THE JEEP— I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR HIM
OKAY! SURE! OH, MY, YES!
MY GOSH! FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
I HOPE POPEYE WASN'T SNOOPING
3-30
WELL, MR. CHIZZELFLINT- HERE'S THE JEEP—
AND HERE'S THE MONEY
$5000
AN' HERE IS ME!! AN' I SEZ YA AIN'T SELLIN' THE JEEP!, SUMPIN' TELLS ME HE'S TRYIN' TO GYP YA
WELL- FOR—!
MR. CHIZZELFLINT OFFERED ME $5000 FOR EUGENE AND YOU WOULDN'T LET ME SELL HIM! TELL ME WHY
FIRST HE OFFERS YA A HUN'ERD BUCKS, AN' NOW HE OFFERS YA FIVE THOUSING— LISTEN, THAT JEEP IS WORTH MORE'N YA GOT ANY IDEAR ABOUT
I YAM JUS' TRYIN' TO PROTECK YA, HONEY- I DON'T WANT YA TO GET CHEATED
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. LET'S OPEN THE BOX
THA'S THE STUFF- LE'S GIVE HIM A GOOD LOOKIN' AT
I HOPE HE DOESN'T BITE US!
THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR IS IN MY WAY— HE MUST BE REMOVED FROM THIS EARTH
3-31
WELL- BLOW ME DOWN!
EUGENE THE JEEP
TOMORROW WE'LL SEE THE JEEP
COME ON, MAW- THEY'RE GOING TO LET THE JEEP OUT OF THE BOX
I'M JUST DYING TO SEE THE LITTLE FELLOW!!
COME ON, JEEPIE- COME OUT OF YOUR BOX
COME ON, EUGENE
THERE HE IS!
JEEP!
EUGENE THE JEEP
I'LL BET HE'S HUNGRY- I'LL GO GET HIM SOME SPINACH
OH, ISN'T HE DARLING!!?
JEEP!
JEEP
JEEP
JEEP
JEEP
EUGENE THE JEEP
4-1
HOW MUCH WOULD YOU CHARGE TO RID THE EARTH OF A FELLOW NAMED POPEYE?
TEN BUCKS IS MY PRICE AND NOT ONE CENT LESS!
HMM- I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED- BUT I WANT A GOOD, CLEAN JOB
YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, BOSS, I'LL DO MY BEST- I'M CONSCIENTIOUS
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT ONE-EYED RAT I COULD HAVE BOUGHT THAT JEEP FOR A FEW DOLLARS - HMM- I'D BE WILLING TO GO AS MUCH AS ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR THAT ANIMAL
I BELIEVE I AM THE ONLY MAN LIVING WHO KNOWS OF THE STRANGE POWERS OF A JEEP, AND I'LL, OWN HIM IF I HAVE TO DO MURDER WITH MY OWN HANDS
4 R
AW, LEMME HOLD HIM A WHILE - DON'T BE SO STINGY WITH HIM
ROCK-A-BYE, JEEPIE, UP IN THE TREE TOP-
JEEP

BAINING
COUGH COUGH
DON'T LOOK SUSPRISED. DID YA THINK I WAS A SISSY?
SPLAT
YA BLASTED SWAB!
4-3
AHOY, OLIVE, A FELLAH JUS' NOW TRIED TO MURDER ME— AN' HE WASN'T A OL' EMENY NEITHER
BUT, POPEYE! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO MURDER YOU?
LISTEN, HONEY, THAT LITTLE AMINAL IS WORTH MORE'N YOU AN' ME KIN EVEN IMAGINE
I GOT A HUNCH THAT CHIZZELFLINT HIRED A SWAB TO MURDER ME ON ACCOUNT OF I WOULDN'T LET YA SELL HIM YER JEEP
I'LL ADMIT HE'S CUTE, BUT I CAN'T SEE WHY HE'S SO VALUABLE— WHY DOES MR. CHIZZELFLINT WANT HIM ??
AHOY, JEEPIE, HOW'SA BOY?
JEEP
4-4
I'M TELLIN' YOU— YA CAN'T KILL THAT SAILOR!
I THINK YOU'RE SCARED— KEEP TRYING TILL YOU GET HIM
OH, YEAH?— WHEN I SHOOT A MAN FIVE TIMES AND HE COUGHS UP AND SPITS OUT THE BULLETS AND THEN KNOCKS ME FOR A LOOP I'M LAYING OFF HIM!
ER— GOOD MORNING, POPEYE—
MISTER CHIZZELFLINT, SOMEBODY HIRED A THUG TO KILL ME—
GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!
A' COURSE, I AIN'T SAYIN' IT WAS YOU, YA UN'ERSTAND— BUT JUS' IN CASE IT WAS—
WELL— JUS' IN CASE IT WAS!
IF I ONLY KNEW WHY A JEEP IS SO VALUABLE—
4-6
MY GOSH, POPEYE! HERE COMES MR. CHIZZELFLINT AGAIN!
LISTEN, OLIVE— IF HE TRIES TO BUY YER JEEP, TELL HIM YA WON'T TAKE LESS THAN A MILLION DOLLARS— THAT'LL FIX HIM
GOOD IDEA!
MISS OYL, I OFFERED YOU FIVE THOUSAND FOR YOUR JEEP— I NOW OFFER SIX THOUSAND—
I'M SORRY, MR. CHIZZELFLINT, BUT I WON'T TAKE A CENT LESS THAN ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR HIM
ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS FOR HIM!!
JEEP
4-7
IF MY JEEP IS WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS TO YOU, HE'S WORTH THAT MUCH TO ME, SO I WON'T SELL HIM
THA'S TELLIN' HIM
BUT YOU'LL NEVER DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THE JEEP— I AM THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH THAT KNOWS
AND UNLESS YOU KNOW THE SECRET HE WILL BE OF NO MORE VALUE TO YOU THAN A DOG OR A CAT— GOOD DAY, FOOLS!
JUST THINK! ONE MILLION DOLLARS!
I YAM FLABBER-GASKET!!
4-8
UNCLE BEN, IN HIS LETTER SPEAKS OF ANCIENT MYTHS CREDITING THE JEEP WITH STRANGE POWERS— HE SAYS THAT JEEPS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A FOURTH-A-
A FOURTH DIMENTIONAL BRAIN— AND— HERE'S A PARAGRAPH I MISSED— JUST LISTEN TO THIS —
WHAT IS IT?
AH, THERE'S A LOAFER WHO MIGHT DO A NICE BIT OF FOUL WORK FOR A PRICE
MY GOOD MAN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN A DIME?
NO, THANK YOU— I'VE GOT ONE
I WAS JUST FOOLING— BUT LISTEN TO ME NOW— HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS?
I BEG PARDON?
MY GOSH! OH, MY GOSH!
WHAT DOES YER UNCLE SAY IN THE PARAGRAPH YA OVERLOOKED?
4-9
OH, GOOD HEAVENS! HE SAYS—
HE SAYS—
"IF YOU DON'T FEED THE JEEP ORCHIDS HE'LL DIE"
PLOP!!!

I AIN'T BUYIN' ORCHIDS TO FEED A GOOFY ANIMAL LIKE HIM!
YEP-THA'S RIGHT-YER UNCLE BEN SEZ IF YA DON'T FEED THE JEEP ORCHIDS HE'LL DIE
AND ORCHIDS COST FROM TWO TO FIVE DOLLARS APIECE-UGH!
WHY, THE IDEA-ORCHIDS !!!
BUT, SIR-I'M SURE THAT I HAVE NOT THE ABILITY TO EARN $100,000.
DON'T WORRY-JUST COME TO MY HOME
JUST WHAT, PRACTICALLY MR. CHIZZELFLINT, WILL I HAVE TO DO TO EARN THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND?
NOTHING AS FAR AS LABOR IS CONCERNED
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CROOK YOUR FIRST FINGER, LIKE THIS
YOU MEAN MY TRIGGER FINGER?
YES-YOUR TRIGGER FINGER
4-10
EGAR
YOU DON'T MEAN MURDER!!
I DO !!
SO YA GOT TO FEED THE JEEP ORCHIDS OR ELSE HE'LL DIE, EH?
OH, WHAT A MESS !!
YOU DARN LITTLE ORCHID-EATER! WHY CAN'T YOU BE SATISFIED WITH GERANIUMS!?
I DO NEED THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS-I DO NEED IT, SIR-I DO-
BUT, TOO, SIR, THE MAN I AM TO MURDER NEEDS HIS LIFE
DON'T GET SENTIMENTAL
I GOT A BIG IDEAR-WHY DON'T YA THROW SOME ORCHID SEED OUT IN THE BACK YARD AND RAISE YER OWN ORCHIDS?
4-11
EGAR
WELL-IN THE FIRST PLACE THEY WOULDN'T GROW-AND BESIDES, IT TAKES SEVEN YEARS FOR AN ORCHID PLANT TO BLOOM
OH-
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I'M NOT A MURDERER, MISTER CHIZZELFLINT
I'M OFFERING YOU A FORTUNE. STAY HERE AND THINK IT OVER
I'M GOING TO MY OFFICE-I'LL EXPECT YOUR DECISION WHEN I RETURN
HMM-A NOTEBOOK-MR. CHIZZELFLINT'S NOTEBOOK
HE'S AN EXCELLENT WRITER-HMM-WELL-WELL-QUITE INTERESTING-WELL-BLESS MY SOUL!
!
4-13
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IF WE ONLY KNEW THE SECRET OF THE JEEP-
OL' CHIZZELFLINT WON'T NEVER TELL YA AN' YA KIN LAY TO THAT
EGAR
WELL-FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!!
MY NOTEBOOK! I MUST HAVE LEFT IT ON THE LIVING ROOM TABLE-IF THAT LOAFER READS IT-
-HE'LL LEARN THE SECRET OF THE JEEP!
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SAY! DID YOU LOOK INSIDE OF THAT NOTEBOOK?
WHAT NOTE-BOOK?
MR. WIMPY, IF YOU'RE LYING I'LL KILL YOU HERE AND NOW !!
JONES IS MY NAME, I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS!
4-14
EUGENE, YA BLASTED ORCHID-EATER! I SURE WISHT YA COULD TELL ME THE SECRIK-WHY'RE YA SO VALABLE?
EGAR
CHIZZELFLINT WILL NEVER TELL YOU THE SECRET ABOUT THE JEEP
JUS'A SAME I YAM GO'NER SEE HIM
YOU LIED! I BELIEVE YOU READ MY NOTEBOOK! I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU, MR. WIMPY!
YOU HAVE THE WRONG PARTY. JONES IS MY NAME-
AVAST, YA SWAB! LAY OFFA WIMPY!
BOP!
I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
HE TRIED TO HIRE ME TO COMMIT A MURDER
AN' I'M THE SWAB WICH HE WANTS KILLED-KEEP AWAY FROM HIM
4-15
I'D BET A MILLION THAT WIMPY READ MY NOTE-BOOK-HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE POWER OF A JEEP-HE CAN MAKE A FORTUNE
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EGAR
I MUST HAVE THREE DOLLARS TO BUY AN ORCHID AND TWO DOLLARS TO BET
THERE'S AT LEAST FIFTY DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD IN IT, SIR
POOEY-WHAT DO I CARE FOR GOLD? OH, WELL-I'LL LEND YOU "FIVE" ON IT
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT JEEPS LIKE ORCHIDS?
I'VE TRAVELED IN AFRICA AND I LEARNED THAT JEEPS LIVE ON WILD ORCHIDS
HA! HA! IF HE'S SAP ENOUGH TO BUY ORCHIDS FOR EUGENE IT'S ALL O-KEE-DOKE WITH ME
HOW CAN WIMPY AFFORD TO BUY ORCHIDS?
AH, YOU DO LIKE ORCHIDS! HMM-P-S-T-LISTEN, JEEPIE, I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME
4-16
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BLOW ME DOWN! WHA'S HE DOIN'?
?
EGAR

YA THINK WIMPY KNOWS SUMPIN' ABOUT JEEPS? HE'S OVER THERE TALKIN' TO EUGENE LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS
THE FACT THAT WIMPY HAS BEEN TO AFRICA DOESN'T MEAN HE KNOWS JEEPS
WELL, IT'S DERN FUNNY- JUS' LOOK AT HIM
?
ESCUSE ME, WIMPY, FOR BEIN' SO INQUSITIFF, BUT WHAT THE XXX YA DOIN'?
P-S-T- MUSTARD PLASTER?- SCOOTER?- ANNY LEE?- P-S-T- COME NOW, JEEPIE- RED KIMONO?- SIR ALFRED?
?
?
SEGAR
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4-17
POT OF GOLD? HOKUS POKUS? IMA DUD?
WHAT'S HE SAYING TO EUGENE?
WHAT EVER IT IS, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE
WIMPY, YA EITHER KNOWS SUMPIN' ABOUT JEEPS OR ELSE YER JUS' PLAIN CRAZY
JUST PLAIN CRAZY, MY FRIEND- TAKE NO NOTICE OF ME, SIR
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NOSE DIVE? CLEAN SHIRT? ALL IS WELL? ETC- ETC
YOU FIGGER IT OUT- I AIN'T NO GOOD ON MYSKERIES
MY GOSH! NEITHER AM I!!
SEGAR
4-18
THEY AIN'T ABSOLUKELY NO SENSE TO THEM WORDS WICH HE'S TALKIN'!
MAYBE HE IS CRAZY
WILL CRASH AHEAD? WILL SUNBEAM? WILL NOSE OVER? WILL HOT SHOT?
HOW ABOUT "DUD IN THE MUD"?
AH!
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AH!
SEGAR
4-20
DID YA SEE HIM PILE OUT OF HERE ALL OF A SUDDING. JUS' LIKE AS IF HE WAS GOIN' TO A FIRE?
IT BEATS ME!
OLIVE, I'LL BET ME HAT THAT WIMPY GOT SOME KIND OF INFREMATION OUT OF YER JEEP
DON'T BE SILLY!
PUFF
FUFF
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ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS ON "RED KIMONO," ON THE NOSE
TWO DOLLARS ON "DUD IN THE MUD" TO WIN!!
4-21
DID YOU CATCH ANYTHING THAT WIMPY SAID TO EUGENE?
NAW- IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE
WHO DO YOU LIKE IN THIS RACE, BUDDY?
"DUD IN THE MUD"- I HAVE MY VERY ALL ON HIM
YOU MUST BE CRAZY
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"RED KIMONO" IS THE FAVORITE - STILL "DUD IN THE MUD" OUGHTA GET TO THE LINE BY SIX O'CLOCK- SOME LONG SHOT- BUT IF HE SHOULD WIN YOU'LL CLEAN UP
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THEY'RE OFF!
"DUD IN THE MUD" GRABS THE LEAD AND IS TEARING ON AND ON- BUT HE'LL PROBABLY PIFFLE OFF AS USUAL
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
DUD IN THE MUD!
4-22
I STILL THINK WIMPY GOT INFREMATION FROM YER JEEP
OH, HOW COULD HE?
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
"DUD IN THE MUD" IS TIRING- OH, GOOD- GOOD- GOOD- HEAVENS!!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY
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4-23
WHAT DO YOU THINK??
XXX. MISTER!! THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO THINK!
"DUD IN THE MUD" IS DROPPING BACK! HE'S TIRING!

COME ON, BABY! COME ON, BABY!
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4-24
"DUD IN THE MUD" STILL LEADING, BUT "RED KIMONO" IS GAINING RAPIDLY
COME ON, RED KIMONO!
IT LOOKS LIKE "RED KIMONO" WILL GO OVER— NO! NO! "DUD IN THE MUD" LEAPS AHEAD AGAIN!
SAY, WILL YOU STOP SWEATING ON ME!?
"DUD IN THE MUD" WINS!
NICE RACE, WASN'T IT?
AW, GO—
SOME LONG SHOT!! YOU GET "243" BUCKS FOR YOUR TWO-DOLLAR TICKET
NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING?
AH, GOOD MORNING, MY FRIENDS! GOOD MORNING- GOOD MORNING-
AND GOOD MORNING TO YOU, TOO, EUGENE, YOU FINE LITTLE FELLOW- HAVE AN ORCHID
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MISS OYL, HERE IS A BOX OF CHOCOLATES FOR YOU- I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY THEM
UGH-ER- OH, THANKS, WIMPY
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AND FOR YOU, POPEYE, A CAN OF SPINACH
SAY, WHAT THE XXX IS THIS, CHRISTMAS?
SPINACH
HOW KIN HE AFFORD TO BUY PRESINKS? I KNOWS HE WAS BROKE YESTERDAY
?
LOOK! HE'S TALKING TO THE JEEP AGAIN
PST- PST- PST- PST
PST
4-25
EGAR
LOOK, POPEYE, HE'S AT IT AGAIN! HE'S WHISPERING TO THE JEEP
HE'S WISE TO SUMPIN' ABOUT THAT JEEP
PST- EUGENE, HOW ABOUT HOT FLASH"? WILL HE WIN IN THE SECOND RACE?
AH!
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? ! ? ? ! ?
SWISH
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"200" DOLLARS ON "HOT FLASH" TO WIN
4-27
WHICH ONE YOU ON TO-DAY?
I LIKE "HOT FLASH"
YOU'RE CRAZY! "GOLD DUST" IS A CINCH TO WIN
THEY'RE OFF!
COME ON, GOLD DUST
HOP ALONG, HOT FLASH!
HOT FLASH
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HOT FLASH WINS!!
HOW DO YOU DO IT? THAT HORSE WILL PAY TEN TO ONE! HOW STRONG WAS YOU ON HIM?
$200- TO WIN
I'LL BE—
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I'LL TAKE $2000," FOR THIS "$200" TICKET, PLEASE- NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING?
!
'TWAS LUCKY FOR ME THAT I LEARNED THE POWER OF THE JEEP- HE HAS A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL BRAIN AND THE ABILITY TO FORETELL THE FUTURE
$ 2000-
4-28
THREE SHAKES OF A JEEP'S TAIL MEANS "YES"- UNEXPLAINABLE BECAUSE HIS POWER COMES NOT FROM AN EARTHLY SOURCE- NEXT I SHALL BET THE $2,000- ON THE NOSE
$ 2,000
WILL "FOXTAIL" WIN IN THE FIRST RACE? WILL "WHITE HEAT"? "MOTHER'S BABE"?
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"HARRY CHEST"?
AH!
OKAY, EUGENE
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WIMPY BEEN HERE TO-DAY?
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM- WHY?
I JUS' WANTS TO TALK TO THE SWAB
"HARRY CHEST" IS IN THE LEAD- HMM I HAVE $2,000 ON HIM TO WIN
COME ON, MOTHER'S BABE! CAN I PICK 'EM? POOEY!
"HARRY CHEST" PAYS SIXTEEN TO ONE- SO I'LL TAKE $32,000 FOR THIS TWO-GRAND TICKET- NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT?
!
AND VERY SHORTLY I SHALL PLAY THE ALL OF IT ON THE NOSE OF A WINNER
$ 32,000-
EGAR
4-29
GOOD MORNING, FOLKS- I'LL HAVE SPEECH WITH THE JEEP IF YOU DON'T MIND
YA LOOKS MIGHTY PROSPRIS FOR TO BE JUS'A LOAFER
LISTEN, ME FREN- YA KIN NOT TALK TO THE JEEP NO MORE TILL YA TELLS US WHAT YA KNOWS ABOUT HIM
IT WILL COST YOU JUST "FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS" CASH TO TALK TO MY JEEP FOR TWO MINUTES
ARF! ARF!
HAH! A MERE NOTHING- HERE YOU ARE, MY GOOD LADY, FIVE ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILLS
!
WELL, THAT BEATS ME!
ME, TOO! I YAM FLABBERGASKIT! I YAM DUMBFOUNDIT!
AH, THANK YOU, JEEPIE- "NOSE OVER" EH? HMM- I'LL BRING YOU AN ORCHID TO MORROW
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4-30
EGAR

OH, WHAT A BRUTE! ARE YOU THE FAMOUS SLAG, THE SLUGGER"? I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU
YEAH
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA - AN' IF YA DON'T TELL OLIVE WHAT YA KNOWS ABOUT JEEPS I YAM GONER BUST YER HEAD LIKE IT WAS A 'LECTRIC LIGHT BLUB
HE KNOWS SOMETHING ALL RIGHT - MAYBE HE GOT THE SECRET OF THE JEEP FROM CHIZZELFLINT
WELL, FIRST OF ALL I WANT YOU TO DO AWAY WITH A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF POPEYE!
GET THIS - I'M NOT A KILLER - I'LL CRACK EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY - CRUSH HIM TO A PULP - BREAK HIS NECK - AND - AND THAT'S ALL!
IF YOU WANT HIM MURDERED, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET SOME OTHER GUY. I GOT A HEART
MURDER WOULD BE RATHER HARD ON HIM
5-1
POPEYE, IF I TOLD YOU AND OLIVE WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE UNBELIEVABLE POWER OF A JEEP, MR. CHIZZELFLINT WOULD FIND IT OUT -
HE WANTS OLIVE'S JEEP AND HE WANTS NO HUMAN BEING TO KNOW IT'S POWER
SO WHAT?
'TIS A WONDER THAT THE ALL OF US HAVE NOT BEEN ERADICATED ALREADY
I FEARS NO MAN! I FEARS NO BEASK -
AN' I ALSO FEARS NO AMINAL — I KIN LICK ANY MAN ON EART'!
DON'T WORRY - I CAN LICK ANY MAN ON EARTH!
FINE
5-3
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YES, MY FRIENDS, I KNOW THE POWER OF THE JEEP - I GOT MY INFORMATION FROM MR. CHIZZELFLINT'S NOTE BOOK - IF I TOLD YOU THE SECRET HE'D MURDER ALL THREE OF US
IF I TOLD YOU - HE'D KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT I READ HIS NOTE BOOK HE'D TAKE MY LIFE - HE WANTS EUGENE AND THE SECRET FOR HIMSELF ALONE
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME AN' OLIVE - I KIN PROTECK'ER — I KIN LICK ANY MAN ON EART'
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BE CAREFUL, SLAG - THAT ONE-EYED FELLOW IS TOUGH
I CAN LICK ANY MAN ON EARTH
THE MAIN THING IS — STEAL THE JEEP AND BRING HIM TO ME! I WISH YOU'D DO AWAY WITH MISS OYL, POPEYE AND WIMPY - BUT IF YOU'RE AGAINST MURDER, BEAT 'EM UP AT LEAST
ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY WILL GET CRUSHED!! WHAT THE XXXX IS A JEEP?
5-4
I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED POPEYE - I WANT TO BREAK HIS NECK
HE ISN'T HERE
WELL, THEN, I WANT TO SEE A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF WIMPY?
IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MY GOOD MAN? JONES IS MY NAME - I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
JONES WON'T DO! I'M SUPPOSED TO HALF-KILL A GUY NAMED WIMPY
MR. WIMPY WENT TO CHINA
SMITH IS MY NAME - I'M ONE OF THE SMITH GIRLS
LISTEN, JONES - I'M LOOKIN' FOR A "JEEP", WHATEVER THAT IS - IS THERE A JEEP AROUND HERE?
A JEEP? ER - WHY, NO, ER - HMM - A JEEP, EH?
5-5
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.
I OUGHTA LAY ME FISK UN'ER WIMPY'S NOSE AN' MAKE HIM TELL ME WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT JEEPS!
CHIZZELFLINT SENT ME HERE TO STEAL A JEEP - LISTEN, JONES, ARE YOU SURE THERE AIN'T NO JEEP AROUND HERE? A JEEP - HMM - LET ME THINK -
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OH, YES, MR. SLAG, THERE IS A JEEP OUT IN BACK - YES, BACK IN THE PASTURE - YES, YES - I RECOLLECT NOW — HMM -
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SAY - WHAT'S THIS THING?
FIDO, YOU SHOULDN'T BE ON THE LIVING - ROOM TABLE - YOU'RE A BAD DOGGY
I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO GIVE YOU TO MISTER SLAG
I DON'T WANT THE MUTT — COME ON, JONES, SHOW ME THAT JEEP
YES, I RECALL NOW, THE FOLKS HERE DO OWN A JEEP. HE'S OUT IN THE PASTURE — COME WITH ME
WHY, MR. JONES! THAT LOOKS LIKE A COW!
CERTAINLY MR. SLAG - A "JEEP COW"
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A GENUINE JEEP COW - "JEEP" IS SPANISH FOR CREAM — GET THE IDEA? A JEEP COW IS A COW THAT GIVES PURE CREAM ONLY - NO MILK
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OH, I SEE - THIS JEEP COW IS VALUABLE BECAUSE SHE GIVES CREAM ONLY - NO WONDER CHIZZELFLINT WANTED ME TO STEAL HER
OH, MY, YES
MR. JONES SAID IT WAS A JEEP
WELL, I'LL BE SO AND SO!
SAY - DID I LUG THIS THING TWO MILES FOR NOTHING !!?
WHO'S MR. JONES?! WHY, YOU BIG FATHEAD!!

GUESS I'LL GO UP AN' SEE HOW OLIVE OYL AN' HER JEEP IS GETTIN' ALONG
GET THIS, JONES! I WANT THE JEEP!
YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM, SIR!
I SHALL GRAB THE JEEP AND FLY AWAY WITH THE SPEED OF LUBRICATED LIGHTNING!
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COME HERE, JONES- GIMME THAT JEEP!
NO! NO! YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM!
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GIMME HIM OR I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!
OH, ALL RIGHT! TAKE HIM!
5-8
FOXY SORT OF INDIVIDUAL, AM I NOT?
I'LL SAY!
EGAR
I DON'T KNOW WHAT A JEEP LOOKS LIKE - SHOW ME A PICTURE OF ONE
I HAVEN'T A PHOTO OF A JEEP- I'LL DRAW A PICTURE OF ONE
NO WONDER ARTISTS MAKE BIG MONEY- IT ISN'T SO EASY TO DRAW — BUT IF I MAKE UP MY MIND TO DO A THING I'LL DO IT
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THERE NOW— GO BRING ME AN ANIMAL WHICH LOOKS LIKE THIS
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JEEP
THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!
5-9
EGAR
I'M THROUGH FOOLING! HAH! I BELIEVE YOU'RE THE MAN I'M SUPPOSED TO TEAR UP
CRASH
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
Great Britain rights reserved
OH, SO YOU'RE THE JEEP! I SHOULDA KNOWN IT
STOP! STOP!
CERTAINLY I'M GOING TO STEAL THE JEEP! WHAT DID YOU THINK I AM HERE FOR?
5-11
EGAR
WHAT! YOU BACK?
YA DING-DONG RIGHT I YAM!
SMACK
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
TOUGH LITTLE RAT, EH? WELL, I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU ONCE AND FOREVER RIGHT NOW!
Great Britain rights reserved
SPLAT
KIND OF SUSPRIZED, AINTCHA? HAH! I'LL MAKE YA DISGUSTIPATED WITH YERSELF
G-R-R-R-R-R-R
I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!
COME ON!
5-12
EGAR
OH, ISN'T IT HORRIBLE!?! THEY REMIND ME OF BEASTS
I NOTICE THAT POPEYE ISN'T HAVING IT SO EASY
RIP
SMACK
UGH
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WHY, YOU-!
CLICK
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LISTEN A MINUTE BEFORE WE GOES ON WITH THE BATTLE- I ADMITS YER GIVIN' ME A TOUGH FIGHT- BUT YA CAN'T WIN! YER A CROOK! AN' I YAM FIGHTIN' FOR WHA'S RIGHT!
DON'T GIMME NO PREACHIN' YOU RAT! THE BIGGEST MAN WILL WIN AN' I'M HIM!
5-13
EGAR
STOP IT! STOP IT! ARE YOU UNCIVILIZED BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE OR ARE YOU MEN?
RIP
SOCK
THEY ARE, I AM CERTAIN- UNCIVILIZED BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE
WHOP
BOP
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Great Britain rights reserved
5-14
SPLAT

OH, THIS IS HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!
HIT HIM, POPEYE !!
SMACK HIM!
UGH
BOP
SOCK
I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN ALL ME LIFE! SAY-THAT SWAB KIN FIGHT!
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EGAR
5-15
DID THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR DO ALL THAT TO YOU?! ARE YOU SURE YOU WEREN'T HIT BY A TRUCK?
HE DID! HE NEARLY KILLED ME - AND THE MORE I POUNDED HIM THE BETTER HE LIKED IT
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BUT- BUT- WHY, HE'S ONLY A SHRIMP!
A SHRIMP IN SIZE. BUT HIS MUSCLES ARE LIKE STEEL CABLES CHARGED WITH LIGHTNING!
AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER HE THANKED ME FOR GIVING HIM A GOOD FIGHT- I AM DISGUSTIPATED
POOEY!
FORCE AND BRUTE STRENGTH GET ME NOWHERE - ARE YOU A GOOD BURGLAR?
I'M TOPS, BOSS - SLINK, THE SLICKER, THAT'S ME
5-16
I LICKED THE BIG BAD MANS, JEEPY - HE WON'T STEAL YA!
THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE SINCE THIS JEEP CAME INTO MY LIFE
EGAR
SURE, BOSS - I COULD STEAL THE SHIRT OFF A NIGHT WATCHMAN AND HE'D NEVER KNOW IT
VERY WELL! BRING ME THE JEEP
BRUTE STRENGTH FAILED - BUT I'M SURE THIS SNEAK THIEF WILL SUCCEED
Z-2-2
Z-2-2
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MY GORSH! EUGENE IS GONE!!
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THE JEEP IS NOT IN THE GRIP, YOU FOOL!
BUT I PUT HIM IN THIS GRIP AND LOCKED IT - HE COULDN'T GET OUT
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! I THOUGHT I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE!
JEEP
EGAR
5-18
THIS TIME I'LL GO WITH YOU - YOU STEAL THE JEEP - HAND HIM TO ME AND I'LL PUT HIM IN A BOX AND STRAP THE LID DOWN
Z-2-2
Z-2-
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
NOW I'LL STRAP THE LID DOWN AND THAT WILL BE THAT
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DO I GET PAID AS MUCH EVEN IF YOU DID HELP ME?
SURE, SLINK - SUCCESS IS ALL THAT MATTERS
HE ISN'T IN THE BOX!
!
EGAR
Z-2-2
5-19
Z-2-2
Z-2-2
Z-2-
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LET'S REST - THIS SAFE IS MIGHTY HEAVY!
ARE YOU TELLING ME?
Z-2-2
WHEW! IT SURE IS HEAVY !!
YES, BUT WEVE GOT HIM THIS TIME - HE COULDN'T GET OUT OF A LOCKED SAFE
5-20
SLINK YOU SAW ME LOCK THAT JEEP IN THIS SAFE - WELL - HE'S GONE - THE SAFE IS EMPTY
!
EMPTY ?!!?
I CAN'T DOPE IT OUT! IT'S BEYOND ME - DON'T ASK ME TO THINK - IF I COULD THINK I WOULDN'T BE A BURGLAR
WE'LL GET HIM AGAIN AND I'LL HOLD HIM
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HE WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME
HOLD HIM TIGHT
DON'T WORRY, SLINK, I'LL HOLD HIM TIGHT
5-21
DON'T TELL ME HE'S GONE !!
!
EGAR

I GUARDED YA ALL NIGHT- AN' THA'S WHY NO BODY STOLE YA- COME ON - IT'S TIME TO GET UP
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AND - AND HE DISAPPEARED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES! I'M AN EXPERT THIEF, BUT I CAN'T STEAL A GHOST
MR. CHIZZELFLINT MAY KNOW A LOT ABOUT JEEPS - BUT THERE CERTAINLY IS A LOT HE DOESN'T KNOW, TOO- THIS HAPPY-LOOKING LITTLE FELLOW HAS POWERS THAT WILL NEVER BE KNOWN
5-22
SEGAR
LE'S TAKE A WALK, OLIVE - YA BEEN STAYIN' IN TOO MUCH WORRYIN' ABOUT YER JEEP
IF I WENT OUT HE MIGHT RUN AWAY
NOW YOU STAY RIGHT HERE IN THIS ROOM - DON'T YOU DARE TRY TO FOLLOW US
I'LL LOCK THE WINDYS AN' DOORS SO'S HE KIN NOT GET OUT
BE SURE YOU SHUT THE DOOR
I LOCKED IT
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5-23
SAY - HOW IN THE DID YOU GET OUT?!!
JEEP
SEGAR
MAY I HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH EUGENE ?
NOT TILL YOU TELL ME THE SECRET YOU KNOW ABOUT JEEPS
I SHALL SIT HERE IN MY ROOM AND TRY TO THINK UP A WAY TO PERSUADE MISS OYL TO LET ME SPEAK WITH THE JEEP
IF I COULD HAVE FREE ACCESS TO EUGENE I COULD MAKE A MILLION ON THE RACES - HMM
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
WHY, EUGENE! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?!!
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HE DISAPPEARED, POPEYE. HE'S BEEN GONE FOR AN HOUR
SAY, WHAT'S THIS FORMIN' HERE ON THE TABLE? LOOKS LIKE A JEEP GHOSK!
5-25
I AM PROFESSOR GIPF, SCIENTIFIC SOLVER OF MYSTERIES - HAVE YOU A MYSTERY TO BE SOLVED ?
I HAVE !!
WE LOCKED THIS JEEP IN A ROOM AND HE ESCAPED. HE IS ALSO ABLE TO DISAPPEAR RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES
HMMM - IS ZASSO ?
I SUSPECT THAT HE HAS FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL QUALITIES - IT'S LUCKY I HAVE MY DIMENSION-DETECTOR
DARN IT! OH, DARN THE LUCK!
IS SOME-THING MISSING ?
YES
HAVE YOU GOT A PIECE OF WIRE?
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5-26
SEGAR
HE'S GO'NER USE HIS FOURT' DIMENSION-TESTER AN' FIND OUT HOW EUGENE GETS OUT OF LOCKED ROOMS - ETC
EXPLAIN IT, PROFESSOR
WELL - I PUT THE JEEP IN HERE
A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL ATOM GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND
AND 'ROUND AND 'ROUND AND 'ROUND -
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
AND IT COMES OUT HERE!
WHERE?
HERE!
IK-IK-IK
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5-27
THAT PROVES IT!
AW, GNATS! NOW I'VE GOT TO TIDY UP MY APPARATUS - AND PACK IT — THESE FOURTH-DIMENSION TESTS ARE KILLING ME! I WISH I WAS A CLAM-DIGGER!
SEGAR
LADY AND GENTLEMAN - MY TEST PROVES THAT MY THEORY WAS RIGHT -
'SPLAIN YERSELF!
THIS ANIMAL EXECUTES HIS ESCAPING AND DISAPPEARING STUNTS IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION
PROVING THAT ALL MYSTERIES ARE SIMPLE WHEN SOLVED - GOOD DAY, FOLKS
WELL, THA'S THAT!
BUT WHAT THE HECK IS THE
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FOURT' ? ? ? ? ?
DIMENSION ??
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5-28
AHOY, CHILDREN - WE HAVEN'T ROOM HERE TO EXPLAIN, AND WE THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW - SO ASK YOUR DAD OR MOTHER TO EXPLAIN IN DETAIL TO YOU ALL ABOUT THE "FOURTH DIMENSION"
SEGAR

MY FRIENDS, I CAN'T EXPLAIN THE FOURTH DIMENSION TO YOU IN DETAIL, BUT I BELIEVE I CAN GIVE YOU AN IDEA AS TO HOW THE JEEP PERFORMS MAGICAL TRICKS
WE LIVE IN A THREE-DIMENSIONAL WORLD-OUR MINDS KNOW BUT THREE DIMENSIONS—LENGTH, BREADTH AND THICKNESS-OUR MINDS CANNOT EVEN IMAGINE A FOURTH DIMENSION-JUST TRY TO DO IT—
OUR EYES CAN SEE NO MORE THAN THREE DIMENSIONS-THE JEEP HAS THE POWER TO TURN HIMSELF INTO A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL ANIMAL-AND WHEN HE DOES THIS HE IS INVISIBLE BECAUSE TO US HE DOES NOT EXIST
A THREE-DIMENSIONAL THING CAN'T HOLD A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL THING BECAUSE THE THIRD AND FOURTH DO NOT EXIST TO EACH OTHER-AND SO IT IS EASY FOR A FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL ANIMAL TO WALK RIGHT THROUGH A THING THAT DOES NOT EXIST—ISN'T IT?
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WIMPY, I WANTS TO CONGRATULAKE YA ON ACCOUNT OF YER GREAT BRAIN-YA'VE EXPLAINED THE WHOLE WORKS AN' NOW EVER'THING'S AS CLEAR AS—
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MUD
SEGAR
IF I CAN'T HAVE THE JEEP THEN NOBODY IS GOING TO HAVE HIM- SLIP IN AND GIVE HIM THE WORKS
OKE
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WHAM
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I HEARD A BIG NOISE IN HERE, EUGENE, IS EVERTHING OKAY?
JEEP
5-30
AND THEN "WHOOF" HE WAS GONE
G'WAY! I WANT TO THINK
SEGAR
AFTER ALL, I SUPPOSE I SHOULD TELL POPEYE AND OLIVE THE SECRET ABOUT THE JEEP
YOU MEAN YOU'LL TELL US ABOUT THE JEEP?!
YES-I SHALL TELL YOU THE ALL OF IT- ALL THAT I KNOW
SWELL
HE CAN FORETELL COMING EVENTS- TELL YOU WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN LONG BEFORE IT HAPPENS- A FOURTH DIMENSION POWER, I'D SAY
(WHEN HE BENDS DOWN AND HIS TAIL GOES LIKE THIS IT MEANS "YES"
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THREE SHAKES OF A JEEP'S TAIL MEANS YES—HE ALSO ANSWERS TRUTHFULLY ANY QUESTION OF THE PRESENT
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6-1
OLIVE, WITH THE JEEP'S HELP WE CAN GET RICH IN NO TIME!
SURE, WE CAN!
SEGAR
WHEN HE BENDS LOW AND WIGGLES HIS TAIL IT MEANS "YES". I'M GOING TO ASK HIM SOMETHING
YEAH, TRY HIM OUT
JEEPIE, YOU ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS TRUTHFULLY-TELL ME-AM I CONSIDERED BEAUTIFUL?
WELL- DO'MEN THINK I'M PRETTY?
AM I ATTRACTIVE?
CUTE?
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
WELL!- AM I UGLY?
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!
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
?
6-2
SEGAR
BE CAREFUL WHAT YA AST HIM, MRS. O'YL- YA MIGHT BE DISGUSTIPATED WITH THE ANSWER
ANSWERS QUESTIONS EH?
HMM-I'VE GOT A QUESTION TO ASK THE JEEP-I'LL ASK HIM IF MY HUSBAND THINKS I'M A PUNK WIFE
I OBJECT! NOW LISTEN, MAW-I THINK YOU'RE A GOOD WIFE
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I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE KITCHEN- I FORGOT SOMETHING
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BUT, MAW-
WHAT'S THE ROLLING-PIN FOR?
6-3
HMMM— IT'S JUST IN CASE-
SEGAR
YER MAW'S GONER ASK THE JEEP IF YER DAD THINKS SHE'S A PUNK WIFE- SORT OF DANGEROUS, AIN'T IT?
I HOPE THERE ISN'T A FUSS
WHY ARE YOU SO NERVOUS? ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE TRUTH?
OF COURSE NOT- WHO'S NERVOUS?
DOES THAT BIG CHEESE OF A HUSBAND OF MINE THINK THAT I'M A PUNK WIFE?
AH, HAH! SO!! OH, HE DOES, DOES HE?
BOP
!
NOW LISTEN-YA GOT TO QUIT ANSWERIN' SUCH FOOLISH QUESTIONS
6-4
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SEGAR

SHE ASKED THE JEEP IF I THOUGHT SHE WAS A PUNK WIFE!!—THE JEEP'S ANSWER WAS "YES" AND DID I GET HECK!?
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ASK THAT SAME QUESTION ABOUT MOTHER, ARE YOU?
I CERTAINLY AM!
YA DERN TOOTIN'! YA DING DONG RIGHT I AM!
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DOES MY WIFE THINK I'M A PUNK HUSBAND?
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HMMMMMM—
OH, SAY, I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK! I MUST GO OVER AND SEE ONE OF THE JONES GIRLS
WHA'S SALTS FOR THE GOOSE IS SALTS FOR THE GOOSTER
6-5
ACCORDING TO THE JEEP, YOU TAINK I'M A PUNK WIFE!
AND ACCORDING TO THE JEEP, YOU THINK I'M A PUNK HUSBAND
AND ACCORDING TO THE JEEP—LISTEN, EUGENE-DOES MOTHER LOVE DAD? AND DOES DAD LOVE MOTHER?
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SO WHAT!
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THE JEEP SAID WE LOVED EACH OTHER
WELL—HOW'S ABOUT IT, MAW?
HOW'S ABOUT IT, YOURSELF?
I LOVE YOU EVEN IF YOU ARE A PUNK HUSBAND
DITTO TO YOU, MAW
WELL—THAT'S THAT
YEAH, CONTENTIPATED AGAIN
EGAR
6-6
WILL "HOT FLASH" WIN IN THE THIRD RACE? WILL "GO FORTH" WIN?
WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES IN NO TIME
JEEP JEEP
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WILL "NOSEOVER" WIN?
WE'LL BET EVERYTHING ON "NOSEOVER"
AH! FINE!!
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POPEYE! THE JEEP GAVE US THE DOPE! "NOSEOVER" WILL WIN IN THE THIRD RACE! WIMPY SAYS HE'LL BE A LONG SHOT
SWELL! WE'LL CLEAN UP
I JUS' HAPPINGED TO THINK—I AIN'T GO'NER BET ON ACCOUNT OF RACE HORSHING IS PERTY CLOSE TO GAMBLING
NOT GOING TO BET?!
6-8
COME OUTSIDE AN' I'LL SHOW YA WHY I YAM NOT GO'NER BET
I CAN'T IMAGINE!
EGAR
I DON'T CARE WHAT ADULKS DO—GROWN-UPS KIN DO AS THEY PLEASE. BUT I AIN'T GO'NER SET NO BAD EXAMPLE FOR ME CHILDREN FRENS BY BETTIN' ON RACE HORSHES
HELLO, POPEYE, OL' PAL
'LO, POPEYE
AHOY
OH, I'M SO EXCITED! THE JEEP SAID THAT "NOSEOVER" WOULD WIN IN THE THIRD RACE—I MUST SCRAPE UP ALL THE MONEY I CAN—
SO YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BET ON THE RACES—MAY I ASK WHY?
I DON'T WANT TO SET NO BAD EXAMPLE FOR ME CHILDREN FRENS
MAYBE I YAM GOOFY, BUT I JUS' AIN'T GO'NER RUN NO RISK OF STARTIN' ANY OF ME KID PALS OFF ON THE WRONG COURSE
6-9
I HOCKED EVERYTHING BUT MY SKIRT—ALTOGETHER I HAVE FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS TO BET
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!!
HOCK SHOPPE
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I'VE HOCKED EVERYTHING BUT MY SKIRT—I'VE GOT ALL MY MONEY ON "NOSEOVER" IF HE DOESN'T WIN I'LL KILL THAT JEEP
DON'T BE SO NERVOUS—THE JEEP NEVER LIES
THEY'RE OFF!! "NOSEOVER" GRABS THE LEAD!
6-10
COME ON, NOSEOVER!
CALM YOUR SELF—WE CAN'T LOSE!
NOSEOVER WINS!
OH!
SEE—DIDN'T I TELL YOU?
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WAIT, POPEYE, I WANT TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT! NOSEOVER PAID TWENTY TO ONE—GOSH! WINNING IS SO MUCH FUN!
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SOME OTHER TIME—I YAM GOIN' DOWN AND SIGN UP FOR A SPRIZE FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB—A CHAMP
YOU'RE REALLY WILLING TO FIGHT JAMES J. JAB? ARE YOU IN YOUR RIGHT MIND?
I KNOWS WHAT I YAM DOIN'
6-11
IF HE SENDS YOU TO THE HOSPITAL DON'T BLAME ME—I'M NOT FORCING THIS MATCH ON YOU
HORSHPITALS AIN'T WORRYIN' ME
ALL RIGHT—WE'LL SIGN THE PAPERS—NOW PUT ON TRUNKS I WANT TO SEE YOU TWO SIDE BY SIDE—
THE JEEP WILL TELL US THE WINNER OF THE FIGHT BEFOREHAND—THEN WE'LL BET ALL OUR MONEY
FINE—NOW LET'S ASK HIM WHO WILL WIN IN TO-DAY'S RACES
JIM—THIS IS JUST A LITTLE MATCH TO KEEP YOUR NAME BEFORE THE PUBLIC—JUST ANOTHER "SET-UP," YOU KNOW—
OKAY, BOSS, YEAH, I KNOW
OKAY
SURE—JUS A PUSH-OVER
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YOUR SIGNING UP TO FIGHT JAMES J. JAB IS LIKE SIGNING YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT
OH, YEAH?
WELL, I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR YOU - YOU'VE GOT NERVE - BUT NERVE WON'T HELP MUCH - JAB WILL KILL YOU - HEY! THE DOOR IS OVER THIS WAY
6-12
WHERE THE HECK ARE YOU GOING? ARE YOU BLIND?
WELL - SO LONG
LOOK OUT! YOU'LL RUN INTO THE WALL
GOOD HEAVENS! WALKED RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!
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ORCHIDS ARE EXPENSIVE, BUT WE MUST KEEP THE JEEP HAPPY SO HE'LL TELL US WHO IS GOING TO WIN THE COMING PRIZE-FIGHT
WITH EUGENE'S HELP WE'LL SOON HAVE ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD
JEEP! JEEP!
WELL, IT BEATS ME - THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR LOOKED LIKE A WEAKLING
6-13
HEY, JAB, COME HERE - LISTEN - THAT RUNT I SIGNED UP TO FIGHT YOU MAY BE GOOD - HE DOESN'T USE DOORS - JUST WALKS RIGHT THROUGH THE WALLS
I DON'T BELIEVE IT - YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO TRICK ME INTO TRAINING HARD
IT'S A FACT - I SAW HIM WALK RIGHT THROUGH
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I'M TELLING YOU, JAB, I DON'T GET AN IDEA THAT THAT SAILOR ISN'T TOUGH - YOU'D BETTER TRAIN HARD
AW, HE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN'
AND, BOSS - I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT HIM BUSTIN' THROUGH WALLS INSTEAD OF USIN' DOORS
SOME ONE IS KNOCKING
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
?
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AHOY! I JUS' COME OVER TO TELL YER MAN NOT TO BOTHER ABOUT TRAININ' ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM JUS'A WEAKLIN'
WE'LL ASK THE JEEP TO TELL US THE WINNER OF THE FIGHT, THEN WE'LL BET HEAVILY!
IF I COULDN'T LICK A RUNT LIKE YOU I'D GO SOAK MY HEAD - LOOK HOW I TREAT MY SPARRING PARTNERS
SMACK
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IF THA'S ALL YA GOT I'LL BRING ME KNITTIN' ALONG TO PASS OFF THE TIME WHILE WE'RE IN THE RING
ARF! ARF!
LET US ASK THE JEEP WHO WILL WIN THE FIGHT
JEEP! JEEP!
POPEYE SURELY WILL WIN
STILL, WE MUST BE SURE
LISTEN, EUGENE - WILL POPEYE LOSE THE FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB?
6-16
NOTICE!
THE JEEP SAID POPEYE WOULD LOSE HIS FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB - CAN IT BE THAT POPEYE IS LOSING HIS PUNCH?
I KIN LICK FIFTY SWABS LIKE MISTER JAB - I'LL GO UP TO OLIVE'S HOUSE AN' SEE WHAT THE JEEP SEZ ABOUT IT
IF YER GO'NER DO ANY BETTIN', PUT YER MONEY ON ME TO WIN - IF YA DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK THE JEEP
WE'VE ALREADY ASKED THE JEEP AND HE SAID YOU'D LOSE
WE'RE GOING TO BET ON JAMES J. JAB - THE JEEP NEVER LIES
BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT I NEVER LOST A FIGHT IN ALL ME LIFE!
JEEP! JEEP!
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YA MEANS TO SAY THE JEEP SAID I'D LOSE ME FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB?
YER KIDDIN' ME
WHY SHOULD WE KID YOU? GO ASK HIM YOURSELF
THE JEEP NEVER LIES
BLOW ME DOWN! I WILL AST HIM! YA GOT ME ALL HOT AN' BOTHERED - CERTINGLY I'LL AST HIM
AHOY, JEEP! AM I GO'NER LOSE THE FIGHT WITH JIMMY JAB?
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POOR POPEYE - HE'S WORRYING HIMSELF SICK
6-18

POOR POPEYE— HE'S WORRYING HIMSELF TO DEATH BECAUSE THE JEEP SAID HE'D LOSE HIS NEXT FIGHT
IF JIMMY JAB LICKS ME, ALL ME CHILREN PALS WILL QUIT EATIN' SPINACH! IT'LL MEAN THAT I YAMA USETER WAS
LIFE AIN'T BRIGHT NO MORE—I FEELS LIKE SUMPIN' THE CAT DRUGGED IN
THAT FELLOW, POPEYE, IS THE TOUGHEST GUY I EVER SAW— GEE— WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL IF HE LICKED ME?
STOP WORRYING, JIMMY, I GOT GOOD NEWS—YOU'VE HEARD OF THE JEEP— THE ANIMAL THAT FORETELLS THE FUTURE—I JUST FOUND OUT THAT HE SAID YOU'D WIN
OH, WHAT A RELIEF! WHY, SAY— I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
I ALSO FEEL A LOT BETTER
MY GOSH, BUT I FEEL SORRY FOR POPEYE—THE JEEP SAID HE'D LOSE THE FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB
'TIS SAD, INDEED, BUT WE MUST NOT LET SENTIMENT INTERFERE WITH BUSINESS— WE MUST BET AGAINST POPEYE
YES, THAT'S SO
JIMMY JAB DON'T LIVE A CLEAN LIFE AN' IF HE LICKS ME THE KIDS WILL THINK HE'S OKAY AN' USE HIM FOR A EXAMPLE— HE AIN'T NO GEN'LE-MAN LIKE I YAM
I AIN'T HUNGRY— BUT I SUSPOSE I BETTER GO IN HERE AN' EAT SOME SPINACH— IT MIGHT CHEER ME UP
JIMMY, OL' BOY, I'M GOING TO BET TEN THOUSAND BUCKS ON YOU
IT'S SWELL TO KNOW I'M SURE TO WIN
WITH THE AID OF THE JEEP I HAVE MADE FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND I SHALL BET IT ALL ON JIMMY JAB TO BEAT POPEYE
JEEP
JEEP
THERE'S THAT FUNNY-LOOKING SAILOR I'M GOING TO FIGHT— WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?
I HAVE NO IDEA— LET'S WATCH HIM
THE JEEP SAID JIMMY JAB IS GONER LICK ME—I GOT TO FIND OUT IF I YAM LOSIN' ME PUNCH
WHAM
ARE YOU SURE I CAN LICK HIM? LOOK WHAT HE DID!
THE JEEP SAID YOU'D WIN— SO YOU WILL WIN
YEAH, I YAM SUNK— I SHOULDA KNOCKED OUT AT LEAST TWENY BRICKS
POOR POPEYE. HE SURE IS FEELING LOW
IF JIMMY JAB LICKS ME LIKE THE JEEP SEZ HE'S GONER, I'LL BE RUINT ON ACCOUNT OF HE AIN'T NO GEN'LE-MAN
I WOULDN'T MIND GETTIN' LICKED BY A GEN'LEMAN— BUT HIM—UGH—IT'S GONER BE ARFUL—ME KID PALS WILL BE TURNT AGAINST ME—I YAM IRKED!
GONER GET LICKED—I AIN'T IMPORTINK NO MORE—I YAM ONLY JUS'A WAS-BEEN
AW, CHEER UP, POPEYE— YOU'LL LICK HIM— I JUST KNOW YOU WILL
SHUSH!— DON'T ENCOURAGE HIM! WE'RE GOING TO BET AGAINST HIM— SO SHUSH!—
CERTAINLY YOU'LL LOSE! YOU CAN'T WIN! THE JEEP SAID YOU'D LOSE! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE
OH, MY GORSH!!
WITH THE AID OF THE JEEP I'VE MADE $500,000 ON THE RACES— OR RATHER, I HAVE THAT AMOUNT LEFT
I'M "$100,000" TO THE GOOD—BUT I WANT MORE
JEEP JEEP
$100,000
$500,000
YOO-HOO, OLIVE, AHOY, HONEY, I NEEDS YA—I NEEDS SYMPTHITTY—COME AN' ENCOURACH ME—I YAM LOW
I CAN'T ENCOURAGE YOU, POPEYE—YOU KNOW I'M TAKING THE JEEP'S TIP AND AM BETTING ON JIMMY JAB—I CAN'T WISH YOU LUCK
POPEYE WILL LOSE—I'LL DOUBLE MY $500,000 AND YOU'LL DOUBLE YOUR $100,000
SWELL
I AIN'T GOT NOBODY IN ME HOUR OF NEED— I YAMA LONELY SAILOR— I YAMA GOT NOBODY MAN— SHE TURNT ME DOWN FOR MONEY—I YAM JUS'A LONELY SAILOR— WOE IS ME
FOLKS, I WANTS YA TO KNOW SUMPIN'—I YAM SURE JIMMY JAB WILL LICK ME, ON ACCOUN'T OF THE JEEP SAID HE WOULD—IT AIN'T JUS' LOSIN' WICH IS GOT ME DOWN— IT'S LOSIN' TO A MAN WICH AIN'T NO GEN'LEMAN— A MAN LIKE HIM LICKIN' A GEN'LEMAN LIKE ME WILL BE A BAD EXAMPLE FOR HUMANIKY—
DON'T GET ME WRONG—I AIN'T NO HARD LOSER
I JUS' DON'T WANT TO GET LICKED BY A SWAB WICH AIN'T FITTIN' TO TAKE ME PLACE—
BUT HOW KIN HE LICK ME? WHAT'S HE GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT— G-R-R— I'LL KNOCK HIS BLASTED NOSE UP UNDER HIS HAT! I'LL LAY 'IM AMONG THE CUSTOMERS! POOEY!
BUT THE JEEP!!
THE JEEP SAID HE'D LICK ME

MR. GAMBELL, I HEAR YOU WANT TO BET ON THE FIGHT- A FRIEND AND I WISH TO BET $600.000" ON JIMMY JAB- WILL YOU COVER IT?
I CERTAINLY WILL- I'D BET MY SHIRT ON POPEYE
G-26
I'VE ARRANGED OUR BETS, WIMPY- TELL ME WHY YOU WANTED ME TO TAKE CARE OF IT FOR YOU
WELL- I'M THE OFFICIAL REFEREE-
AND, OF COURSE, IT WOULDN'T LOOK RIGHT FOR ME TO BET ON ONE OF THE BOYS- NOT THAT I'D CHEAT- OH, HEAVENS, NO!
I WOULDN'T CHEAT MUCH
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OH, HELLO, POPEYE! SAY- MR. GAMBELL JUST BET $600,000." ON YOU- HE THINKS YOU'RE HOT
OH, MY GORSH! AN' THE JEEP SEZ I'LL LOSE!- UGH! I KIN NOT STAN' IT!
POPEYE! POPEYE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? QUICK, WIMPY, CALL A DOCTOR!!
BONK
HELP! CALL A DOCTOR! QUICK! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH POPEYE
G-27
SPEAK TO ME, POPEYE! OH, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?
WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S WRONG?
I'M ASKING YOU!
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OH, DOCTOR! IS IT SERIOUS?
I'LL SAY IT'S SERIOUS!
DON'T GET SO EXCITED! HERE YOU'VE GOT ICE IN THE HOT WATER BOTTLE AND HOT WATER IN THE ICE BAG.
POOEY
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WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL QUICK- CALL AN AMBULANCE
CLANG CLANG
AMBULANCE
HIS TEMPERATURE IS A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO
IT'S A NERVOUS CONDITION
POOR POPEYE. I FEEL VERY SORRY FOR HIM 'I DO HOPE HE'LL BE WELL IN TIME FOR THE PRIZE FIGHT- ER- SO HE'LL BE ABLE TO GO INTO THE RING-
HMM- AND LOSE
G-29
YEAH, POPEYE IS IN THE HOSPITAL
I HOPE HE GETS OUT IN TIME FOR OUR FIGHT SO I CAN SEND HIM BACK
I'VE BET SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS ON POPEYE TO BEAT JIMMY JAB AND NOW POPEYE'S IN THE HOSPITAL- LOOKS LIKE I'M SUNK- STILL, POPEYE IS A MAN OF IRON
MY GOSH! POPEYE IS DELIRIOUS!
YEOW!
HOSPITAL QUIET PLEASE- THE NURSES ARE SLEEPING
HEY, NURSE! WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING FOR HIM?
HOW CAN I DO ANYTHING HOLDING MY EARS?
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DOCTOR, DID YOU SAY POPEYE WOULDN'T EAT?
HE WON'T EAT A BITE- HE'S WEAK AS A CAT- HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE PART IN THAT PRIZE FIGHT
I'LL HAVE TO HAVE HELP- I'LL SEE WHAT DOCTOR JONES THINKS ABOUT HIM
QUIET
YES, DOCTOR, I HAVE QUITE A COMPLICATED CASE ON MY HANDS- WILL YOU LOOK AT MY PATIENT
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM- IT'S VERY, VERY, PUZZLING- HMM
HMM-
POPEYE- SPEAK TO ME- DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I'M YOUR LITTLE OLIVE OYL
OH, I SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER! LOOK AT HIS ARMS- THEY'RE ALL SWOLLEN FROM THE ELBOW TO THE WRIST
OUR-R-R
DON'T BE SILLY, DOCTOR, HIS ARM ISN'T SWOLLEN- THAT'S NATURAL FOR HIM
REALLY?
WELL, THEN, DARN IT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM
SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!!
LET'S OPERATE AND SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER
AW, GNATS
LISTEN, THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO- WE'LL CALL IN SOME MORE DOCTORS AND HOLD A CONSULTATION
THAT'S RIGHT! WE'LL DO IT NOW
SAY- I DON'T THINK ANY OF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
OH, YEAH? LISTEN-
I ALWAYS CATCH FISH AT CLEAR LAKE AND I'M NO FISHERMAN
YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU SAY THERE'S NO FISH IN CLEAR LAKE
I LIKE THE BASS IN MYRTLE LAKE

THEN YOU THINK IT WILL BE SAFE FOR US TO OPERATE ON POPEYE?
CERTAINLY IT WILL BE SAFE FOR US
QUIET
IT'S AN UNUSUAL CASE AND I WANT TO PERFORM THE OPERATION, MYSELF
VERY WELL, DOCTOR
HOW IS POPEYE? IS HE ALL RIGHT?
THEY'RE JUST BEGINNING TO OPERATE
DARN IT!! OH, DARN! DARN! DARN!
JUST LOOK AT MY NEW TWENTY-SEVEN-DOLLAR KNIFE!! I CAN'T MAKE A DENT IN THAT TOUGH SAILOR
WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR STREET-TEARER-UPPER FOR A FEW MINUTES?
RATAT TAT TAT
I CAN'T OPERATE ON POPEYE BECAUSE I CAN'T MAKE A DENT IN HIS TOUGH HIDE—JUST GIVE HIM HIS MEDICINE AND LET IT GO AT THAT
I CAN'T GIVE HIM HIS MEDICINE—HE'S ASLEEP AND I DON'T WANT TO AWAKEN HIM—HE MUST HAVE IT, BUT I'M AFRAID TO TRY TO OPEN HIS MOUTH—HE NEEDS SLEEP
GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE AND A FUNNEL—I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM WITHOUT WAKING HIM UP
YOU MEN ARE SO HELPLESS
HOSPITAL QUIET PLEASE
SMART GAL, ISN'T SHE?
THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME!
DOCTOR, WE WANT TO KNOW IF POPEYE WILL BE ABLE TO GO INTO THE RING AND FIGHT ON THE DAY WE PLANNED?
DON'T BE SILLY! HE WON'T BE OUT OF BED FOR SIX MONTHS
I YAMA SICKISH SAILOR—BUT WHEN THE BELL RINGS I'LL BE THERE WITH ALL I GOT!
HELLO, POPEYE—— THAT'LL BE FINE! DON'T DISAPPOINT US
GET BACK TO BED! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE THIS HOSPITAL! THE IDEA! YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE!
DON'T WORRY, DOC, I'LL SEND HIM RIGHT BACK TO YOU
I WON'T GO BACK TO BED! GIMME ME CLOTHES— I YAM GO'NER FIGHT JIMMY JAB
GET TO BED!
YA KIN NOT STOP ME! GIMME ME PANTS!!
BUT! BUT! YOU'RE ALMOST DEAD!
NOW LISTEN— SAY— YOU MAY DIE ANY MINUTE!
I SEZ— GIMME ME PANTS!! SUSPOSE I DOES DIE— IT AIN'T YER FUMERAL
IF I YAM GO'NER DIE I MIGHT JUS' AS WELL DIE FIGHTIN'— G'BYE, DOC
THE JEEP SAID I'D LOSE— OLIVE IS BETTIN' AGAINST ME— I YAMA LONELY SAILOR— I YAMA GOT NOBODY MAN.
THIS IS THE DAY OF THE FIGHT, ISN'T IT?
YES, I MUST BE GETTING DOWN THERE— I'M THE REFEREE, YOU KNOW
EVERYTHING'S AGAINST POPEYE—THE JEEP SAID HE'D LOSE—WIMPY IS REFEREE AND IS BETTING AGAINST HIM AND POPEYE IS SICK
EVEN I AM BETTING AGAINST HIM—UGH— AND ALL FOR THE SAKE OF MONEY
IF THAT JEEP HAD ONLY KEPT STILL— IT'S TOUGH WHEN YA KNOWS YER GO'NER LOSE— AN' MISTER, GAMBELL IS BETTIN' HEAVY ON ME— THA'S TOUGH
YOU WERE CRAZY TO BET "$600,000" ON POPEYE
MAYBE SO— BUT I'LL LAY ANOTHER HUNDRED THOUSAND ON POPEYE IF YOU'LL COVER IT
OKAY!
THAT'S RIGHT— A AMBULANCE TO TAKE ME TO THE RING— NO, I AIN'T KIDDIN'— I YAMA 'WAS-BEEN'— I YAMA ALL GONE SAILOR. G'BYE
OH, MY GOSH! I JUST KNOW I'LL FAINT
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! IN-TRO-DUCING THE WORLD'S FAMOUS JAMES J. JAB
WHERE'S POPEYE? HE SHOULD BE IN THE RING
IF HE DOESN'T SHOW UP ALL BETS WILL BE OFF
HERE HE IS NOW, MISS OYL
I'VE CARRIED 'EM OUT— BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER CARRIED ONE IN
WHICH IS THIS GENTLEMAN'S CORNER?

WAKE UP, MISTER POPEYE, IT'S ABOUT TIME TO TRADE PUNCHES
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN— IN-TRO-DUCING POPEYE, THE SAILOR
POPEYE COMING IN ON A STRETCHER WILL MAKE THE AUDIENCE SYMPATHIZE WITH HIM—MY MAN WILL BE UNPOPULAR
GET IT OVER QUICK! DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH HIM
OKAY— ONE PUNCH OUGHT TO DO IT
OH, POPEYE—I HOPE YOU WIN! NO! NO! OH, POPEYE, I HOPE YOU LOSE
SAY, LADY WHAT'S EATIN' YOU?
THERE'S NO ANSWER TO MY WORRIES— YOU SEE, I WANT HIM TO LOSE BECAUSE I'M BETTING AGAINST HIM—AND I WANT HIM TO WIN BECAUSE HE'S MY SWEETHEART
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP?
EGAR
T-10
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN— IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT J. WELLINGTON WIMPY IS YOUR REFEREE
APPRECIATIVE @@XX!! AREN'T THEY?
BOOOO
OH! THERE'S THE BELL!
BONG
SIT DOWN
YOU DIZZY DAME
COME NOW, GENTLEMEN, LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
YOU RUNT! I'LL FIX YOU FOR COMING INTO THE RING ON A STRETCHER AND MAKING ME FEEL LIKE A HUNK OF HORSE MEAT!
EGAR
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I YAM WHAT I YAM!
HE'S FALLING
IF YA THINKS YER DOIN' RIGHT YA DESERVES CREDIT EVEN IF YER WRONG
BONK
POPEYE IS DELIRIOUS, HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD' HE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY AN' SPINACH IS THE BEST VEGABLE
TWEET TWEET
EGAR
T-13
POPEYE'S DELIRIOUS FROM BEING SICK— HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HE HIT JIMMY. HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD'
DID SOMEBODY HIT YA, PAL? WHO DONE IT?
TWEET TWEET
WHO WAS IT? JUS' SHOW ME THE SWAB WICH HITCHA' I'LL KNOCK HIS BLASTED BLOCK OFF
TWEET TWEET
OH MY GOSH!
WHERE'S THE SWAB WICH SOCKED ME PAL? WHERE IS HE?
OH, SO THERE YA ARE! WHY'D YA DO IT? WHY'D YA SMACK ME PAL?
TWEET TWEET
YA BLASTED SWAB!!
BOP
SAY! WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY!! YOU BIG BOZO, WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL THE RUNT?!. - DRAG HIM OVER, BOYS!
BONG
SALTS
EGAR
T-14
AND THE JEEP IS STILL JEEPING
JEEP! JEEP!
DO YOU SEE THAT JUNE BUG? IT'S IMPORTANT JUST WAIT!!!
"ROUND TWO"— JIM JAB RUSHES AT POPEYE LIKE A WILD BULL - HE'LL TRY TO KNOCK HIM TO PIECES
YOU- YOU-
WHY, I'LL—
IT LOOKS BAD FOR POPEYE NOW—
SWISH
BOP
WHERE YAM I ?? OH, I KNOW— I YAM WHERE I YAM
BOP
I HIT YOU HARD ENOUGH WHY DON'T YOU LAY DOWN?!
BECAUSE I JUS' LEFT THE HORSHPITTLE AN' I YAM SO SICK AN' WEAK THAT IF I LAYS DOWN I JUS' KNOWS I COULDN'T GET UP AGAIN
DON'T GET DISGUSTIPATED- THE JEEP SAID YOU'D WIN - I'M EASY
YOU CAN'T DO ME LIKE THAT— I'LLLL- I'LL - BREAK EVERY— BOU—
I DON'T CARE HOW I DO IT JUST SO I PUT YOU OUT! I HATE YOU!
SWISH
T-16
LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN- LOOK- A SPORTSMAN
BONK
THIS IS HORRIBLE! STOP THE FIGHT!
BONK WHACK
STOP IT!
STOP!
WHA'SA MATTER, BOYS? CAN'T YA TAKE IT?

HIT HIM! HIT HIM, POPEYE!!
TUT-TUT MISS OYL - TUT-TUT
BOP
SOCK
YOU AND I ARE BETTING ON JIMMY JAB. SO STOP YELLING, "HIT HIM, POPEYE"
OH, I FORGOT
HIT HIM JIMMY.
HIT HIM, JIMMY
HIT HIM, JIMMY
SOCK
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HIT HIM, POPEYE!
NO! NO! I MEAN HIT HIM, JIMMY! HIT HIM, JIMMY!
BOP
BOP
COME ON! HIT HIM, POPEYE!
!
LISTEN, LADY. I WISH TO HEAVEN YOU'D MAKE UP YOUR MIND! YOU'RE DRIVING ME KA-RAZY!
SOCK
BONK
BONK
I HATE YOU!
OH, SO YA DON'T WANT TO FIGHT FAIR, EH? I GOT TO TEACH YA TO BE A GEN'LEMAN' HOW'D YA LIKE A KICK IN THE MUSH?
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WHOP
G'WAN-FIGHT-
SHISSIES!
I'M POPEYE'S DOCTOR AND I DEMAND THAT THIS FIGHT BE STOPPED- HE'S SICK! HE SHOULD BE IN BED
SOCK
THAT'LL STOP YOU!!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! LOOK OUT, YA BIG PUNK! DEFEND YERSELF IF YA KIN!
UGH
WHOP
I SEZ, GO COUNT HIM OUT- HE'S DOWN!
I BEG PARDON?
COUNT HIM OUT
NO USE COUNTING- THE JEEP SAID HE'D WIN
POOP
THERE'S THE JUNE BUG AGAIN- JUST A LITTLE MYSTERY THAT WILL SOON BE EXPLAINED
WHY DIDN'T YA COUNT HIM OUT? HE WAS DOWN FOR TWEN'Y MINUTES
I BEG PARDON?
OKAY- IF YA WON'T COUNT HIM OUT THEN I'LL GIVE HIM ME OL' "TWISKER" SOCK AND HE'LL STAY DOWN FOR A WEEK
G-R-R
CRACK
SCUTSH
WHOMP
NOW YA KIN TAKE YER TIME ABOUT COUNTIN'- I COME IN ON A STRETCHER AN' HE'LL GO OUT ON ONE- THEY DON'T WAKE UP SOON AFTER ME TWISKER SOCK GETS 'EM
BUT-BUT- THE JEEP SAID HE'D WIN
YOU WON'T NEED TO COUNT HIM OUT, WIMPY- THEY'LL CARRY HIM OUT
BUT! BUT! THE JEEP SAID HE'D WIN- AND I BET ALL MY MONEY ON HIM!
TWEET
TWEET
OH, SO THA'S IT? YA BET ALL THE MONEY YA WIN'D ON THE HORSH RACES, EH?
YES, THE ALL OF IT, "FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND"
$500,000
MOVE OVER!
SAY, DO YOU KNOW I LOST A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS?!
NOW YOU GET RIGHT BACK TO BED- YOU'RE A SICK MAN. YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE HOSPITAL!
I GOT SO INTERESTED IN THE SPRIZE FIGHT I FORGOT ABOUT BEIN' SICK
HOW COME YOU WON WHEN THE JEEP SAID YOU'D LOSE?! YOU BRUTE! G-R-R-R
YOU KNEW I WAS BETTING ON JIMMY JAB- COULDN'T YOU HAVE LET HIM WIN FOR MY SAKE?! YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY-MORE-
JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT JEEP!

JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT JEEP!
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A JEEP IS SUSPOSED TO TELL THE TRUTH— WON'ER HOW COME HIM TO SAY I'D LOSE?

OLIVE AN' WIMPY SURE LOST A LOT OF MONEY ON ACCOUNT OF THAT AMINAL— I'LL GO SEE IF SHE'S SORE

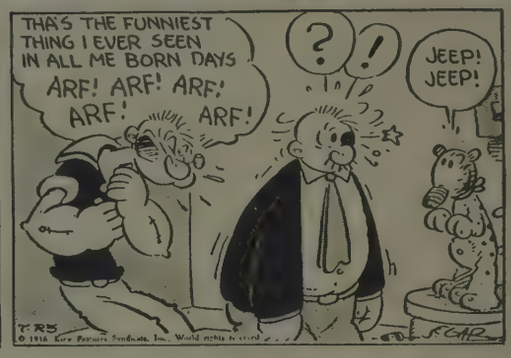
YOU GOSH DARN, LOW-DOWN, DOUBLE-CROSSING SO AND SO!! YOU BLA-BLA-BLA-BLA WHY, YOU-BLA-BLA BLA-YOU---
T.R4
EGAR

I GOT A HUNCH THEY'S A MISTAKE— I'LL BET THE JEEP REALLY DIDN'T LIE - HMM - A JUNE-BUG

YOU'RE A LIAR! A SNAKE IN THE GRASS- A WOLF IN JEEP'S CLOTHING
LOOK OUT, WIMPY, HE'S GETTING MAD! HE'S TIRED OF YER INSULKS

B
O
O

WELL, SLAM ME DOWN A HATCH! DID YA SEE THAT!!?


THA'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SEEN IN ALL ME BORN DAYS
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
JEEP! JEEP!
T.R5
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EGAR

POPEYE, I WON OVER A MILLION DOLLARS ON THAT FIGHT- I WANT TO SHARE IT WITH YOU
NO, THANKS - JUS' GIVE SOME OF IT TO A ORPHINKS' HOME

THAT'S THE MAN WHO WON ALL OUR MONEY! GET HIM OUT OF HERE— I HATE HIM!

AND I HATE YOU, TOO!! YOU LIED TO ME! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

YA DON'T WANT THE JEEP, EH? WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT HIM- I WANT HIM!
T.R1
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OKAY! TAKE HIM! AND KEEP HIM OUT OF MY HOUSE!
THANKS

DON'T WORRY, JEEP. I BELIEVES IN YA— YER MINE NOW— HMM— I DON'T THINK YA LIED - I'LL BET THERE WAS SOME MISTAKE

OLIVE, YA REALLY WANT TO GIVE ME THE JEEP?
I SAID SO— HE LIED TO ME, AND I DON'T WANT HIM!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THERE'S THAT JUNE BUG AGAIN - AN' THE JEEP IS WATCHIN' HIM

IT LIT ON THE TABLE RIGHT IN FRONT OF EUGENE

MY GOSH! WHAT'S HE SIGNALING "YES" FOR? OH, I GET IT— HE JUS' BENT DOWN TO LOOK AT THE BUG
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HMM - MAYBE THEY WAS A JUNE BUG ON THE TABLE WHEN THEY AST HIM IF I'D LOSE THE FIGHT-

I'LL BET HE WASN'T PAYIN' NO ATTENTION TO THE QUESTION— JUS' BENT DOWN TO WATCH THE BUG AN' WE THOUGHT HE MEANT "YES"
JEEP JEEP
T.R8
EGAR

YEP, THA'S IT! THE JEEP DIDN'T LIE ABOUT WHO'D WIN THE SPRIZE FIGHT-

HE JUS' BENT DOWN TO LOOK AT A BUG AND WE THOUGHT HE WAS ANSWERIN' YES

I TOLD YOU TO TAKE THAT JEEP OUT OF HERE! I GAVE HIM TO YOU SO TAKE HIM AWAY!!

THANKS FOR GIVIN' TO ME THIS VALUABLE AMINAL
VALUABLE, ME EYE! HE'S NO GOOD!
T.R9

THA'S WHAT YOU THINK!!
?

WELL, YA GOT A GOOD HOME NOW— OLIVE OYL AIN'T GOT NO PATIENCE WITH AMINALS
JEEP! JEEP!

PLUNDER ISLAND

ONE OF SEGAR'S LONGEST SUNDAY PAGE CONTINUITIES, RUNNING FOR A TOTAL OF 32 WEEKS FROM DECEMBER 3RD 1933 TO JULY 8th 1934.

THERE'S A ROUGH-LOOKING FELLOW COMING IN TO SEE YOU
WELL, THAT'S OKAY, I YAM NOT ASCARED OF NO MAN ON EARTH
SMACK
SMACK
ONE
TWO
THREE-
GO-
BONK
QUICK, WIMPY! GO GET SOME POLICEMEN BEFORE THEY KILL EACH OTHER
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
SOCK
BONK
SOCK
BONK
UMP
UMP
BROTHER OF THE OL' SEA DOG CLUB, I GREETS YA!
TWENTY YEARS SINCE I SEEN YA, BILL BARNACLE - WE DIDN'T FORGET THE CLUB'S "HIGH SIGNS," DID WE?
TWENTY YEARS, POPEYE
HURRY, GENTLEMEN, 'TIS THE MOST PECULIAR BATTLE I'VE EVER WITNESSED
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PLAY TRICKS ON THE POLICE DEPARTMENT? THERE AIN'T NO FIGHT! WE'RE GOIN' TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL
OL' "SALTY" BILL BARNACLE - I YAM SO GLAD TO SEE YA, I GOT TO HUG YA!
SAME HERE, MATEY
LISTEN, GENTLEMEN - IF YOU WILL LET ME GO, I WILL HAVE YOU UP TO THE HOUSE TUESDAY FOR A DUCK DINNER
FINE!
SWELL!
OKAY!
SURE!
POPEYE, I COME TO SEE YA ABOUT SUMPIN' - IF WE KIN LOCATE PLUNDER ISLAND WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN - PLENTY OF DANGER AND ADVENTURE. AYE! PLENTY - WE MAY GET MURDERED AN' WE MAY COME BACK WITH GOLD - PIRATES' GOLD - RUBIES - AND PEARLS THE SIZE O' EGGS
I YAM SICK OF THIS RESTRUNT BIZNISS - I HANKERS FOR THE SEA - I LOVES DANGER - SO LE'S GO
WE INTRODUCE TO-DAY, POPEYE'S OL' PAL OF THE PAST, WHEN SHIPS WERE WOOD AND MEN WERE IRON, "SALTY" BILL BARNACLE
BEGINNING "PLUNDER ISLAND" PIRATES-MYSTERY-ADVENTURE. TO BE CONTINUED
YOU BRING THE DUCKS!
SEGAR
12-3

BLOW ME DOWN, OL' BILL BARNACLE! I YAM SURE GLAD YER IN TOWN. DIDN'T WE HAVE FUN LAS' NIGHT! HOW MANY TOUGH GUYS DID WE LICK?
I COUNT 27 TWENTY-SEVEN LAYIN' ON THE FLOOR, POPEYE. LIKE OL' TIMES. EH?
TWO COPS ARE HERE LOOKING FOR YOU BOYS
YOU TWO BIRDS BUSTED UP MIKE'S PLACE LAST NIGHT, AND WE'RE TAKING YOU TO JAIL.
POPEYE, WE GOT TO GO TO JAIL - BOO-HOO
THA'S ARFUL
I FEELS TURRIBLE, ORFICER, THIS'LL RUIN ME REPITATION
BAH!
HAW! HAW! HE'S ONLY BEEN IN JAIL TWENTY-SIX HUNDERD TIMES
AHOY, "SALTY"! WHO'S THE SWAB OVER IN THE CORNER? HE LOOKS SCARED TO DEATH
WELL, SAW ME STABOARD LEG OFF AN' SALT ME FOR A HERRING, IT'S HIM!
DON'T ASK ME THAT! NO! NO! I'VE GOT TO FORGET! DON'T! DON'T!
LISTEN, CRINGLY, POPEYE AN' ME HAS GOT TO KNOW THE COURSE TO 'PLUNDER ISLAND
WHAT'S EATIN' HIM?
WHAT YA IN JAIL FOR, PROFESSOR CRINGLY?
I THREW A BRICK THROUGH A WINDOW. I WANTED TO COME HERE - I THOUGHT I'D BE SAFE IN JAIL FROM HER
HEY, BILL - IT'S DARK OUTSIDE - LE'S BUST A HOLE IN THIS HEN-COOP
SHE'S HERE, MISTER BARNACLE, I CAN SEE HER SHIP FROM THIS WINDOW. THE SEA HAG IS IN THIS PORT
YA MUST BE CRAZY, SHE WOULDN'T DARE DROP ANCHOR IN THIS CIVILIZED PART OF THE WORLD
SURE. YER COMIN' WITH US
WE'LL GO UP TO ME RESTRUNT AN' HAVE A TALK IN THE BACK ROOM - HAH! IF THE SEA HAG'S AROUND I YAM INERESTED - I SEZ I YAM
BILL BARNACLE KNOWS A PROFESSOR WHO KNOWS THE LOCATION OF YOUR ISLAND
YES - HE IS PROFESSOR CRINGLY, THE MAN WHO ESCAPED - THAT IS WHY WE'RE IN THIS PORT
IF YOU'RE GOING ASHORE I'D BETTER GO ALONG
MISTER SKOM, SINCE WHEN DOES THE SEA HAG NEED A BODY-GUARD? STAY AND WATCH MY SHIP - I AM NOT GOING ALONE BUT THE THING I'LL BE WITH TO-NIGHT WOULD TURN EVEN YOUR LOW GRADE BLOOD TO ICE
YA KIN BUNK ON THAT COT TO-NIGHT, MISTER DON'T BE SCARED OF NOTHIN'. SALTY AN' ME'LL PROTECK YA
YOU COULDN'T PROTECT ME
WHO'S THIS SWAB, POPEYE?
I AM J. WELLINGTON WIMPY. AND I SUGGEST WE ALL HAVE A HAMBURGER ON THE HOUSE
SEE IF YA KIN MAKE HIM GO TO SLEEP, WIMPY
AND SO THE LITTLE PIGS ALL BUILT HOUSES — ETC — THEN THE BAD OLD WOLF HUFFED AND HE PUFFED -
- AND HE BLEW THE FIRST LITTLE PIG'S HOUSE IN
YA SEE, MATEY - PROF CRINGLY IS THE ONLY MAN OUTSIDE OF HER GANG WHO KNOWS THE LOCATION OF PLUNDER ISLAND
I HAD DEALINS WITH THE SEA HAG YEARS AGO
WELL - IF SHE GETS CRINGLY WE'RE OUTTA LUCK - WE'D NEVER FIND IT
BILL!! WHAT'S THAT STANDIN' THERE IN THE HALL?!
2-2- 2-2-2- 2-2-
POPEYE! DID YOU SEE THE SAME AS ME? A GHOSTLY-LOOKIN' MONSTER EIGHT FEET HIGH?
YES, I SEEN 'IM
HE WAS STANDIN' RIGHT HERE IN THIS DARK HALL - RIGHT HERE IN ME OWN RESTRUNT BUILDIN' — THE MOS' HOREEBLE-LOOKIN' AMINAL I EVER LAID EYES ON!
THEM EYES IS WHAT GIMME CREEPY FEELINS
IT LOOKED HOOMAN, TOO - JA NOTICE HOW IT STOOD?
SALTY - I WANTS TO AST YA SUMPIN — SUMPIN SERIOUSK AN' DON'T LAUGH NEITHER —
DO YOU BELIEVE IN EVIL SPIRIKS?
'MEMBER THE OL' "MARY ANN"?
'MEMBER THE NIGHT WHEN THE MOON WAS RED AN' THE SHIP'S RIGGIN MADE YA THINK O' SKELETONS?
DON'T TALK ABOUT SKELEKONS AN' GHOSKS ON ACCOUNT OF THAS THE ONLY TWO THINGS I YAM SCARED OF EXCEP EVIL SPIRIKS
YA ASTS ME DOES I BELIEVE IN EVIL SPIRITS AFTER WHAT WE SEEN THAT NIGHT TRYIN' TO CLIMB OVER THE SIDE OF OUR SHIP? YA KNOWS DERN WELL I DO!!
LE'S LOOK AROUND OUT IN THE ALLEY
THAT GHOSTLY BEAST WE SAW JUST NOW REMINDS ME OF THEM THINGS WHICH WAS CLINGIN' TO THE SIDES OF THE OL' "MARY ANN" THAT NIGHT TWENTY YEARS AGO - YA RECALLS HOW THE SKIPPER LOOKED WHEN HE FOUND FIVE OF THE CREW MISSIN NEXT MORNING
THE MOON! THE MOON TELLS ME THEY'RE AFTER ME! I FEEL IT!
ONE OF THEM IS NEAR TO-NIGHT!
I'M NOT SAFE ANYWHERE. THE SEA HAG IS IN THIS PORT - SHE WANTS ME BECAUSE I KNOW THE COURSE TO HER ISLAND HAH! I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER ESCAPED FROM PLUNDER ISLAND
YA SHOULD STAY IN THERE WITH WIMPY LIKE WE TOLD YA
AHOY, WIMPY, WHY DON'T YA WATCH PROFESSOR CRINGLY!
MY DEAR PROFESSOR CRINGLY, ESQ., IF YOU DO NOT COME IN HERE THIS MOMENT I SHALL NOT HAVE YOU UP TO THE HOUSE FOR A DUCK DINNER
YOU BRING THE DUCKS
HOW MANY TIMES DO I GOT TO TELL YA WE'LL PROTECK YA! GO TO SLEEP, WIMPY'LL BE RIGHT HERE WITCHA
I'LL TELL HIM A BED-TIME STORY ABOUT THE WOOLLY WORM AND THE LADY-BUG
PULL DOWN THAT BLIND - I'M CERTAIN I SAW A WHITE FORM OUT THERE AS WE CAME IN
PLEASE, PLEASE SEE THAT THE WINDOW IS FASTENED - OH, IT'S HORRIBLE TO BE AFRAID
TUT-TUT - LISTEN TO MY STORY - IT WILL CALM YOUR NERVES — "AND WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE WOOLLY WORM DID?"
I'LL BET WE WON'T NEED HIM TO SHOW US THE COURSE TO PLUNDER ISLAND - AIN'T I GOT SEA INSTINCK? AIN'T I?
WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE OF MUFFING IT - THEY'S GOBS O' TREASURE AT STAKE - CRINGLY KNOWS THE COURSE - WE NEED HIM
IF YOU DON'T RELAX I WON'T FINISH THE STORY — "SO THE WOOLLY WORM HID BEHIND A BIG ROCK AND WHEN THE LITTLE LADY-BUG CAME ALONG HE JUMPED OUT AND SAID —

Booo
YA BLARSTED IJOT! WHATJA SCARE HIM FOR?!
WELL, THE LITTLE WOOLLY WORM REALLY DID SAY "BOO"
HAHCH!! THE MOON: RED MOON BEHIND HER EVIL SHIP!
HE'S RIGHT, POPEYE- A RED MOON SHOWIN' THROUGH SHIP RIGGIN' SUMPIN'LL HAPPEN TO-NIGHT OR I'M A SWAB
AHOY, SALTY, I HEARS THE CACKLIN' OF A OL' WITCH
ANK-ANCK! ANK!
SOUNDS LIKE A OL' WOMAN LAUGHIN', EH, POPEYE?
SALTY, DO YA SUSPOSE THE SEA HAG COULD REALLY BE IN THIS PORT?
IT'S HER!!
YES- THE SEA HAG IS IN THIS PORT- ANCK! ANCK!
-AND YOU'D BETTER MIND YOUR OWN AFFAIRS, YOU SWABS- LOOK ALIVE OR I'LL NAIL YOUR SKINS TO THE MAIN MAST! BILGE RATS!! ARROUCH!!
NOW!! QUICK!! GET PROFESSOR CRINGLY!
COME-COME-MY DEAR PROFESSOR CRINGLY, ESQ., DON'T KEEP STARING AT THAT WINDOW. YOU MUST RELAX-H-M-M I WILL TELL ANOTHER BED-TIME STORY ABOUT LITTLE TOMMY COD FISH AND BIG BROTHER HALIBUT
I GOT RESPECK FOR WOMEN, BUT IF I EVER GET ME HOOKS ON THAT OL' WITCH IT'S GONER BE TOO BAD!
I SEES IT ALL NOW, SALTY- SHE LED US AWAY DOWN HERE BY THE DOCKS SO'S ONE OF HER GANG COULD GRAB POOR OL' CRINGLY- LE'S GET BACK QUICK!
WELL, FOG ME BINNACLE LAMP YER RIGHT!
OH- IT'S HORRIBLE TO BE AFRAID!
ALWAYS AFRAID THAT SOMETHING IS COMING FOR ME
MY DEAR SIR- IF YOU DO NOT GO TO SLEEP THIS INSTANT I SHALL NOT PROCEED WITH MY BED-TIME NARRATIVE
AND THE BIG BAD HALIBUT FLICKED THE LITTLE THOMAS COD FISH WITH HIS TAIL AND SWAM AWAY WITH THE AGILITY OF A CAT
ETC- AND THEN THE LITTLE TOM COD SAID- "I WISH I HAD SOME WOIMS"- BROTHER HALIBUT SAID- "HAH! YOU GOT PLENTY WOIMS- ETC-
THE GOON!
AND THEN THE THOMAS COD FISH- FISH- COD FISH- FISH- FRESH FISH!
THE HALIBUT-
HELP! SQUEECH
BLAST THE LUCK! CRINGLY'S GONE!!
WIMPY'S FAINTED! QUICK! GIVE HIM A DRINK OF WATER
WATER WOULD NOT REVIVE ME, MY FRIENDS- AFTER WHAT I SAW IT WILL TAKE NO LESS THAN A HAMBURGER
WE'LL NEVER FIND OUR WAY TO PLUNDER ISLAND WITHOUT CRINGLY- WE GOT TO GET HIM BACK
BILL, SHE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERES CACKLIN' AT US! JUS' WAIT, YA BLARSTED OL' WITCH!
JUS' WAIT!
ANK AINCK
CONTINUED
AN' I SEZ- SUSPOSE THE SEA HAG HAS GOT CRINGLY, WHO'S THE ONLY MAN OUTSIDE HER GANG WICH KNOWS THE COURSE TO PLUNDER ISLAND- WHAT OF IT? CAN'T WE FOLLOW HER SHIP? SHE'LL BE GOIN' BACK
YA KNOW ME, POPEYE, I'M IN FOR ANYTHING
CAP'N HULL, I'M TELLIN' YA, IF YA'LL TAKE US TO THAT SHE-PIRIT'S ISLAND IN YER SHIP WE'LL ALL BE, SWIMMIN' IN WEALT'- WE'LL CLEAN'ER OUT WICH IS WHAT SHE DESERVES
I DON'T CARE ABOUT COMIN' TO GRIPS WITH THAT OLD HAG
GOLD-CAP'N-AN' PEARLS BIGGER'N PELICAN EGGS
I'LL GO YE- IF WE CAN BUST UP THE SEA HAG'S GANG WE'LL BE DOIN' THE WORLD A FAVOR- MY SHIP IS READY EXCEPT FOR A CREW AND SUPPLIES
WE'LL SAIL THIS P.M. IF POSSIBLE
GREAT!
SNAPPY DOES IT, ME LAD- PICK UP A CREW OF A.B.'S, SEE THAT THEM WATER CASKS IS FILLED- I'LL SEND DOWN A TRUCK LOAD OF PROVISIONS
WE'RE GOIN' TO SEA, BOY- JUS' LIKE WE USETER- AN' ALL I ASKS OF THIS TRIP IS ROUGH WEATHER AN' A COUPLA GOOD MUTINIES
SURE- I'LL GO! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO HUNT UP A CHAPERON- I DON'T WANT TO BE THE ONLY LADY
AW, HECK- IF I GETS YA A CHAPEROON SHE WON'T LET US MAKE LOVE IN THE MOONLIGHT
OKAY THEN, MISS SNIDDLE- YER HIRED AS OLIVE'S CHAPEROON- BE AT DOCK "SEVEN" THREE THIRTY SHARP
OH, FINE! I JUST LOVE THE GREAT BIG OL' OCEAN
ROUGH-HOUSE, I WANT YA TO GO ALONG AS COOK
I'LL GO IF YOU'LL CUT ME IN ON THE TREASURE
SURE- OKAY!
TREASURE!
I WILL GO, TOO- I AM A FINE SHOEMAKER- A FIRST CLASSY GOBBLER- I WILL BE SHIPS GOBBLER- I WILL GOBBLE ALL THE SHOES
I SUPPOSE WE KIN USE YA- BE ON HAND AT THREE THIRTY

GRITMORE IS MY NAME- G.B. GRITMORE - THREE NATIONS ARE VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN THE OLD WITCH COMMONLY CALLED THE SEA HAG - IT IS MY JOB TO RUN HER DOWN - CAN I GET SOME SORT OF A BUNK ON YOUR SHIP?
YA KIN IF YA GOT BRAVERY AN' INTESTIMAL FORTNITUDE
LOOK ALIVE, ME LADS - HOIST ANCHOR — GET THEM SHEETS TO THE WIND — THE LUCK O' CAPTAIN HULL IS HOLDIN' - WE'VE AN OFF SHORE BREEZE
MISTER GEEZIL - DO YOU REALIZE THAT WE'RE AWAY FROM WIMPY? MILES AWAY! - YOU AND ME WHO HATE EVEN THE AIR THAT TOUCHES HIM! WE'RE LUCKY!
HAH! NO WIMPY! AIN'T IT NICE TO HAVE NO WIMPY? DID YOU ASKING ME? HAH! I AM TICKLISH TO PIECES !!
I NEVER WAS SO HAPPY IN ALL MY LIFE - AND EVERY HOUR WE GET FARTHER AWAY FROM HIM
YAH! YAH! WHAT I LIKE BEST OF ALL IS NO WIMPY! HE SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH! HE IS FLIES IN MY SOUP! "YOU BRING THE DUCKS" BAH!
IN THE SAIL LOCKER, SOR - A ARF BALMY-LOOKIN' STOWAWAY - THE SWAB, SOR, WAS ALL ROLLED UP LIKE A SQUID, SOR, IN A 'ATCH COVER
BRING HIM AMIDSHIPS, I'LL HAVE A LOOK
WIMPY!
YOO-HOO - AND A BOTTLE O'R-R-RUM!
BLOW ME DOWN!
DOWN THE HATCH!
'E'S GEFEY, CAPN - 'E'S ORF 'IS BLINKIN BEAN
12-31
THE GOON! THE HORRIBLE GOON!
YOU KNOW THE STOWAWAY, EH, POPEYE?
BLAST YER HIDE, WIMPY - I TOLD YA, YA COULDN'T COME ALONG
YOO-HOO AND A BOTTLE O'R-R-RUM!
SHIP AHOY! AVAST SWAB
YEAH, GEEZIL OL' BOY. WE'RE GETTING FARTHER AWAY FROM WIMPY EVERY MINUTE - AIN'T IT GREAT?
AIN'T IT GREAT? DID YOU ASKING ME?
GEE, IT WOULD BE AWFUL IF WIMPY WAS ON BOARD - I CAN PICTURE HIM COMING UP HERE ONTO THE AFTER DECK
HE SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH
I CAN PICTURE HIM WALKING TOWARD US - AND HE'D SAY —
HE IS FLIES IN MY SOUP
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE'D SAY, MR. GEEZIL?
SURE - I KNOW WHAT HE'D SAY
HE'D SAY - "COME UP TO THE HOUSE SOMETIME FOR A DUCK DINNER —"
YOU BRING THE DUCKS
IS HE ON BOARD THIS SHIP?? IS HE? IS HE? IS HE?
BAH! BAH! BAH!
WIMPY! BAH! COULD I STAND IT? COULD I? I SAY NO!
BAH!
HELP! HELP! MR. GEEZIL IS COMMITTING SUICIDE
BAH! POOEY!
NO SENSE IN YOU JUMPING IN, POPEYE - ROUGH-HOUSE IS GOING AFTER GEEZIL
HURRY, ROUGH-HOUSE! GET HIM! DON'T LET HIM DROWN HISSELF JUS' BECAUSE WIMPY'S ABOARD - BRING HIM TO THE LADDER
BRING HIM TO THE LADDER, ME EYE! I'M COMMITTING SUICIDE TOO!
ULP
STOP! CAN'T A MAN DROWN HIMSELF? AIN'T IT A FREE COUNTRY? IS IT? AIN'T IT?
CRAWL INTO THIS BOAT, YA SWAB, OR I'LL BOP YA ONE
YOUR FRIENDS CAN'T HELP YOU - YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE ISLAND
SWIM TO SHIP FOLLOWING — BRING MEN BACK NOW
'TIS SO, MISS SNIDDLE - I SHALL NOT REPAIR TO MY CABIN AS LONG AS THE MOON AND YOU ARE UP — AH - YOU REMIND ME OF MEADOW VIOLETS AFTER A SHOWER - YOUR PETALS KISSED BY CLOUD-FILTERED SUNSHINE
OH! MISTER WIMPY
MY FRIEND, I'M SURE YOU HAVE THE WRONG PARTY — I AM SOMEBODY ELSE
HELP

BRING ANOTHER!
2-2
I MUSTA BEEN SLEEPIN' MIGHTY SOUND TO LET MESELF GET TIED UP LIKE THIS
JUS' WAIT'LL I GETS ME HANDS LOOSE, YA BLARSTER OL' WITCH! I'LL TEAR THIS MONSTROSITY AN' YER WHOLE GANG TO BITS
YOU'LL NEVER GET YOUR HANDS LOOSE IN THIS WORLD - THERE'LL BE A KNIFE IN YOUR GIZZARD BEFORE MANY HOURS! THROW HIM IN THE HOLD
MISSUS SEA HAG, I REALLY DO APPRECIATE YOUR NOT TIEING ME UP - AND - AHEM - I THINK I SHALL JOIN YOU IN A CUP OF TEA - I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A SANDWICH HANDY?
YOU'RE THE STRANGEST MAN I'VE EVER MET - YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE AFRAID OF ME - ME, THE TERRIBLE CRUEL SEA HAG -
HA! WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF ONE SO BEAUTIFUL - I ADMIRE STRONG WOMEN - STRENGTH TO ME IS BEAUTY - YOU ARE STRONG OF WILL
SHE DEMON OF THE SEVEN SEAS
YOU REALLY THINK I'M BEAUTIFUL?
MY DEAR LADY, YOU ARE GORGEOUS - AND WHEN YOU DROP ANCHOR IN MY PORT I WANT YOU TO COME UP TO THE HOUSE SOMETIME FOR A DUCK DINNER
A WICKED PIRATE LIKE ME BEAUTIFUL?
YOU BRING THE DUCKS
YOU'RE A NICE SORT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO LOCK YOU UP WITH PROFESSOR CRINGLY - I NEVER TAKE CHANCES
THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, MISSUS SEA HAG, QUITE, I ASSURE YOU
I'LL STRIP OFF AND HANG MY CLOTHES UP TO DRY - I'M ALL WET AFTER MY FORCED BATH
HELLO, PROFESSOR CRINGLY
SO THEY GOT YOU, TOO
KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, ALICE
ALICE !!
1-14
EXCUSE ME, ALICE, I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES
POPEYE, HAH! AN' OLD SALT LIKE YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO MEDDLE WITH THE SEA HAG - HA!
SHUT UP OR I'LL SMACK YA IN THE MUSH
SEGAR
DO YOU THINK SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO POPEYE, MISTER BARNACLE?
I AIN'T MUCH WORRIED, BUT IF HE'S IN TROUBLE I WISHT I WAS WITH HIM
YOU'VE SEARCHED THE ENTIRE SHIP, MISTER ORP?
AYE, SOR - FROM STEM TO STERN AND NEVER A TRACE OF POPEYE OR THAT BLINKIN' WIMPY, SOR
HE TURNED IN LAST NIGHT WITH HIS CLOTHES ON EXPECTIN' TO HELP OUT ON THE MORNIN' WATCH - I CAN'T SAY ABOUT WIMPY. BUT I GOT A HUNCH POPEYE IS RAISIN' MERRY HECK ABOARD THE SEA HAG'S SHIP RIGHT THIS MINUTE
HOW COULD HE GET ABOARD?
SHALL I OPERATE, CAP'N?
BY ALL MEANS - I'LL TEACH HIM TO MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS - GIVE HIM THE BLADE, MISTER SKOM-AYE, UP TO THE HILT AND HANG HIM TO THE MAST FOR THE GULLS TO PICK
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, YOU RAT - YOU'RE GOING OUT!
DO YER STUFF, YA BIG SWAB! I AIN'T ASCARED OF YA - COME ON, STICK ME
HAH!! THAT'LL DO FOR YOU!
SWISH
WELL, I'LL BE~!!
ME MUSKLES ARE LIKE STEEL WIRES - YER KNIFE KIN NOT CUT 'EM - BUT THANKS FOR SLASHIN' THE ROPE
SPLAT
SMACK
AND IN THE MEANTIME, HERE IS WIMPY - DIPLOMATIC AS EVER - THE OLD HAG THINKS HE'S RATHER A NICE FELLOW
GOOD MORNING, YOU WONDERFUL WOMAN - I HOPE YOU SLEPT WELL
I WISH TO THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING ME THE FREEDOM OF YOUR SHIP
MAYBE I'M GETTING SOFT, MISTER WIMPY, BUT SOMEHOW YOU THRILL ME STRANGELY. YOUR CALLING ME WONDERFUL WOMAN HAS KINDLED A TINY SPARK OF TENDERNESS WITHIN ME WHICH I THOUGHT TO BE DEAD - WON'T YOU DRINK A CUP OF TEA WITH ME?
I, TOO, THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY - YOU ARE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN - DO YOU, BY CHANCE, HAPPEN TO HAVE A BIT OF A SANDWICH HANDY?
I HAVE FIFTY POUNDS OF DELICIOUS FROZEN HAMBURGER IN THE REFRIGERATOR. I'LL HAVE THE COOK FRY ONE FOR YOU
I BEG PARDON?
DID YOU SAY HAMBURGER?
YES, HAMBURGER
WONDERFUL LADY, I CANNOT RESTRAIN MYSELF LONGER - O, PEARL OF SKY-BLUE WATERS
SMACK
EYES LIKE DISTANT SUNS RADIANT WITH ATOMIC FIRE MY BELOVED HAMBURGER... AH, I MEAN SEA HAG
I'LL TAKE THE SHIP! ~ WELL, WHAT IN THE ~!!
SMACK
1-21
FOOL! WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?!
WIMPY KISSIN' THE SEA HAG! ARF! ARF!
ARF
OFF WITH HIS HEAD!
I COULD LICK THE LOT OF 'EM, BUT I KIN NOT STOP LAUGHIN'
ARF
SEGAR

HERE IS THE DOPE— THE SEA HAG'S GOON SWIMS TO POPEYE'S SHIP, CAPTURES WIMPY AND RETURNS TO THE PIRATE'S VESSEL - THE GOON SWIMS BACK - TIES POPEYE WHILE HE IS SLEEPING AND DELIVERS HIM TO THE SEA HAG - WIMPY LEARNS THAT THE OLD HAG HAS MANY POUNDS OF FROZEN HAMBURGER ABOARD - HE FLATTERS HER AND SHE FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIM - POPEYE GETS LOOSE AND STARTS TO CLEAN UP THE CREW, BUT WHEN HE SEES WIMPY KISSING THE SEA HAG HE BECOMES WEAKENED WITH LAUGHTER AND CANNOT FIGHT THE PIRATES WHO SWARM UPON HIM
SQUEECH! KILL HIM!
OL' WIMPY KISSIN' THE SEA HAG! ARF! ARF! I COULD LICK THESE SWABS, BUT I YAM SO WEAK FROM LAUGHIN' I KIN NOT LIFT ME HANDS
ARF! ARF! ARF!
HE CAN'T LAUGH AT ME ABOARD MY OWN SHIP— HANG THE DOG!
HANG HIM!
ARF! ARF!
HE CALLED HER A PEARL FROM SKY-BLUE WATERS
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
HISS HISS
ALTOGETHER, LADS! SWING HIM CLEAR!
HISS
ARF! ARF! ARF
HAH! HAH!
NO MAN CAN LAUGH IN MY FACE AND LIVE!
UP HE GOES! HEAVE!
AH, QUEENIE, YOU SEEM EXCITED - I HOPE IT IS NOT THAT SOMEONE HAS STOLEN THE FROZEN HAMBURGER YOU HAVE IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR
NOBODY DARES STEAL FROM ME! I'M IN A RAGE BECAUSE A ONE-EYED DOG LAUGHED AT OUR LOVE-MAKING
I HAVE ORDERED THE COOK TO BRING YOU TWO HAMBURGER SANDWICHES - YOU SEEM TO ENJOY THEM AND I DO WANT TO MAKE YOU HAPPY - YOU SAID YOU THRILL AT MY PROXIMITY — PLEASE LET ME SAY THAT I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY ALSO
'TIS WELL, LITTLE LADY, 'TIS WELL
YOUR KINDNESS IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY YOUR CHARM AND BEAUTY
I STRUNG UP THE ONE-EYED SAILOR TO A MAST - HE IS STILL DANGLING AT THE END OF A ROPE - COME, I WILL SHOW YOU
MISSUS SEA HAG, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TALK LIKE THAT WHILE I'M EATING - YOU NEARLY SPOILED MY APPETITE
LET HIM DOWN, MEN - HE HAS BEEN HANGING THERE FOR AN HOUR - HAH! HE HAS PAID THE PENALTY FOR LAUGHING IN MY FACE
IT WILL BE A GREAT PLEASURE TO SEE HIS CARCASS SAG TO THE DECK
SHUSH - IT IS NOT LADYLIKE TO SAY SUCH THINGS
WELL, FOR—!
WIMPY'S SWEETY! ARF! ARF! ARF!
ARF ARF ARF ARF
I NEVER WAS SO EMBARRASSED IN ALL MY LIFE — WAS MY FACE RED? HE'S A DEMON! HE MUST HAVE A CHARMED LIFE
NEXT TIME I'D LIKE PICKLE, ONION AND LETTUCE BOTH ON MY HAMBURGER
HISS
DREAM BOY, YOU SHALL HAVE THE HONOR OF DECAPITATING THE ONE-EYED SAILOR — BRING HIS HEAD TO ME — TAKE THIS KNIFE AND GET BUSY
I BEG PARDON?
I 28 TO BC. CONTINUED
SEGAR
I LIKE YOU, MR WIMPY. BUT BEFORE I ACCEPT YOU AS A CLOSE FRIEND, YOU MUST PROVE YOU HAVE NERVE
HERE IS A GOOD BLADE— BRING THE ONE-EYED SAILOR'S HEAD TO ME
HE IS LOCKED IN CABIN NUMBER THIRTEEN — GO NOW - DO MY BIDDING
YES, MA'AM
OH! GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT AM I ABOUT TO DO?! MERCY! IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT TO BEHEAD POPEYE
I'M NO MURDERER
WELL, DID YOU DO IT? WHERE'S POPEYE'S HEAD?
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D BE SATISFIED WITH HIS BIG TOE — H-M-M — CUTTING OFF A MAN'S HEAD IS RATHER RUDE, ISN'T IT?
OF COURSE NOT - DON'T BE SILLY
COME, DARLING, YOU'LL DO THIS LITTLE THING FOR ME, WON'T YOU?
YOU WILL, WON'T YOU, HONEY?
I DO NOT CHOOSE TO
SORRY
SORRY
IF YOU DON'T, SWEETHEART, I'LL SLIT YOUR WINDPIPE AND CHUCK YOU OVER THE SIDE FOR THE SHARKS TO NIBBLE AT
AHOY WIMPY! WHATCHA LOOKIN' SO DOWNCASTED ABOUT - YA ACKS LIKE AS IF YER ABOUT TO LOSE A FREN
'TIS SO, POPEYE, OLD PAL OF MIME - YOU HAVE SPOKEN TRUTH
OLD PAL OF MINE - YOU'LL FORGIVE ME - SAY YOU WILL, OLD PAL OF MINE
SURE I'LL FORGIVE YA - BUT WHATCHA MEAN?! DON'T SAVVY
I CAN'T DO IT - I JUST CAN'T DO IT
HO, HUM - NOTHIN' TO DO - THINK I'LL TAKE A SOCK AT THE GUARD TO PASS OFF TIME
OH, YEAH?
I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS NOHOW - YOU SCUM OF THE BILGE!
STALLING AGAIN, EH? WHY HAVEN'T YOU DONE WHAT I TOLD YOU
I MUST FIRST SHARPEN MY KNIFE ON THIS GRINDSTONE
YOU KNOW IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO WORK WITH DULL TOOLS
WELL, HURRY UP - I'LL TURN FOR YOU — POPEYE JUST NOW KNOCKED A MAN THROUGH CABIN THIRTEEN - CURSE HIM!!

PLEASANT WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WERE HAVING?
WILL YOU HURRY? YOU'VE BEEN GRINDING THAT KNIFE FOR HALF AN HOUR
PUFF PUFF
SAY, ISN'T THAT KNIFE SHARP ENOUGH YET? WHEW! I'M TIRED OUT!
HOW'S THE FROZEN HAMBURGER IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR HOLDING OUT, HONEY BUNCH?
PUFF PUFF PUFF
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! I BELIEVE I HAVE SHARPENED IT TO EXCESS
EVEN THOUGH THERE'S ANGER IN YOUR HEART, O, PEARL, I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY
SQUEECH
SQUAWK
HISSS
ARF ARF ARF
TO BE CONTINUED
I'LL BET WE'LL NEVER SEE POOR POPEYE AGAIN
AN' I SEZ HE'S OKAY EVEN IF HE IS ABOARD THE SEA HAG'S SHIP— HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIS SELF
I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU, MR BARNACLE
MISTER WIMPY, YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN I EVER LOVED, BUT EVEN SO, IF YOU DON'T CUT OFF POPEYE'S HEAD I'LL GRIND YOU INTO HUMAN HAMBURGER AND FEED YOU TO THE SHARKS
I SHALL DO IT— I SEE THAT IT MUST BE EITHER HIM OR I, SO IT MIGHT AS WELL BE HIM— GIVE ME THE BLADE
YOO-HOO, POPEYE!
YOO-HOO OLD PAL OF MINE!
POPEYE, OLD PAL, OLD PAL OF MINE, DO YOU MIND IF I CUT OFF YOUR HEAD?
SEZ WICH? SAY, WHA'S EATIN' YA, WIMPY?
I BEG PARDON?
OH, I GETCHA— THE SEA HAG SEZ IF YA DON'T CUT OF ME NECK SHE'LL FEED YA TO THE SHARKS— IF THAT'S THE CASE WHY, OKAY, GO AHEAD DECAPITATE ME
THANKS, POPEYE. YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND— I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU SOMETIME— I TRULY WILL RECIPROCATE
I BEG PARDON?
I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'. COME ON— DO YER STUFF
MY PAL, YOU ARE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN
ARF! ARF!
SWISH
YOU DUCK, HAH? YOU DUCK AT A CRITICAL MOMENT— HAH! YOU DUCK!
YEAH— I'LL FURNISH THE DUCKS
BAH! YOU COWARD, I WILL RUN YOU THROUGH WITH MY BLADE!
FINE!! MR WIMPY IS FIGHTING MAD— HE WILL PUT AN END TO THE ONE-EYED SAILOR
SQUEECH
HURRY, MR. WIMPY— BRING TO ME HIS HEAD
DON'T GET SO EXCITED— WE KIN FOOL HER— I'LL TAKE THIS BARREL APART, AND CUT A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM FOR ME NECK
HAVE PATIENCE, QUEENIE— 'TIS HALF-OFF EVEN NOW!— SOON I WILL DELIVER IT
HURRY, WIMPY, PUT THE BARREL TOGETHER AROUND ME
SEE— O, PEARL OF SKY BLUE WATERS, I HAVE DONE IT
GREAT! GOOD WORK!
IT FELL UPON THIS BARREL AND NOT WISHING TO TOUCH IT I LEFT IT THERE
I LOVE YOU MORE NOW BECAUSE YOU HAVE NERVE.— DO YOU STILL LOVE ME?
O, ROSE OF ROSES. I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY— YOU ARE THE ACME OF FEMININITY— LET'S EAT
THE SEA HAG COMMANDED WIMPY TO CUT OFF POPEYE'S HEAD— WIMPY FAILED SEVERAL TIMES— FINALLY THE OLD WITCH THREATENED TO THROW J. WELLINGTON TO THE SHARKS IF HE DID NOT DECAPITATE THE ONE-EYED SAILOR— POPEYE TOOK AN OLD BARREL APART CUT A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM FOR HIS NECK THEN WIMPY PUT IT BACK TOGETHER AROUND HIM— THE RESULT FOOLED HER COMPLETELY—
I LOVE YOU MORE NOW, MR. WIMPY, YOU HAVE PROVED YOUR NERVE— DO YOU STILL THRILL AT MY PROXIMITY?
MOST OF A CERTAINTY, DEAR LITTLE SEA HAG OF MINE
THAT HEAD LYING THERE SO COLD AND STILL PROVES THAT NO MAN CAN DEFY ME— HAH! AM I NOT THE QUEEN OF THE SEVEN SEAS?
AND I, J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, AM KING OF THE SEVEN SEAS, THE GREAT LAKES AND THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
AND ALL THE LITTLE BROOKLETS
HAGGIE, YOU HAVE INSPIRED ME! DIDST KNOW I AM A POET? A POET OF NO MEAN ABILITY, E'EN NOW THERE IS A POEM IN MY HEART, AYE, AND A SALTY ONE AT THAT
LET'S HAVE IT
'TIS OF YOU AND OF ME, HAGGY
WE SLEW OUR FOES, MY SWEETHEART AND ME, AND STREAMS OF CORPUSCLES FLOWED TO THE SEA—
I'LL DO THIS WITH GESTURES
ALL OVER THE WALLS AND ON THE FLOOR, WERE BUCKETS AND BUCKETS AND BUCKETS OF GORE
WE STEPPED ON THEIR NECKS, ON THOSE SLIPPERY DECKS, AS MY SWEETY AND ME WENT AFT. AND AMID ALL THIS, SHE GAVE ME A KISS, AND AMID ALL THIS WE LAUGHED

FOR SHE WAS THE HAG OF THE SEVEN SEAS, AND I WAS HER UNDERSTUDY, AND NEVER A TREMOR RAN THROUGH HER KNEES, THOUGH DECKS WERE BEFOULED AND RUDDY
IN THE DEPTHS OF HER EYES, AS WELL AS THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT, AND I'LL SING HER LOVE'S SONG, E'EN THOUGH SHE'S ALL WRONG, FOR I, TOO, AM NOT IN THE RIGHT
THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL, MR. WIMPY, HORRIBLY BEAUTIFUL - I WILL REWARD YOUR GENIUS BY GRANTING YOU THREE WISHES. PROVIDED I AM ABLE TO GRANT THEM - WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?
MY FIRST WISH IS A HAMBURGER - MY SECOND IS A HAMBURGER - MY THIRD IS A HAMBURGER
SOMETIMES I DOUBT YOU, MR. WIMPY — IS IT ME YOU LOVE OR IS IT THE HAMBURGER IN MY REFRIGERATOR?
IT'S THE HAMBURGER !!!
EH?. DID YOU SAY THE HAMBURGER?
I BEG PARDON?
DID YOU SAY, IT'S THE HAMBURGER?
HOW YOU TALK! IT MUST BE YOUR EARS - I WILL GIVE YOU A TEST AND PROVE THAT YOUR EARS ARE DECEIVING YOU
I AM GOING TO SAY A WORD AND I WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHAT WORD I SAY
"NEW YORK"
YOU SAID NEW YORK
WRONG
I SAID "CONSTANTINOPLE"
MERCY! ARE MY EARS THAT BAD?
YOU KNOW I LOVE, YOU - DID I NOT DECAPITATE MY FRIEND TO PLEASE YOU?
PUFF PUFF
YOUR EYES ARE LIKE DISTANT STARS RADIANT WITH ATOMIC FIRE - YOU ARE THE ACME OF FEMININITY
PUFF
2-18
CONTINUED
SEGAR
THE REASON YOU AND I GET ALONG SO WELL, HAGGY, IS BECAUSE I AM THE GIBRALTAR OF MASCULINITY AND YOU ARE THE ACME OF FEMININITY - LET'S HAVE A HAMBURGER
SO!
TRICKERY, HAH?
PEARL OF SKY-BLUE WATERS ARF! ARF!
CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK —
I BEG PARDON?
WHY SHOULD I TRY TO MAKE YA THINK ME HEAD'S CUT OFF - I AIN'T ASCARED OF NO BLARSTED OL' WITCH LIKE YOU - POOEY!
I'LL CRACK UP YER ROTTEN SHIP CREW AN' ALL - STEP UP, YA SWABS!
ALL HANDS ON DECK! KILL THE RAT! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT, BUT GET HIM!
SO! HAH! WHY YOU - YOU WORM!
YOU HAVE THE WRONG PARTY! YOU MUST MEAN SOMEBODY ELSE
SQUEECH
G-R-R
G-R-R
GRK
SQUEECH
HOLD 'EM, POPEYE I'M COMIN'!
I THOUGHT YA'D BE HORNIN' IN ON MY FUN, SALTY - USED ONE OF THE LIFE-BOATS TO GET HERE, DID YA? WORRYIN' ABOUT ME, I SUSPOSE
YA BEEN MISSIN' FROM OUR SHIP A LONG TIME
BOP
YOU BEIN' HERE NOW REMINDS ME OF THE TIME WE LICKED THE CREW ABOARD CAP OLSEN'S SHIP TWEN'Y YEARS AGO. THEY WAS ALL SET TO MUTINY WHEN WE LAID 'EM OUT AMIDSHIPS
THEM WAS THE DAYS
ARF! ARF!
BOP
I SEEN CAP OLSEN A FEW MONTHS AGO
THE HECK YA DID! WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
YEAH, SAME OL' SEADOG
CRACK
'MEMBER THAT DANCE GAL WE MET, IN SINGAPORE, POPEYE?
YEAH, I SEZ I DOES — YA 'MEMBER SADIE DOWN IN CAPETOWN?
SPIT
SOON'S I SMACKS THIS PIRIT AGAINST THE GALLEY WE'LL SLOW UP OR ELSE WE'LL RUN OUTTA FUN TOO QUICK
BONK
WHAT'S THAT, POPEYE? WHAT'S THAT TERRIBLE NOISE?
BOP!
SQUEECH
SQUEECH
SQUEECH
SOUNDS AWFUL, DON'T IT?
AW, THAS JUS THE SEA HAG WORKIN' ON WIMPY - LE'S GO SEE
SQUEECH
SQUEECH
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2-25
THAT'S HOT, EH, POPEYE?
THAS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A WOMAN GETS SCORNDED
DO YOU NOW THRILL AT MY PROXIMITY? YOU SWINE! — AM I NOW THE ACME OF FEMININITY? HAH!
SEGAR
AW, LET EM SCRAP SALTY. LE'S GO ON DECK AN' CLEAN UP THE REST OF THEM SWABS
I AM DISGUSTED!! BAH - MEN ARE ALL ALIKE!!
WHOMP
UGH

TAKE HEED, O HAG OF THE SEA - 'TIS UNSAFE TO BE FOE TO MEN WITH BULGING CHESTS
HEH! YOU STRIKE ME, HAH? YOU STRIKE THE SEA HAG !!
SPLAT
STEP ASIDE! I SEZ I YAM GOIN' INTO THAT CABIN
WE'VE RESCUED YOU, PROFESSOR CRINGLY - WE'LL TAKE YOU TO OUR SHIP AND YOU CAN GIVE US THE COURSE TO PLUNDER ISLAND
THE GOON'S ASLEEP
WE SHOULDA BROUGHT WIMPY WITH US, TOO
AW, LET HIM BE - HE'S HAVIN LOTSA FUN WITH THE SEA HAG
MERCIFUL HEAVENS! SHE'LL GET ME SURE!!
I'LL GET YOU!
PUFF! PUFF!
I'M GOING TO CLIP YOUR LEGS OFF
SWISH
MOVE OVER
PUFF
PUFF
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
AS I WAS SAYING, HAGGY, BEWARE OF MEN WITH MIGHTY CHESTS!
SQUEECH
WE RESCUED CRINGLY - HE KNOWS THE COURSE TO PLUNDER ISLAND -
I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU WIMPY WITH YOU - WHERE IS WIMPY?
HE'S OVER ON OUR EMENY'S SHIP - HE'S SCRAPPIN' WITH THE SEA HAG
HAH! GOOD NEWS! WE STILL HAVE NO WIMPY - HE DIDN'T COME BACK.
DIDN'T THEY BRING WIMPY?
YES, NO WIMPY - WE HAVE NO WIMPY TO-DAY
AH! AIN'T IT GRAND TO HAVE NO WIMPY?! DID YOU ASKING ME?!
I QUOTE: "COME HAVE A DRINK WITH ME ON YOU" BAH!
I HATE HIM TO PIECES - HE SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH!!
YOU SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT WIMPY BACK WITH YOU - THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THE SEA HAG MAY DO TO HIM
NO! NO! HE IS FLIES IN MY SOUP
I FIGGERED HE COULD TALK HIS WAY OUT OF ANY DIFFICULTY, BUT SHE MIGHT CROAK HIM AT THAT
SHUSH
UNTIE ME, MR. WIMPY - LET US BE FRIENDS - I'M NOT MAD AT YOU
UNTIE ME
I HOLD NO GRUDGES, HAGGY - I'M REALLY VERY HAPPY THAT YOU ARE NOT ANGRY - I WILL UNTIE YOU
BUT, HAGGY, WHY ARE YOU CALLING THE GOON? I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS
FOOL! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD TRUST THE SEA HAG?
ALICE! COME HERE!
TAKE HIM APART, ALICE! TAKE HIM APART!
OH, GOOD HEAVENS! GOOD HEAVENS! OH, BLESS MY SOUL!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
SAVED
WIMPY'S MY NAME - J. WELLINGTON WIMPY
MR. WIMPY - I WANT YOU TO COME UP TO THE HOUSE FOR A DUCK DINNER -
YOU BE THE DUCK
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EGAR
3-4
3-11

WIMPY ESCAPES THE CANNIBALS- HA! WHEN WIMPY IS SCARED HE CAN OUTRUN A RABBIT
WE CAN'T GO TO PLUNDER ISLAND AND LEAVE WIMPY ON BOARD THE SEA HAG'S SHIP
POOEY
HANG ON MORE SAIL, CAP'N— WE GOT TO CATCH UP WITH HER SHIP AN GET OL' WIMPY
AYE POPEYE
THERE'S WIMPY ON AN ISLAND! THE SEA HAG AND THE GOON ARE GOING TOWARD HIM IN A BOAT
SNAPPY DOES IT, ME LADS- LOWER A ROWER BOAT
HEH HEH HEH
'TIS REALLY A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND- NATURE RULING SUPREME- NATURE UNSPOILED BY HUMANITY- PEACE- QUIETUDE-
PARDON ME, BUT YOU HAVE THE WRONG PARTY- I AM SOMEBODY ELSE- JONES IS MY NAME- ALEXANDER P. JONES- I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
AVAST, YA SWAB- GET YER HOOKS OFF'N ME FREN WIMPY
NO-NO- JONES IS THE NAME, POPEYE- I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
SWISH
SPLAT
SOLK
BOP
CRACK
THA'S THAT
IN CASE YOU HAPPEN TO BE INTERESTED, THE NAME IS J. WELLINGTON WIMPY
WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD GOON- THE BIG BAD GOON- THE BIG BAD GOON- TRA LE- LA- LE LA
AW PIPE DOWN!
I GOT WIMPY AWAY FROM THE SEA HAG, BUT I HAD TO LICK THE GOON TO DO IT
AYE CAPTAIN, WE LICKED THE GOON, WE CERTAINLY DID. WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD GOON
THE BIG, BAD GOON- BIG BAD GOON
CRINGLY GIVED YA THE COURSE, DIDN'T HE, CAP'N? THEN WE KIN HEAD FOR PLUNDER ISLAND
SOCK!
POOEY, WIMPY! FLIES IN MY SOUP!
TRA LE LA- LA- SOCK!
YOU SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH!
I BEG PARDON
BAH BAH
WELL— SMACK 'IM BACK- DON'T BOTHER ME, MISTER GEEZIL, I YAM BUSY
COULD HE SMUSH ME ON THE SCHNOZZLE?! COULD HE? COULD I STOOD IT? COULD I? COULD I? AIN'T IT A FREE COUNTRY?!
BAH!
COULD YOU SMUSH ME?!
WHAT'S THE NAME? I'VE NEVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU
I HATE YOU TO PIECES!
BAH! BAH! BAH!!
HAH! YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT'S ME, HAH? HERE IS MY BUSINESS CARD- GEORGE G. GEEZIL- I AM A SHOE- GOBBLER
I'M DELIGHTED TO KNOW YOU, MR. JOHNSON— JONES IS MY NAME, I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
NOT JOHNSON! YOU KNOW ME- GEEZIL — G-E-E-Z-I-L!!
THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE, MISTER SMITH- JONES IS MY NAME- I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
COULD I STOOD IT? BAH!
HARD APORT, SOR— MAN OVERBOARD! MAN OVERBOARD!
S-S-S-S-S-H SHUSH- SHUSH! KEP QUIET! S-S-S-S-S-S-S-H

ALL IS WELL!
ALL IS WELL! EVERYTHING IS HOKAY!
LOWER A BOAT
3-25
STOP! I WILL GET HIM
SNAPPY DOES IT
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GOT HIM, MISTER GEEZIL?
DID YOU ASKING ME?
EGAR
I SEEN YA TRY TO DROWN WIMPY, MISTER GEEZIL - I SEEN YA HOLDIN' HIS HEAD UNDER
I BEG PARDON
BAH! I HATE HIM TO PIECES
LISTEN, YA SWABS, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO PLUNDER ISLAND TO FIND TREASURE AN' I WANTS YOU LUBBERS TO LAY OFF THE MONKEY BIZNISS
BAH! HE IS FLIES IN MY SOUP
YOU HEARD ME - YOU BIG HUNK OF CAT MEAT!! ALICE - YOU LET A MERE MAN KNOCK YOU KICKING. WHAT KIND OF A GOON ARE YOU ANYWAY? I THOUGHT YOU COULD LICK A DOZEN MEN
MEANING IS MY FACE RED!
ABOARD THE SEA HAG'S SHIP
SURE - I KNOW! HE'S STRONG, BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE STRONGER
AW, PIPE DOWN!
BUT I HAVE THE SECRET OF POPEYE'S GREAT STRENGTH - HAH! I KNOW! - HAH! HAH! HAH! IT'S SPINACH!! AND AT THE VERY NEXT PORT WE'LL TAKE ON A CARLOAD OF SPINACH - AND YOU'LL EAT IT, ALICE -
TONS OF IT! YOU'LL EAT IT OR I'LL CRAM IT DOWN YOUR NECK WITH A BELAYING PIN, YOU GOOFY-LOOKIN' MONSTROSITY!
WHY DON'T YOU DIE?! YOU NO-GOOD FOR SOMETHING CHEESE CAKE
WOULD YOU EVEN MAKE GOOD SOAP? BAH!! I SAY NO!
BACK ABOARD POPEYE'S SHIP
IF OTHER PEOPLES WON'T DO IT, THEN IT IS UP TO ME TO KILL YOU TO DEATH! ME - THE LAST OF THE GEEZILS
CANVAS GLUE
I WILL MURDER HIM TO PIECES AND GET A MEDAL
THEY WILL BUILD TO ME A STATUE!
TO ME - GEORGE G. GEEZIL
I WILL BE A HERO!
HE MUST DIE! HE MUST DIE! HE MUST DIE-DE-DE? DIE-DE-DE DIE!
OH, EXCUSE ME! WHERE IS WIMPY? DID YOU SEE WIMPY SOME-PLACE?
JONES IS MY NAME - I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS — I JUST NOW PUSHED WIMPY INTO THE OCEAN
HAH! I AM TICKLISH TO MEET THE MAN WHO PUSHED WIMPY! GEEZIL IS MY NAME
OH, ONE OF THE GEEZIL BOYS!! YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE GEORGE G. GEEZIL, THE FAMOUS SHOEMAKER?
IT'S ME! I'M HIM!
BUT WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOUR HOURS - WE REALLY SHOULD RETIRE
NO, MY FRIEND - I MUST TELL YOU AGAIN WHAT A FINE MAN YOU ARE — AH, AIN'T IT GREAT TO HAVE NO WIMPY?!
STARBOARD! YOU UGLY-LOOKING MONSTROSITY! WE'RE PUTTING IN AT COVEPORT
I KNOW THE SECRET OF POPEYE'S GREAT STRENGTH - HE EATS SPINACH, AND THAT'S WHY HE WAS ABLE TO LICK YOU - BUT JUST WAIT!
I'M TAKING ON FIFTY KEGS OF SPINACH AT COVEPORT
AND YOU'LL EAT IT, TOO, OR I'LL CRAM IT DOWN YOUR NECK.
THE SEA HAG'S PUTTIN IN AT COVEPORT - WON'ER WHAT'S HER GAME?
COVEPORT - THAT'S WHERE THEY RAISE THE VERY FINEST SPINACH
YOU REMEMBER WIMPY CUTTING OFF GEEZIL'S WHISKERS AND GLUING THEM ONTO HIS OWN FACE — GEEZIL ISN'T WISE YET - HA! HE THINKS MISTER JONES IS A GREAT GUY — WAIT TILL HE MISSES HIS WHISKERS
MR. JONES, YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN LIKE ME - EVEN YOU HAVE WHISKERS LIKE MINE - HAH?
YES - QUITE SIMILAR - YES - YES - QUITE THE SAME OLD PAL OF MINE
AHOY, WIMPY, GO TELL BILL BARNACLE TO COME ON DECK - HEY! WHA'D YA DO, CUT OFF GEEZIL'S WHISKERS AN' GLUE 'EM ON YER FACE
WIMPY! MY WHISKERS! HAH!! I SEE IT ALL NOW!
I COULD KILL YOU!! SHUSH! AHEM - JONES IS THE NAME - I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
ONE OF THE JONES BOYS! POOEY!! WAIT - I WILL MURDER YOU TO DEATH
HAH! NOW I GOT MISTER JONES' BOY, WIMPY!

HOW YOU LIKE THAT, MISTER JONES' BOY ?!
TWEET TWEET TWEET
SOCK!
AVAST! YA LUMAKICKS !!!
IF YOU SWABS DON'T LAY OFF THE MONKEY BIZNESS I'LL PUT YA BOTH IN IRONS!
HE MOST CERTAINLY IS A DANGEROUS PERSON-IT IS UNSAFE TO GO ABOUT WITHOUT A DISGUISE
WERE I A VULGAR USER OF PROFANITY I WOULD CALL HIM A RASCALLY SCALLYWAG
I HAVE AN ABUNDANCE OF WHISKERS HERE — I MUST ACTUATE MY POWERS OF CONCENTRATION AND PRODUCE AN IMPENETRABLE DISGUISE
COULD HE SMUSH ME ON THE SCHNOZZLE? I SAY NO!
I WILL GO FIX OLD "JONES' BOY" WIMPY
ALICE IS MY NAME- I'M ONE OF THE GOON GIRLS
BOOO
HELP!
IT'S THE GOON! THE HORRIBLE GOON
GOOD-BYE! BAH! I WOULDN'T STAY ON THIS SHIP
GEORGE G. GEEZIL
YA KIN NOT SWIM ASHORE, YA SWAB! BLOW ME DOWN! ALL I DOES IS FISH YA OUTTA THE OCEAN
AIN'T IT A FREE COUNTRY? HAH? AIN'T IT?
I WOULD SOONER BE DROWN'D TO DEATH THAN LIVE BY YOU!! OLD WIMPY FLIES IN MY SOUP!
YOU HAVE THE WRONG PARTY- I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
SHE'S HEADIN' IN AT COVEPORT RIGHT ENOUGH
WHAT DO YA SUSPOSE THE SEA HAG'S STOPPIN' THERE FOR CAPN?
YOU CAN'T FIGURE HER, POPEYE, SHE'S SLICK-
COVEPORT IS WHERE THEY GROW THE FINEST SPINACH IN THE WORLD
YEAH, THAT'S SO
YOU'RE KIDDING, MISTER WIMPY, YOUR NAME ISN'T JONES
MOST OF A CERTAINTY, I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
I KNOW! SHE'LL FEED THE GOON SPINACH SO'S IT KIN LICK ME
I WANT YOU TO COME UP SOMETIME FOR A DUCK DINNER
I CERTAINLY WILL!
I BEG PARDON?
I SAID I WOULD
VERY WELL- YOU BRING THE DUCKS
RIGHTO, POPEYE, SHE'S TAKIN' ON KEGS O'SPINACH!
MISS SNIDDLE, I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY- YOU ARE THE ACME OF FEMININITY
WIMPY- YA KNOW WHAT THE BLASTED SEA HAG'S GONER DO?- HAH! FEED SPINACH TO THE GOON SO'S IT KIN LICK ME!! AN' IF THE GOON LICKS ME THE OL' HAG WILL GET ALL OF YOU
RATHER WOULD I HERD SHEEP UPON YON MOUNTAINSIDE THAN FACE THE HAG OF THE SEVEN SEAS
YEAH, I GOT RIGHTS TO BE WORRIED — I GOT A HUNCH I KIN NOT LICK A GOON WICH IS FULLA SPINACH- WORRY! WORRY!
FEAR NOT. MY FRIEND- YOU ARE THE GIBRALTAR OF MASCULINITY
HAH! HAH! WE'RE FIXED, ALICE — WE'VE FIFTY KEGS OF SPINACH ABOARD- AFTER YOU EAT A FEW KEGS YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LICK AN ARMY
SPINACH
EXCUSE ME, ALICE, BUT I'VE JUST GOT TO LAUGH WHEN I THINK OF HOW YOU'LL BEAT UP THAT SHRIMP, POPEYE
HAW! HAW! HAW!
I'M GOING TO MY CABIN AND TAKE A NAP — OPEN UP A KEG AND EAT ABOUT HALF OF IT
THE HECK OF IT IS WE ARE ALL OUT OF SPINACH AN' WE CAN'T SPARE NO MONEY TO BUY MORE
TELL THE CANNERY YOU'LL PAY THEM TUESDAY
WISHT I'D FIND A FEW BARRELS FLOATIN' AROUND IN THE OCEAN
POOIE
4-15
SPLASH
POOF
TO BE CONTINUED

THE GOON CERTAINLY DOESN'T LIKE SPINACH! SHE TOOK ONE BITE AND IS NOW THROWING THE KEGS OVERBOARD
POOIE
SPLASH
JUST LOOK AT THE KEGS OF ENERGY FLOATING AROUND IN THE OCEAN -
SPINACH
I TOLD ALICE TO EAT A LOT OF SPINACH - HA! I'VE TAKEN ABOARD ENOUGH SPINACH TO MAKE HER THE STRONGEST LIVING THING IN THE WORLD - JUST WAIT TILL SHE MEETS POPEYE AGAIN - HE WON'T LICK HER THE NEXT TIME
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!!
WELL, SALT ME DOWN FOR A AMCHOVY! AN' SAW ME STARBOARD LEG OFF!
SPINACH AFLOAT! LOWER A BOAT!
ALL HANS ON DECK
BARRELS AND BARRELS OF ME FAVORITE DISH!
WHAT!! NO HAMBURGERS?
DID YOU EAT A FEW KEGS OF SPINACH, ALICE? DON'T LIE TO ME!
PUFFING HERSELF UP WITH AIR BY INHALING - AN OLD GOON TRICK
ANSWER ME!
HOLDING BREATH
AH! FINE! THAT'S GREAT! YOU DID EAT A LOT, DIDN'T YOU?
I MUST SEE HOW MANY POUNDS YOU ATE - COME STEP ONTO THE SCALES
OH, WHAT YOU'LL DO TO THAT RAT, POPEYE
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND! WHY, YOU WEIGH THE SAME NOW AS YOU DID BEFORE!
STILL HOLDING BREATH
WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, ALICE?
POOF
WHOP!
FOOL ME, WILL YOU? HAH!!!
EAT IT OR I'LL BLOW YOU TO BITS
SPINACH
4-22
I KIN LICK ANY BLASTED GOON WICH EVER GOT BORN'D - I FEELS MAGNIFISINK
YEAH, WIMPY, I YAM HAPPY ON ACCOUNT OF I FOUND ABOUT TWEN'Y KEGS OF SPINACH FLOATIN' IN THE OCEAN
QUEER ABOUT THAT SPINACH, ISN'T IT?
I SUSPOSE THEY FELL OFF'N THE SEA HAG'S SHIP
YOU KNOW, POPEYE, I'M GETTING KIND OF HOMESICK - SAY, WE USED TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN IN MY RESTAURANT BACK HOME, DIDN'T WE?
I SEZ WE DID - THA'S RIGHT
I'VE GOT AN IDEA - I THINK I'LL BUILD A HAMBURGER STAND ON DECK AND SELL SANDWICHES TO THE CREW
THA'S A GOOD IDEA ROUGH-HOUSE, GO TO IT
I'VE GOT SOME FROZEN HAMBURGER IN THE REFRIGERATOR - I'LL PICK UP SOME EXTRA MONEY WITH THIS LUNCH-STAND
QUITE A BUSINESS MAYBE, HAH??
LOOK AT ROUGH-HOUSE WORK! WHAT'S HE DOING, POPEYE?
BUILDIN' A RESTRUNT
BAM
POW
WHACK
THIS IS MORE WORK THAN I FIGURED ON - GIVE ME A HAND, MR. GEEZIL
SURE - I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
BRAVO!! THREE CHEERS! WHOOP-DE-DOOP! WHOOPEE!!
I MEAN HELP ME DRIVE NAILS, YOU EGG
DID YOU ASKING ME TO DRIVE NAILS? OH, COULD I DRIVE NAILS? ME A FAMOUS SHOES-MAKER. HAH! COULD I!
SWELL NEW LUNCH-STAND ON DECK NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS - HAMBURGERS! CHEESE! ETC - NO CHECKS CASHED - NO CREDIT
WONDER WHO'LL BE MY FIRST CUSTOMER?
ROUGH-HOUSE CAFE
I WILL GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY
CAFE
PLOP
TUESDAY MOST OF A CERTAINTY
BONK
BLANKETY BLANK! BLANK!

GIVE ME A LIFT, GEEZIL— I'M GOING TO THROW THE WHOLE WORKS IN THE OCEAN. I FORGOT THAT PEST WIMPY WAS ABOARD
I DON'T BLAME YOU!
SPLASH
4-29-15
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE ON YOUR HAMBURGER, MR. WIMPY?
I'LL HAVE PICKLE, ONION AND LETTUCE, BOTH
THE GOON HAS LEARNED TO LIKE SPINACH AND SHE'S GETTING STRONG AS AN ELEPHANT— THE SEA HAG IS SURE THAT POPEYE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE THE NEXT TIME THEY MEET
500 POUNDS
HEH! HEH!
SPINACH
WHY ARE WE ANCHORED? WHERE'S POPEYE?
HE ROW'D ASHORE TO GET A COW - HE FIGGERS THAT SPINACH AND MILK WILL MAKE HIM STRONGER THAN JUST SPINACH
YA GETS STRENK FROM WHAT YA EATS - THA'S WHY IT'S IMPORTINK TO EAT GOOD FOOD
MOO
MY FRIEND, YOU ARE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN -- GOOD OLD POPEYE! OLD PAL OF MINE!! I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK, OLD PAL— AHEM— MAY I HAVE YOUR COW FOR HAMBURGER PURPOSES?
A' COURSE NOT, YA BLASTED LUMAKICK!! WHY, THE IDEAR
BAH! AM I TO BE RULED BY A ONE EYED SAILOR? NO! NEVER!
I BELIEVE IN FREEDOM OF THE SEAS AND I'LL DO AS I PLEASE
AH, A COW— THE MOST HEAVENLY OF ALL BEASTS— BLESS YOU, LITTLE LADY OF THE MEADOWS HAH! I SMELL THE ARDMA OF HAMBURGERS!
HAMBURGERS ON THE HOOF! RELAX, YOU BRUTE! I HAVE YOU!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
SUCCUMB! SUCCUMB!
LISTEN, WIMPY, IF YA EVER DOES THAT AGAIN I'LL PUT YA IN IRONS
I'M SORRY— I MOST CERTAINLY AM— I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN I WILL CONTROL MYSELF IN THE FUTURE
I GOT TO PUNISH YOU— ALL YA GETS FOR DINNER IS TWO SLICES OF BREAD AND SALT
BAH! POOEY! HE SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH!
GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN
GET THEE BEHIND ME— H-M-M- LUSCIOUS-LOOKING THING, ISN'T IT? H-M-M
MOOOOOO
AHOY, ROUGH-HOUSE, YA GOT ANY FROZEN HAMBURGERS LEFT? QUICK! MAKE UP A SANWICH— WIMPY WON'T LET GO!
NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT. WE'RE HAVING, EH, CAPTAIN?
BLANKETY BLANK— BLANK!!!
WIMPY, WHAT'S EATIN' YA?
COME COME, MY FRIEND, DON I BE OBSTINATE. I WISH TO ASK YOU A QUESTION - A VERY VITAL QUESTION
MAY I HAVE YOUR COW'S TAIL FOR HAMBURGER PURPOSES? I CAN REMOVE IT PAINLESSLY - I WILL GIVE HER ETHER
NO!
I DON'T THINK MUCH OF A FELLOW WHO WOULDN'T GIVE A FRIEND HIS COW'S TAIL
MUST I BE RULED BY A ONE-EYED SAILOR? NO! I SHALL HAVE THE TAIL OR A PORTION THEREOF
LUSCIOUS-LOOKING THING, ISN'T IT?
STOP!
AGAIN I ASK YOU - MAY I HAVE THE TAIL FOR HAMBURGER PURPOSES?
WIMPY, IF YA AIN'T CAREFUL I'LL THROW YA TO THE SHARKS
AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A FRIEND
AHOY, SALTY, WE'RE COMIN' TO A SWELL PATCH OF SEAWEED - GET THAT COW INTO A SLING AN' WE'LL LOWER 'ER OVER THE SIDE - SHE'S GOT TO EAT
SO THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT— ? I'VE BEEN WONDERIN' HOW YOU WAS GOIN' TO FEED THE BEAST

YOO-HOO! POPEYE!
MAY I HAVE JUST A WEE PORTION OF HER TAIL TO FLAVOR THE COD-FISH CAKES. PERCHANCE I CATCH A CODFISH?
NO!
HOIST 'ER IN, SALTY, AN' GET THE SALVE-THAT BLASTED SHARK BIT OFF A HUNK OF 'ER TAIL!
SHE'S OKAY NOW, POPEYE - I FIXED HER UP
DIDN'T HURT HER A BIT- ANYHOW, I YAM GLAD WIMPY DIDN'T GET IT
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! BLESS MY SOUL!
AH - 'TIS FATE - 'TWAS WRITTEN IN THE CARDS THAT I SHOULD HAVE THE TAIL OF THAT COW
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
MAY I HAVE IT FOR HAMBURGER PURPOSES?
OH, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!
THANK YOU TOO MUCH !!
AHOY! AHOY! PLUNDER ISLAND DEAD AHEAD! WE'LL BE THERE IN THE MORNIN'
ALICE, YOU'VE EATEN A TON OF SPINACH - YOU'RE STRONG AS AN ELEPHANT. THE TIME IS NOW RIPE. TAKE THIS KNIFE. SWIM BACK TO THEIR SHIP AND FIX THEM ALL
THIS WILL BE THE LAST OF POPEYE AND HIS FRIENDS. ALICE WILL PUT AN END TO THEM ALL WHILE THEY SLEEP - WE'LL REACH MY ISLAND IN THE MORNING, BUT THEY WON'T SEE IT.
THEY'LL DIE LIKE RATS WHEN ALICE GETS ABOARD THEIR SHIP! NOBODY CAN PUT ANYTHING OVER ON ME, ME, THE MAG OF THE SEVEN SEAS
ROUGH-HOUSE, CHIEF COOKIE SAY - "HOP LONG, BAKEY CAKE" I BAKEY BUT ALLA SAME-EE GONE - HAVE SEEN CAKE NOPLACE ?? YES?
NO SEE CAKE
QUIT WORRYING ABOUT YOUR CAKE, HOP LONG, GO TO BED, IT'S GETTING LATE
HO-KAY
!! G-R-R
! G-R-R
! KWISH
HAVE A PIECE OF CAKE, ALICE, IT'S DELICIOUS - I BAKED IT MYSELF
?
PLEASANT WEATHER, ISN'T IT? I'M GLAD YOU CAME OVER IT'S SUCH A LONESOME NIGHT - LET'S SIT DOWN AND EAT OUR CAKE
ALICE, YOU REMIND ME OF JUNGLE ROSES ABLOOM IN TROPICAL MOONLIGHT - I HAVE ALWAYS LIKED YOU AND I NOW THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY
YOUR EYES ARE LIKE DISTANT SUNS RADIANT WITH ATOMIC FIRE YOU ARE THE ACME OF FEMININITY
THE CAKE WAS LOVELY, BUT WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF WE HAD A PAIR OF HAMBURGERS NOW FOR DESSERT?! WONDER IF THERE'S ANY IN THE REFRIGERATOR ON YOUR SHIP
WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU, EH? H-M-M- THIS MAY TURN INTO A REAL PARTY, AFTER ALL
ALICE - WHY DID YOU BRING HIM HERE? I TOLD YOU TO SLAY ALL OF THE RATS!
SQUEECH SQUEECH
YOU - - YOU - WHY, YOU - - BLANKETY - BLANK - !
I'LL HAVE PICKLE, ONION AND LETTUCE ON THE NEXT
SQUEECH! SQUEECH!
I'VE HUNG ONTO THIS ROPE HALF THE NIGHT - I'LL TEACH THAT GOON A LESSON FOR THROWING ME OVER BOARD
'TWAS A HEAVENLY MEAL, ALICE - THE HAMBURGERS YOU FRIED FOR ME WERE LUSCIOUS
TRAITOR!! HOW DARE YOU MAKE FRIENDS WITH THIS SCAMP, WIMPY?!
I BEG PARDON - YOU MUST MEAN SOMEBODY ELSE - I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
TWIST THE OLD LADY'S NECK, ALICE, AND TOSS HER TO THE ANCHOVIES

OH, NO YOU DON'T! I'D BLOW YOU TO BITS — ALICE, GO TO YOUR CABIN - I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER
AND NOW I'M GOING TO TEAR YOU TO PIECES WITH MY BARE HANDS
MOVE OVER
STOP SHAKING THE MAST MRS. SEA HAG. DO YOU WANT ME TO FALL?
YES!
ANK! ANK! ANK! ANK! FANK! A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET TO THE DECK
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
THANKS FOR CATCHING ME, ALICE - QUICK, RUN INTO YOUR CABIN! — SHE MUST NOT KNOW THAT YOU SAVED MY LIFE
IT'S STRANGE I CAN'T FIND HIS BODY - I KNOW HE DIDN'T FALL INTO THE OCEAN — WHERE THE HECK IS HE?
BONK
HERE I AM, HAGGY
AHOY, GENTLEMEN - LOWER A BOAT - YES, MY GOOD FELLOWS, I'M GOING ASHORE
GENTLEMEN?!
TWEET
TWEET
TWEET
AND, MY DEAR SEAMEN, PLEASE HAVE THE COOK PUT INTO MY BOAT A HAMBURGER FOR MY LUNCHEON
WHY, SHE'S GONE BATTY!
TWEET
DID YA HEAR HER SAY PLEASE?
AND NOW THAT YOUR WORK IS COMPLETED, MY GOOD SEABOYS, YOU MAY REPAIR TO THE FORECASTLE AND SHOOT AMONG YOURSELVES A CRAP GAME
5-27
I YAM WORRIED ABOUT WIMPY - HE DISAPPEARED LAS NIGHT - HE AIN'T ABOARD THIS SHIP NO-WHERE
I'LL BET SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED TO HIM
AIN'T IT FINE? YAH! YAH! YAH! I HOPE HE GOT KILLED TO DEATH
SAILING! SAILING, SAILING OVER THE BOUNCY WAVES
THE GOON IS AS STRONG AS AN ELEPHANT — THEM KEGS O' SPINACH DID IT — YOU'LL HAVE A FIGHT ON YER HANDS WHEN YA GOES ASHORE THE GOON AND THE OLD HAG ARE WAITIN' FOR YA
LISTEN, SALTY. I NOT ONLY BEEN EATIN' SPINACH, BUT I BEEN DRINKIN' GOOD HEALTY MILK, TOO — MILK AN' SPINACH HAS GIMME THE STRENK OF TWO ELEPHINKS
'TIS SO - I SAVED ALL OF YOUR LIVES - THE SEA HAG SENT THE GOON TO KNIFE ALL OF YOU WHILE YOU SLEPT - AND I TALKED THE GOON OUT OF DOING IT
YOU DID? BAH-BAH!
BETTER I SHOULD GET KILLED TO DEATH THAN BE SAVED BY YOU — OLD WIMPY FLIES IN MY SOUP!
I BEG PARDON?
BAH!
I YAM GOIN' ASHORE AND HAVE IT OUT WITH THE SEA HAG RIGHT NOW!
I SAID, BETTER I SHOULD GET KILLED TO DEATH THAN BE SAVED BY YOU
BEG PARDON, I'M A BIT DEAF, MR. SMITH
MY NAME IS GEEZIL! NOT SMITH! BAH! YOU'RE NOT GEEZIL THE FAMOUS SHOEMAKER, ARE YOU?
YOU KNOW ME!
IT'S ME! YES - I'M HIM!
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!
I'M DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU, MISTER GEEZIL - JONES IS MY NAME - I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
GOOD WORK! ANK! ANK
SOUK
FINE! WHOOPEE! KNOCK HIM INSENSIBLE AND THROW HIM OFF THE CLIFF!
ANK! ANK! ANK!
SOCK
BOP
OH, HELP! HELP! HELP! POPEYE'S GETTING KILLED!
SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING
SMACK
YA DIDN'T HURT ME A BIT-AN' NOW I YAM GO'NER. THROW YA OFF'N THIS CLIFF
MAMA ?!
MAMA!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! IS SHE YER MAW? ARF! ARF! - SAY, YER SURE A SWELL WITTLE GOON BABY KID, AINTCHA?
WELL IF YOU CAN'T FINISH HIM, THEN I WILL!
SPLAT
YOU KEEP OUT OF IT !!!
I WON'T LET THE SEA HAG USE YER MAW FOR A SLAVE NO MORE - SO NOW YOU AN' YER MOTHER KIN GO BACK TO YER JUNGLE HOME AN' BE HAPPY - AN' LISTEN - ALWAYS BE A GOOD BOY OR GIRL WICH-EVER YA ARE - AN' DON'T FORGET TO EAT YER SPINACH
TWEET
TWEET TWEET
TWEET
TWEET
I SAID - BETTER I SHOULD GET KILLED TO DEATH THAN BE SAVED BY YOU!!
I BEG PARDON?
6-3
EGAR

THERE'S BILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF TREASURE ON THIS ISLAND, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET A NICKEL OF IT, YOU SWINE!
ANK!
ANK!
COME ON, MEN, UP THE CLIFF AFTER HER! WE'LL MAKE HER TELL US WHERE THE TREASURE IS
AYE! AYE!
FOOLS! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND ME— HAH! I'M GOING TO DISAPPEAR RIGHT NOW!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THAT'S WHAT BEATS ME! JUS' LIKE AS IF SHE SUNK INTO THE CLIFF. SHE'S GONE!
LET'S GO BACK TO THE BEACH—WE'LL NEVER FIND HER AND WE CAN'T CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THIS CLIFF
'TIS A GEM OF A LITTLE PORTABLE HAMBURGER FACTORY, YET I HAVE NOTHING TO USE FOR HAMBURGER PURPOSES
THEY'VE GIVEN UP THE SEARCH ALREADY— HAH! THERE'S THE ONE-EYED RAT DOWN ON THE BEACH— I'LL SEND MY FIVE HUNGRY LIONS AFTER HIM
COME ON, YOU BRUTES. GET DOWN THERE AND EAT HIM UP
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! MILLINGS OF LIONS! — ONE— TWO— THREE— FOUR— FIVE!
CRACK
YA BLASTED BEASK OF A AMINAL! I AIN'T GOT NO SYMPTHITY FOR KILLERS— I YAM GO'NER SEE WHAT MAKES YA TICK
IF YA WANTS TO CHOKE YERSELF TO DEATH WHY JUS' GO RIGHT AHEAD— ARF! ARF!
WELL, THA'S THAT
I'LL SLIP DOWN TO THE BEACH AND SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF POPEYE AEH! HEH! JUST A FEW BONES, I'LL BET
TRA-LA-LA LE-LA-LA-LE LE-LA-LA-LE LE-LA-TRA-LE TRA-LA-LA LE-LA LE-LA
'6·10
GOOD HEAVENS! MY LIONS !!!
NO, HAGGY— MY HAMBURGERS
EGAR
I'VE FIXED A NICE LUNCH TO EAT HERE ON THE BEACH, MR WIMPY— COME HAVE A CHEESE SANDWICH
I DO NOT CHOOSE TO EAT CHEESE
COME ON, WIMPY, HAVE A CHEESE SANDWICH— IT WON'T HURT YA TO BE A VEGETARIAN JUS' ONCET
NO CHEESE, PLEASE— THANK YOU. NO CHEESE
HAVE A CHEESE SANDWICH, MR. WIMPY
HEY— DON'T YA WANT A CHEESE SANDWICH?
NO CHEESE!!
WHY SHOULD I EAT CHEESE WHEN I HAVE A CLUB AND A GEM OF A LITTLE PORTABLE HAMBURGER FACTORY?
AH! GOOD HUNTING! THIS IS INDEED MY LUCKY DAY
CHEESE
POPEYE
I SHALL HAVE PICKLE AND ONION BOTH ON THE FIRST HAMBURGER
BONK
G-R-R
?
I BEG PARDON
?
TOUGH LITTLE SCALLYWAG, ISN'T HE?
G-R-R R-R-R

BONK
CHEESE ON RYE?
YES, PLEASE, WITH A BIT OF MUSTARD
SEGAR 6-17
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, YOU RASCAL, YOU
WHEN THEY BRING YOUR BODY BY — YOU BET ME I WONT CRY
I BEG PARDON?
OH-I'LL BE GLAD WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, YOU RASCAL, YOU
MY FRIEND, I WANT TO THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR SERENADING ME - YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL VOICE
I WASN'T SERENADING YOU - BAH! I HATE YOU TO PIECES! YOU SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH! BAH! I LAUGH AT YOU IN THE FACE POOEY! POOEY!
AVAST, YA LUMMOCK, PIPE DOWN! COME HELP DIG - I THINK I'VE FOUND TREASURE
I BEG PARDON
WE'LL PROBABLY ALL BE RICH MEN, ME LADS
AIN'T IT NICE? YAH! YAH! AIN'T IT NICE?!
JUS' LIKE I THOUGHT, MEN. THEY'S A CAVE IN BACK OF THESE BOULDERS — LE'S PUSH 'EM ASIDE
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!
HERE IT IS!! WE'RE RICH!
I AM SO HAPPY FROM JOY, I KISS EVERYBODY!
SMACK
AVAST! YA LUBBER !!!
AW, LAY OFF!
SMACK
NO MORE SHOEMAKING! NO MORE GOBBLING SHOES! YAH! AIN'T IT NICE TO BE RICH?
ARF! ARF!
AW, BE YOURSELF, MR. GEEZIL
SMACK
YAH! YAH! A RICH MAN! I ALWAYS KNEW I WOULD BE A SOMEBODY
LOOK! HE'S KISSIN' THE CAP'N AN' THE WHOLE CREW! THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SEEN IN ALL ME BORN'D DAYS
GOOD HEAVENS!
SMACK SMACK SMACK
MISTER GEEZIL, YOU KISSED EVERYONE BUT ME, SIR - OF COURSE, IT ISN'T THAT I CARE FOR YOUR KISSES - BUT YOUR SLIGHTING ME CAUSES ME TO FEEL THAT I DON'T COUN'T, SIR -
I AM SO HAPPY I WILL EVEN KISS YOU, OL' FLIES IN MY SOUP, YAH - A SPECIAL KISS
THANK YOU TOO MUCH
YAH - A KISS FOR YOU, OL' WIMPY
BR-R-RP
I SHALL RETALIATE, SIR - HERE IS A KISS FOR YOU, SIR
BRRRRRRRRRR
ARF! ARF! THA'SA KICK! OH, BOY! HOT DORG!
BRRRRRRRRRR
BRRRRRRRRRR
SEGAR 6-24 CONTINUED
WELL, SALTY, WE FOUND PLENTY OF BURIED TREASURE - I SUPPOSE WE BETTER SAIL FOR HOME
AYE - BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS
POPEYE, HERE COMES ONE OF THE SEA HAG'S MEN - WONDER WHAT HE WANTS?
GOLD
WHAT DO YA WANT, A CRACK IN THE MUSH?
EASY, MISTER - NO ROUGH STUFF - THE SEA HAG WANTS TO TALK TO YOU - THERE'LL BE NO TRICKS
IF YA STARTS ANY MONKEY BIZNISS, ME LAD, I'LL CRACK DOWN ON YA
THERE'LL BE NO TRICKS - FOLLOW ME AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO HER CASTLE - YOU'D NEVER FIND THE SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THE CLIFF
COME ON, FOLLOW THE TRAIL
SOME SWELL DUMP FOR A OL' WITCH LIKE HER
NICE PLACE, ISN'T IT?
POPEYE, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN HONEST MAN — IS THAT RIGHT?
I YAM AN HONEST MAN, THAT'S RIGHT
AN HONEST MAN WOULDN'T STEAL
SAY - YA MEANS TO INCINERATE THAT I'D STEAL? IS THAT WHAT YER DRIVIN' AT?
LISTEN - I OWN THIS ISLAND AND EVERYTHING ON IT - YOU FOUND SOME OF THE BURIED TREASURE WHICH IS MINE - IF YOU TAKE IT YOU'RE STEALING
AHOY, GANG - SHE'S RIGHT, IT WOULD BE STEALIN'! SO WE WON'T TAKE IT - I'LL DIE POOR BEFORE I'LL STEAL
SO YOU REALLY ARE HONEST - IN THAT CASE I'LL SHOW YOU MY TREASURE ROOM
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! JUS' LOOK AT IT! - H-M-M - SAY, MRS. SEA HAG, DID YA EVER GAMBLE?
GAMBLE, HAH! ME? I'M THE BEST GAMBLER ON EARTH
GOLD

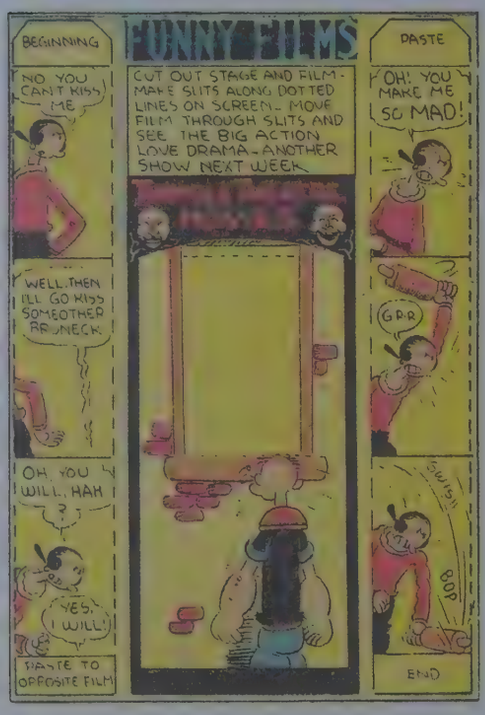
WHY I WON A FULL-RIGGED SHIP IN A CRAP GAME ONE NIGHT IN SINGAPORE
I'M SHOOTIN' HALF A BUCK — COME ON - SQUAT DOWN
SHOOT! I'LL BE WITH YOU
BATTLE
WE MAY GO HOME WITH TREASURE, AFTER ALL - LOOK AT POPEYE ROLL THEM DICE - HE'S WON HALF HER PILE ALREADY
BABY NEEDS NEW SHOES
SNAP
COME ON LITTLE JOE
NOW I'LL SHOOT WHAT I WON AGAINST WHAT TREASURE YOU GOT LEFT
ALL RIGHT - SHOOT! YOU CAN'T WIN ALL THE TIME!
GOLD
I WIN'D ALL THE TREASURE IN THIS ROOM - YER SHOOTIN THIS CASTLE AN' THE ISLAND AGAINST IT
SHOOT!
COME, SEVEN!
YA THROW'D "BOX CARS" SO YA LOSE AGAIN,
WELL, I'LL BE - I'LL BE - WELL, I'LL BE - !
TENS ME POINT: COME ON, TEN: THERE SHE IS -
I WIN'D YER DRESS AN' SHOES
WELL - I'LL BE
WELL, FOLKS - I WIND EVER'THING
YOU DID NOT WIN EVERY-THING
7-1
PLOP
COME ON! ROLL THE DICE
WELL, MRS. SEA HAG - I WIN'D EVERTHING YA HAD IN A DICE GAME - SO NOW IT WON'T BE STEALIN' IF WE TAKE SOME TREASURE HOME
YOU WON'T TAKE A BIT! GO ZO - COME, TEAR THIS MAN UP -
G-R-R
BOP
SOCK
SWISH
SMACK
SPLAT
LIKE I SAID, I WIN'D EVERTHING YA GOT. EVEN YER CLOTHES - BUT I DON'T WANT YER ISLAND, OR YER CASTLE OR THE TREASURE IN IT - BUT I YAM GONER TAKE THE TREASURE WE FOUND DOWN BY THE BEACH - SAVVY?
THREE BOAT LOADS OF TREASURE - THEY'S PLENTY FOR ALL
GOLD
WELL, GANG - THE TREASURE'S ABOARD AN' WE'RE HEADIN' HOME
POPEYE, OLD PAL OF MINE - I HAVE THE TREASURE ALL DIVIDED UP. AYE SIR, AND A PRETTY PILE FOR EACH, SIR
SWELL, WIMPY - THAT SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF DOIN' IT - THEY SEEMS TO BE EVEN, TOO
AYE, SIR, SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE IS WHAT I KEPT IN MIND, SIR
POPEYE
OLIVE OYL
BILL
CAPTAIN
GOLD
AND WHOS PILE IS THIS?
AH, SIR, THAT IS MY PILE - YOU SEE I FIGURED THAT I SHOULD GET A BIT MORE AS I WORKED QUITE HARD MAKING THE DIVISION
J. WELLINGTON WIMPY
WIMPY, I YAM SUSPRIZED AND DISGUSTIT ATCHA - YA OUGHTA BE ASHAMED
AND WHOS PILE IS THIS? MINE, HAH?! SO THIS IS MY PILE. HAH? BAH! POOEY!
GEEZIL
SILVER
I REALLY AM SORRY, POPEYE - HERE IS A SMALL BAG I TRIED TO - AH - ER - ER - PILFER - WELL, SIR, I AM VERY TIRED - SO - I MUST BID YOU GOOD NIGHT
(AYE - TO MY BUNK, SIR.. GOOD NIGHT - GOOD NIGHT, ALL - GOOD NIGHT, MY FRIENDS
HOL'EVERTHING! SEARCH THE SWAB!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! HE'S GOT GOLD-PIECES GLUED ALL OVER HIS BODY
I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN, I DID IT IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS
HE SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH!!
I'LL KEEP AWAY FROM THEM - BAH! WHY SHOULD I ASSOCIATE WITH PEOPLE WHO DON'T TRUST ME?
7-8
SEGAR

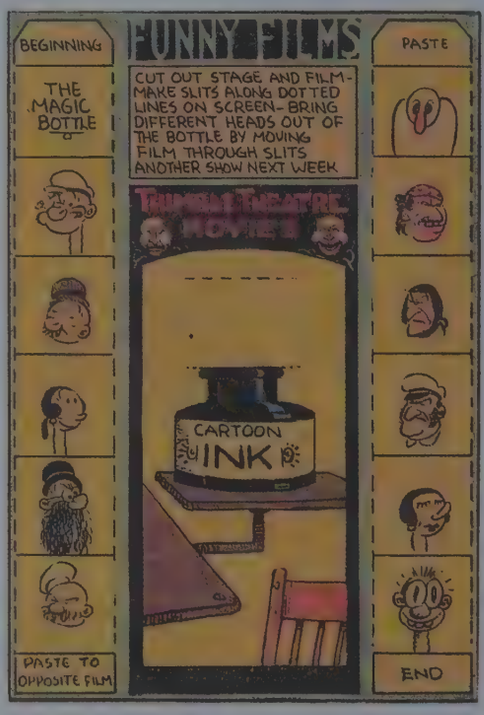
FUNNY FILMS – a selection from one of the amusing features that Segar used as fillers at the top of his Sunday Page.

BEGINNING
FUNNY FILMS
PASTE
OL' "EMENY" NO. TWO
CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM – MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN — CHANGE HEADS BY MOVING FILM THROUGH SLITS — ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK —
PASTE TO OPPOSITE FILM
END

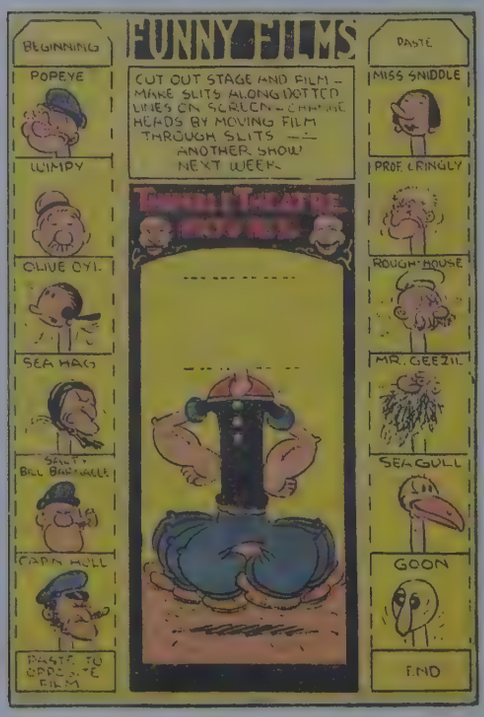
BEGINNING
FUNNY FILMS
PASTE
CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM – MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN – CHANGE ACTION BY MOVING FILM THROUGH SLITS — ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK
THIMBLE THEATRE MOVIES
PASTE TO OPPOSITE FILM
END

BEGINNING
FUNNY FILMS
PASTE
BILL BARNACLE
CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM – MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN – CHANGE HEADS BY MOVING FILM THROUGH SLITS — ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK
THIMBLE THEATRE
MOVIES
PASTE TO OPPOSITE FILM
END

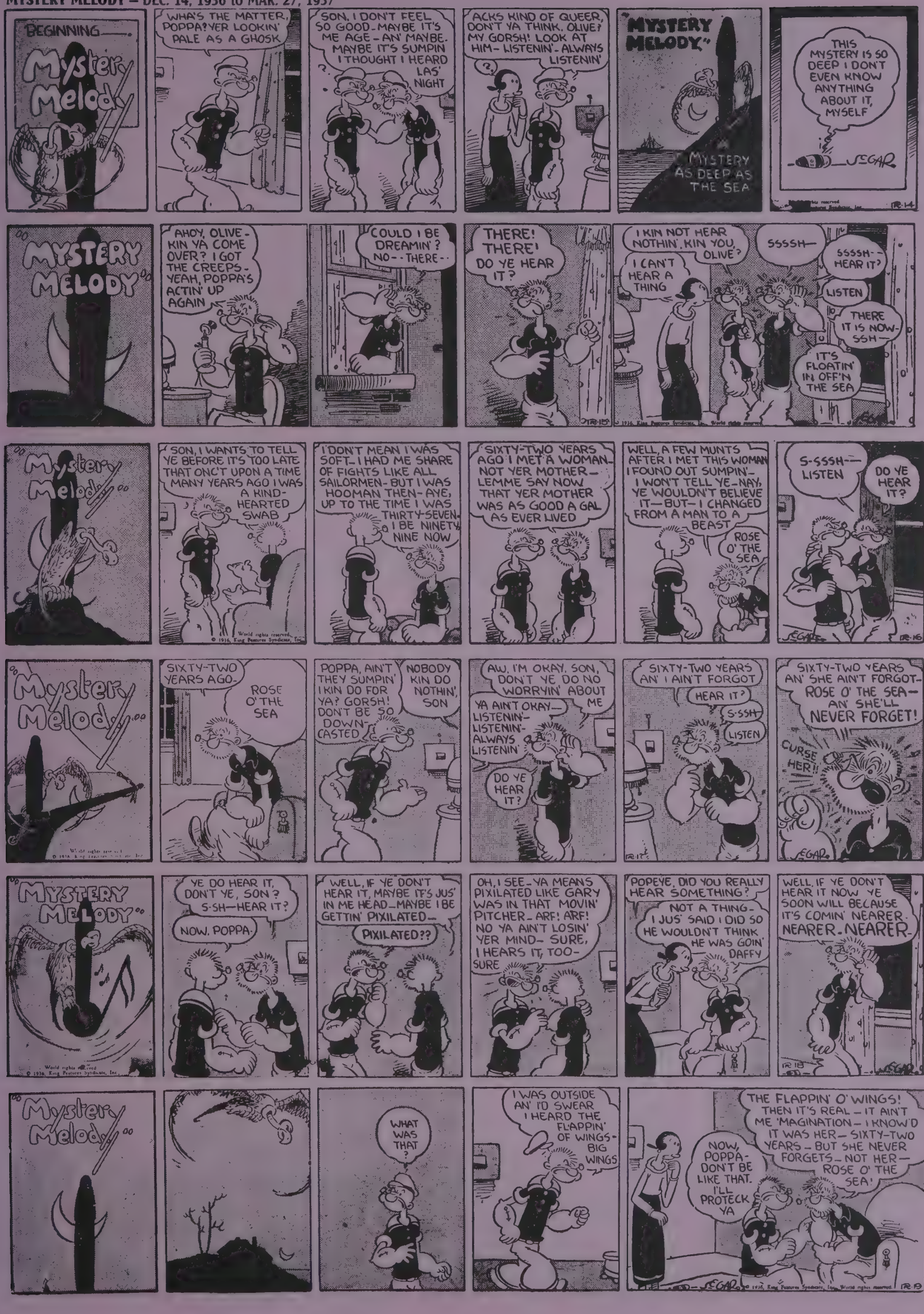

BEGINNING
FUNNY FILMS
PASTE
NO YOU CAN'T KISS ME
CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM – MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN – MOVE FILM THROUGH SLITS AND SEE THE BIG ACTION LOVE DRAMA – ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK
OH! YOU MAKE ME SO MAD!
WELL, THEN I'LL GO KISS SOMEOTHER BRUNECK
G.R.R.
OH, YOU WILL, HAH ?
SWISH!
BOP
YES, I WILL!
PASTE TO OPPOSITE FILM
END


BEGINNING
FUNNY FILMS
PASTE
THE MAGIC BOTTLE
CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM – MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN – BRING DIFFERENT HEADS OUT OF THE BOTTLE BY MOVING FILM THROUGH SLITS ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK
THIMBLE THEATRE MOVIES
CARTOON INK
PASTE TO OPPOSITE FILM
END

BEGINNING
FUNNY FILMS
PASTE
CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM – MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN – MOVE FILM THROUGH SLITS AND SEE POPEYE SHOOT THE DUCKS – ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK
BOOM
THIMBLE THEATRE MOVIES
YOU BRING THE DUCKS
END



WIMPY EATING SPAGHETTI
FUNNY FILMS
CUT OUT STAGE AND FILMS – CUT SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN – MAKE OLD WIMPY EAT SPAGHETTI BY PULLING FILM UP THROUGH SLITS – TRIM BLACK LINES FROM FILMS AND PAST THEM TOGETHER —
THIMBLE THEATRE MOVIES
BIG FOUR-REEL FEATURE TODAY


BEGINNING—
Mystery Melody
WHA'S THE MATTER, POPPA? YER LOOKIN' PALE AS A GHOSK
SON, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD - MAYBE IT'S ME AGE - AN' MAYBE. MAYBE IT'S SUMPIN I THOUGHT I HEARD LAS' NIGHT
ACKS KIND OF QUEER, DON'T YA THINK, OLIVE? MY GORSH! LOOK AT HIM - LISTENIN' - ALWAYS LISTENIN'
"MYSTERY MELODY"
MYSTERY AS DEEP AS THE SEA
THIS MYSTERY IS SO DEEP I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, MYSELF
SEGAR
MYSTERY MELODY
AHOY, OLIVE - KIN YA COME OVER? I GOT THE CREEPS - YEAH, POPPA'S ACTIN' UP AGAIN
COULD I BE DREAMIN'? NO - - THERE - -
THERE! THERE! DO YE HEAR IT?
I KIN NOT HEAR NOTHIN', KIN YOU, OLIVE?
I CAN'T HEAR A THING
SSSSH—
SSSSH - - HEAR IT?
LISTEN
THERE IT IS NOW - SSH—
IT'S FLOATIN' IN OFF'N THE SEA
Mystery Melody
SON, I WANTS TO TELL YE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE THAT ONC'T UPON A TIME MANY YEARS AGO I WAS A KIND-HEARTED SWAB
I DON'T MEAN I WAS SOFT - I HAD ME SHARE OF FIGHTS LIKE ALL SAILORMEN - BUT I WAS HOOMAN THEN - AYE, UP TO THE TIME I WAS THIRTY-SEVEN - I BE NINETY NINE NOW
SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO I MET A WOMAN - NOT YER MOTHER - LEMME SAY NOW THAT YER MOTHER WAS AS GOOD A GAL AS EVER LIVED
WELL, A FEW MUNTS AFTER I MET THIS WOMAN I FOUND OUT SUMPIN' - I WON'T TELL YE - NAY, YE WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT — BUT — I CHANGED FROM A MAN TO A BEAST
ROSE O' THE SEA
S-SSSH— LISTEN
DO YE HEAR IT?
SEGAR
Mystery Melody
SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO-
ROSE O' THE SEA
POPPA, AIN'T THEY SUMPIN' I KIN DO FOR YA? GORSH! DON'T BE SO DOWN-CASTED
NOBODY KIN DO NOTHIN', SON
AW, I'M OKAY, SON, DON'T YE DO NO WORRYIN' ABOUT ME
YA AIN'T OKAY— LISTENIN' - LISTENIN' - ALWAYS LISTENIN'
DO YE HEAR IT?
SIXTY-TWO YEARS AN' I AIN'T FORGOT
HEAR IT?
S-SSH
LISTEN
SIXTY-TWO YEARS AN' SHE AIN'T FORGOT - ROSE O' THE SEA — AN' SHE'LL NEVER FORGET!
CURSE HER!!
SEGAR
MYSTERY MELODY
YE DO HEAR IT, DON'T YE, SON? S-SH—HEAR IT?
NOW, POPPA.
WELL, IF YE DON'T HEAR IT, MAYBE IT'S JUS' IN ME HEAD — MAYBE I BE GETTIN' PIXILATED —
PIXILATED??
OH, I SEE - YA MEANS PIXILATED LIKE GARY WAS IN THAT MOVIN' PITCHER - ARF! ARF! NO YA AIN'T LOSIN' YER MIND - SURE, I HEARS IT, TOO - SURE
POPEYE, DID YOU REALLY HEAR SOMETHING?
NOT A THING - I JUS' SAID I DID SO HE WOULDN'T THINK HE WAS GOIN' DAFFY
WELL, IF YE DON'T HEAR IT NOW YE SOON WILL BECAUSE IT'S COMIN' NEARER - NEARER - NEARER -
Mystery Melody
WHAT WAS THAT?
I WAS OUTSIDE AN' I'D SWEAR I HEARD THE FLAPPIN' OF WINGS - BIG WINGS
NOW, POPPA - DON'T BE LIKE THAT. I'LL PROTECK YA
THE FLAPPIN' O' WINGS! THEN IT'S REAL — IT AIN'T ME 'MAGINATION — I KNOW'D IT WAS HER — SIXTY-TWO YEARS — BUT SHE NEVER FORGETS — NOT HER — ROSE O' THE SEA!
SEGAR

POPPA, THEM WINGS I HEARD OUTSIDE WAS PROBALY JUS'A SEA BIRD FLYIN' OVER
OH, YEAH?
SON, YE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I DONE SOME EXPLAININ' SO I'LL KEEP ME MOUTH SHUT
?
I'LL GO TO THE WINDOW, AN' I KNOWS WHAT I'LL SEE- AYE- I SEEN IT SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO
I KNEW YOU'D BE HOVERIN' AROUND-WELL, HERE I BE- POOPDECK PAPPY IS HERE
TELL HER- GO TELL HER! YOU BLACK DAUGHTER OF SATAN
SON, YE DIDN'T SEE A BIG BIRD HOVERIN' HIGH OVER OUR SHIP ON OUR WAY HERE FROM ME ISLAND DID YE?
NO, POPPA
WELL, I SEEN IT- AN' I KNOWS NOW IT WAS LOOKIN' FOR ME- THAT'S THE BIRD WICH WAS HOVERIN' OVER THIS HOUSE JUS' NOW
AN' SHE'LL SOON KNOW WHERE I BE AT- THE BIRD'LL TELL HER
DON'T WORRY, POPPA, I'LL PROTECK YA
YE COULDN'T PROTECK ME
BUT YA AIN'T AFRAID OF A WOMAN, ARE YA?
I REFUSES TO ANSWER
ME POPPA JUS' SETS AN' LISTENS- ACKS LIKE AS IF HE WAS HYPNOCIZED-
WONER WHAT HE HEARS?
OH!
I HEAR IT, TOO, NOW!
HEAVENS! IT'S AWFUL- I CAN'T STAND IT!!
OLIVE!
WHA'S EATIN' YA? GET OUT FROM UNDER THE RUG!
NO! NO! LET ME ALONE!
I HEARD IT! I HEARD IT! I STILL HEAR IT!
AW, PIPE DOWN! CONTROL YERSELF!
OH, MY GORSH!
WHA'S THAT SOUND?
I HEARS IT NOW, MESELF
IT'S MUSIC- BUT WHAT A HORREEBLE KIND OF MUSIC
YE HEARS IT NOW, EH, SON?
YEAH, POPPA, STRANGE MUSIC WICH GOES THROUGH ME BONES
IT'S COMIN' CLOSER, AIN'T IT, SON?
IS IT? IS IT REALLY COMING NEARER, WHATEVER IT IS?
YEAH, IT MUST BE COMIN' NEARER- IT'S GETTIN' LOUDER
THAT'S THE CREEPIEST MUSIC I EVER HEARD! IT GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!!
OH, LOOK AT YOUR POPPA! HIS HAIR IS STANDING ON END- YOU'RE NOT AFRAID, ARE YOU POPEYE?
NO- I'M NOT AFRAID
IF I THOUGHT YOU WAS AFRAID I'D BE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH
TAKE OFF YER CAP, SON
H-MM- YERS AIN'T EZACKLY HUGGIN' YER HEAD
OH, I CAN'T STAND IT!!
WELL, I YAM A LITTLE SCARED- NOT MUCH- JUS'A LITTLE BIT
?

TOAR UNDERSTAND MAGIC MUSIC—TOAR OLD LIKE HILLS—YOU KNOW TOAR DRINK FROM "POOL OF NEVER DIE" HEAR MAD MUSIC YEARS AGO
IF YA KNOWS, TELL ME QUICK
TOAR ALMOST AFRAID TO TELL—BUT SOON I GO INTO NIGHT, RISK LIFE TO SAVE YOUR POPPA—HE KNOW ME YEARS AGO, BUT NOW HE NOT REMEMBER
I REMEMBER HIM NOW, SON—AYE, "TOAR" SLAVE OF ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SATAN—THE WORST MONSTER THAT EVER LIVED
I'VE KNOW'D TOAR SINCE ME TRIP TO THEM STRANGE UNKNOWN ISLANDS
I DON'T CARE, GET HIM OUT OF HERE 'AFORE HE MURDERS THE LOT OF US
TOAR LOVES YOUR SON SO TOAR LOVE YOU, TOO, POOPDECK PAPPY—I BE HAPPY TO DIE FOR BOTH
AVAST, YA SWAB, DON'T GET SEDIMENTAL
YE DOES LOOK LIKE TOAR, THE SLAVE I KNOW'D SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO, BUT YE CAN'T BE—YE HAVEN'T AGED A BIT—YE SHOULD BE OLD LIKE ME
TOAR IS WHAT YOU CALL PREHISTORIC MAN, THOUSANDS YEARS OLD—TOAR NOT CHANGE IN MANY THOUSAND YEARS—HAH! ONE TIME DRINK FROM "POOL OF NEVER DIE" POPEYE KNOW!
HE'S RIGHT, POPPA, HE KIN NOT DIE OF OL' AGE—THE ONLY WAY HE KIN PASS OUT IS FROM GETTIN' INJURED
!
THERE IT IS AGAIN! IT'S CALLIN' ME—LEMME GO!!
YOU NOT GO OUT INTO NIGHT—TOAR SAY NO!
LISTEN, TOAR, IF THERE'S ANY DANGER I WANTS IN ON IT
NO—YOU STAY HERE—TOAR'S EYES SEE IN DARK
I GO—MAYBE I KETCH
NOW, POPPA, DON'T LOOK SO BLUE—TOAR AN' ME'LL PROTECK YA—I SEZ WE WILL
HAH! I SEE—
I KILL! I TEAR TO PIECES!!
I GOT TO GO! SHE'S CALLIN' ME! I DON'T WANT TO, BUT I MUST GO
TOAR WENT OUT TO LOOK AROUND YOU STAY HERE
I TEAR TO PIECES!!
I KILL YOU, ROSE OF SEA, FOR THIS!
I KILL YOU!
I KILL FOR THIS!!
TOAR! WHAT IN THE —!??
HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH, SON
BUT NO BIRD COULD CARRY A NINE-HUNERD-POUND MAN UP IN THE AIR
SHE CARRY ME UP AND DROP ME THROUGH ROOF OF THIS HOUSE
I KNOWS THIS EVIL VULTURE BIRD, SON—SHE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHINT
MY GORSH! REALLY?
THERE SHE IS AT WINDOW
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN
COME BACK, POPEYE, SHE KILL YOU!!
NO BLASTED BUZZARD KIN GET FRESH AROUND HERE—!!

BIG BIRD KILL YOU- YOU NOT GOING OUT
AVAST, YA SWAB !!
BLAST YA, TOAR!! DON'T TRY TO HOLD ME!!
A BIG BRUTE LIKE YOU, AN YE DIDN'T HIT ME SON BACK!
ANYBODY ELSE HIT TOAR, TOAR KILL QUICK- TOAR BAD GUY BUT NO HIT POPEYE- TOAR LOVE HIM TOO MUCH
POPEYE IS MY FRIEND, SO, FOR WHY SHOULD I HIT HIM BACK? HE'D JUST KNOCK ME DOWN AGAIN! HA! HA!
!
1-4
OH, SO THERE YA ARE!! I'LL FIX YA!! POOEY- NO BLASTED BUZZARD KIN GET FRESH AROUND ME
SEGAR
SWISH
BLAST ME EYES IF I EVER THOUGHT I'D TAKE PART IN A CHICKEN FIGHT!
-AN' LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YA!
SEGAR
1-5
COME HOME, POPEYE- WITCH OR WITCH-BIRD WILL GET YOU OUT HERE IN DARK
THE WITCH-BIRD WON'T BOTHER US NO MORE- I TOOK THAT BLASTED PELICAN APART
NO CAN KILL WITCH-BIRD- YOU WAIT AND SEE- SHE BE BACK.
DON'T BE SILLY!!
SEGAR
1-6
I SAY, NO CAN KILL WITCH-BIRD- SHE COME BACK!
YER CRAZY! I TOOK THAT BIRD APART- IT'S DEAD ALL RIGHT
AW, YER JUS' SUPERSTISKUS- THAT BIRD KIN NOT POSSIBLY COME BACK TO LIFE!
1-7
WELL BLOW ME DOWN !!!
SEGAR
WHERE'S ME POPPA, TOAR?
JUST GOING TELL YOU, HE GONE- NO CAN FIND
WHY DIDN'T YA WATCH HIM?
TOAR GET TOO EXCITED- OH, SHAME ON ME! OH, POOEY TO ME FROM YOU!!
POPPA, WAIT! AHOY! POPPA!
GRAB ME, SON! HOLD ME! DON'T LET ME GO TO HER!
SOUNDS LIKE A WITCH!
LISTEN TO HER! SHE'S MAD BECAUSE YA GRABBED ME
SQUEECH
SEGAR
LISTEN, TOAR, I SAW THAT WITCH AN' I YAM GOIN' AFTER HER- WATCH ME POPPA- DON'T LET HIM GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE
HO-KAY- I HOLD HIM GOOD
I'LL SLIP AROUND BEHIND HER
DON'T MISS THE NEXT!! POPEYE IS GOING TO TAKE A SOCK AT THIS TERRIBLE OLD WITCH!! WHAT WILL HAPPEN? YOU'LL BE SURPRISED
SEGAR
1-9

?
WHOP
!!
A POST! NOTHIN' BUT A OL' POST- I KIN NOT UN'ERSTAND!
I'DA SWORE I SEEN ARMS AN' HEARD THAT MYSKERY MUSIC COMIN' FROM IT
BUT IT'S JUS' A OL' POST, A OL' STUMP OF A TREE
'MAGINATION, I SUSPOSE- WHEW-IT SURE LOOKED LIKE A WITCH-I MUSTA BEEN EXCITIPATED
NO LIFE IN IT, JUS'A OL' POST
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
WHO'S LAUGHIN' ??
IT SOUNDED LIKE THAT OL' POST WAS GIVIN' ME THE HORSH LAUGH- I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK
NOPE-NO LIFE IN IT- JUS' A OL' POST
THE MYSKERY MUSIC SEEMS TO BE COMIN' FROM THAT OL' STUMP- BUT-BUT NOW IT AIN'T A STUMP
!
HAH! IT'S A OL' WITCH-
AN' I YAM GONER SOCK HER !!!
YOU WOULDN'T STRIKE A WOMAN, WOULD YOU?
OH-I BEGS YER PARDON!! I THOUGHT YA WAS SOMEBODY ELSE- MY GORSH! ESCUSE ME-
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN !!
WELL— WHAT DO YOU WANT ?
NOTHIN'-I JUS' THOUGHT YA WAS SOMEBODY ELSE- I GOT TO BE GOIN' NOW- ESCUSE ME-
SUMPIN'S MIGHTY DERN FISHY-THA'S ALL I GOT TO SAY
I'DA SWORE SHE WAS A POST, THEN I'DA SWORE SHE WAS A OL' WITCH AN' NOW SHE'S A STRANGE, ATTRACKTIF WOMAN
A COURSE, SHE'S A WITCH!
WELL, I DON'T UN'ERSTAND WITCHES- I YAM GONER GET A EXTER SMART PERSON TO HELP US
I'LL CALL UP WIMPY, HE'S SMART- HE WENT TO COLLICH ONC'T
WITCHCRAFT, EH?- HMM— I'LL WORK ON THIS MYSTERY, BUT MY SERVICES WILL COST YOU TEN HAMBURGERS
-BUT I WARNS YA- IT'S DANGEROUS- YA MAY GET KILLED
IN THAT CASE I WANT THE HAMBURGERS IN ADVANCE
LISTEN- AFTER YA SOLVES THIS MYSKERY I'LL GIVE YA TWEN'Y HAMBURGERS
VERY WELL-I GO— TO SET THINGS RIGHT, TO SOLVE A MYSTERY DARK AS NIGHT

IT'LL TAKE A SMART MAN TO SOLVE THIS MYSKERY. I HIRED WIMPY TO HELP- HE'S A COLLICH GRADUAKE
POPEYE, LOOK! THE JEEP! YOU FORGOT ABOUT HIM! MAYBE HE CAN HELP YOU SOLVE THE MYSTERY!
JEEP JEEP
HE'S GOT STRANGE POWERS, TOO, YOU KNOW
THAS RIGHT- I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT
IT MOST CERTAINLY IS LONELY OUT HERE AT NIGHT— WERE I NOT A BRAVE MAN I'D TURN BACK
THERE'S SOMETHING UP AT THE TOP OF THE HILL
WHAT STRANGE MUSIC
?
IF WIMPY FAILS TO SOLVE THE MYSKERY THE JEEP WILL HELP US
SURE, HE WILL
?
!
WELLINGTON!
HAGGY!
WONER HOW WIMPY'S GETTIN' ALONG WITH THE MYSKERY?
1-19
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WELLINGTON, FANCY FINDING YOU HERE!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN SANTA MONICA
IF I HAD KNOWN YOU WERE IN TOWN I'D HAVE HAD YOU UP FOR A DUCK DINNER
SON, THAT TURRIBLE MUSIC HAS STOPPED- DO YE THINK YER FREN, WIMPY, MADE THAT OLD WITCH QUIT TOOTIN'?
I DON'T KNOW, POPPA, BUT IF WIMPY FAILS I YAM GO'NER GET BUSY WITH ME MAGIC JEEP
TAKE THE HOOD OFF, HAGGY, YOU LOOK TOO SCARY LIKE THAT
WELLINGTON, DO YOU REMEMBER THE MOONLIGHT NIGHTS ABOARD MY SHIP A FEW YEARS AGO?
YES, HAGGY
WE WERE ENEMIES AT FIRST, THEN YOU LEARNED THAT THERE WAS A BARREL OF HAMBURGER ABOARD AND YOU MADE LOVE TO ME
YES, HAGGY
WELLINGTON, YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH I EVER LOVED
HMM- BY THE WAY, HAGGY, HOW IS THE HAMBURGER SITUATION NOW?
1-20
CHEER UP, POPEYE
HOW KIN I CHEER UP WHEN THEY'S A OL' WITCH AFTER ME POPPA
-BUT COME- LET'S NOT TALK HERE- MY REVENGE CAN WAIT- WE'LL GO TO MY SECRET CASTLE ON THE CLIFFS
IS IT FAR? I DON'T FEEL LIKE WALK-ING
WALK?- WE SHALL NOT WALK! DID YOU NOT KNOW THAT I AM A WITCH, AND THAT I POSSESS A MAGIC FLUTE?
CLIMB UPON MY BACK, DREAM BOY, AND WE WILL FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE
!
HEAVENS!! FLUTING OUR WAY THROUGH THE SKY
YOU THINK THIS IS SOMETHING? POOEY— YOU SHOULD SEE ME ON HALLOWE'EN
TOOT
SEE- YONDER IS MY SECRET CASTLE- I HAVE SEVEN OF THEM IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD
WELL, HERE WE ARE, DREAM BOY,- MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME WHILE I BREW A POT OF TEA
TEA?
YOU HAVE A MAGIC FLUTE, HAGGY
ER- IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, COULDN'T YOU SORT OF "FLUTE ME A HAMBURGER"?
1-22
DO WHAT?
WELL- ER- YOU HAVE A MAGIC FLUTE- HMM—
YOU SEE, I THOUGHT THAT INSTEAD OF TEA- I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT FLUTE ME UP A HAMBURGER," THAT IS, IF YOU FEEL LIKE TOOTING
I SAID WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TEA—
-AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TEA—
AND NOTHING BUT TEA!
AND IF YOU MAKE ME MAD, SWEETHEART, I'LL KILL YOU!
1-23
VERY WELL, WE'LL HAVE TEA

IT'S DAYLIGHT AN' WE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT— I THINK WE OUGHTER GET SOME SLEEP
I WONDER HOW WIMPY IS GETTING ALONG WITH THE MYSTERY?
COME ON, POPPA, GO TO BED AN' DON'T WORRY ABOUT NOTHIN— I'LL SET BY YA AN' PROTECK YA FROM THAT OL' WITCH
SWEETHEART, I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE MAGIC FLUTE HERE ON THE TABLE, WHILE I BREW A POT OF TEA.
AND DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH IT, WHILE I'M OUT IN THE KITCHEN— DON'T TOUCH THE MAGIC FLUTE!
I WON'T TOUCH IT— I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLE-MAN!
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HMMM— CUTE LITTLE THING, ISN'T IT?
HMMM.
SEGAR
YOU'RE NOT TOUCHING THAT MAGIC FLUTE, ARE YOU, SWEETHEART?
OF COURSE NOT, DARLING, DIDN'T I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN THAT I WOULD NOT?
TOOT
?
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GOOD HEAVENS! A HAMBURGER!
SEGAR
I TOOTED THE MAGIC FLUTE AND LOOK— A HAMBURGER!!
THANK YOU TOO MUCH
AH! THE ACME OF GROUND BOVINITY! INDEED, A LUSCIOUS BIT
HAGGY, DARLING
YES, SWEETHEART
1-27 World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
I'LL TRADE YOU A SAXOPHONE FOR YOUR FLUTE
?
SEGAR
DON'T YOU TOUCH THAT MAGIC FLUTE— I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DO
YES, MAM— I MEAN NO, MAM
I WONDER IF IT WILL WORK EVERY TIME
TOOT
?
TOOT
TOOT
TOOT
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TOOT
1-28
SEGAR
REMEMBER, DARLING, DON'T TOUCH THAT MAGIC FLUTE!
NO MAM, SWEET-HEART
THE FIRST TIME I TOOTED IT A HAMBURGER APPEARED— I SHALL TRY TO FLUTE MYSELF UP ANOTHER ONE
HAGGY IS BUSY IN THE KITCHEN BREWING A POT OF TEA— SHE'LL NEVER KNOW
!
HONK
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
TRICKY LITTLE RASCAL, AREN'T YOU?
SEGAR
1-29
GO TO SLEEP, POPPA— I'LL PROTECK YA FROM ALL THE WITCHES ON EART
I'M ASCARED, SON
THE TEA IS READY, MY SWEET. AND WE SHALL DRINK TO OUR LOVE
'TIS WELL, ANGEL
YOU DIDN'T TOUCH THE MAGIC FLUTE, DID YOU, WELLINGTON?
OF COURSE, I DIDN'T, HAGGY. OF COURSE, I DIDN'T!!
!
THE HECK HE DIDN'T!
SEGAR
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I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T!
HE DID PICK ME UP. HE DID!
HONEST, HAGGY, I DIDN'T TOUCH YOUR MAGIC FLUTE - IT LIED
SILLY- THE FLUTE DIDN'T TALK - I THREW MY VOICE - I'M A VENTRILOQUIST - I TRIED TO CATCH YOU IN A LIE
BUT I BELIEVE YOU - HAH! IF YOU LIE TO ME, DARLING, I'LL KILL YOU - YOU WOULDN'T LIE TO ME, WOULD YOU?
NO MAM, I SWEET-HEART
I WON'ER HOW WIMPY IS GETTIN' ALONG WITH THAT OL' WITCH?
I KIN NOT SLEEP, SON, I BE WORRIED
THAS TOO BAD, POPPA - YA BEEN UP ALL NIGHT AN' STILL YA KIN NOT SLEEP -
BLAST THAT OL' WITCH
ROCKY-BYE, POOPDECK IN A TREE TOP - WHEN A BOW BREAKS ME POPPA WILL PLOP
Z-Z-Z-Z
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SEGAR
R-1
I MIGHT AS WELL GET UP - I CAN'T SLEEP - I KEEP THINKING ABOUT THAT AWFUL OLD WITCH
!
ROCKY-BYE POPPA IN A TREE TOP ETC- ETC
ISN'T THAT CUTE? POPEYE IS ROCKING HIS POPPA TO SLEEP
OH, POPEYE - I CAN'T SLEEP EITHER
WELL - COME ON
Z-Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z
ROCKY-BYE POOPDECK AN' OLIVE OYL - POOPDECK'S ME POPPA AN' OLIVE'S ME GOIL - ETC
I-I-
SEGAR
R-2
POOEY TO ME - NO CAN SLEEP - TOO MUCH WORRY ABOUT OLD WITCH
POPEYE, WE NO CAN SLEEP - TOO WORRIED ABOUT OLD WITCH
ROCKY-BYE POPPA - ROCKY-BYE OLIVE
ROCKY-BYE, POPPA — TOAR - OLIVE - SWEE'PEA, ROCKY-BYE GOON AN' ROCKY-BYE, ME ETC —
Z-Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z-Z
CREAK
CREAK
CREAK
SEGAR
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R-3
WIMPY, DARLING, NIGHT HAS COME - I MUST GO SOON TO TORMENT POOPDECK PAPPY WITH MY MAGIC MELODY — CURSE HIM! — COME SIT BY MY SIDE AND TALK OF LOVE A WHILE BEFORE I GO
HAGGY, I DON'T FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE
OH, YOU DON'T, HAH?
AND WHEN ONE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE — HMM - WELL — ONE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE
BESIDES YOU'RE NOT QUITE MY TYPE -
WHY, WELLINGTON, DON'T YOU LOVE YOUR LITTLE HAGGY?
SEGAR
WHY, HAGGY, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!!
KISS ME, WELLINGTON!
YES MAM, SWEETHEART !!!!
SMACK
SMACK SMACK
!
OH, WELLINGTON!
SEE YOU LATER, DARLING
SEGAR
R-5
BETTER NOT STAY HERE TO-NIGHT, OLIVE, THAT OL' WITCH WILL PROBALY BE TOOTIN' AGAIN
I'LL STAY
IS SHE A REAL WITCH, POPEYE?
I AIN'T SURE, BUT I'LL FIND OUT - I'LL AST ME MAGIC JEEP
JEEP, IS THE WOMAN WHAT'S AFTER ME POOR OL' POPPA A REAL WITCH?
WELL, THAT SETTLES THAT, OLIVE - SHE'S A REAL WITCH!
OH, MY! OH, MY!
R-6
NOW LISTEN, DARLING, I'M GOING OUT AND IF YOU DO ANY SNOOPING I'LL KILL YOU! STAY IN THIS ROOM!
YES, MAM, SWEETHEART
AS IF I'D SNOOP — —— HMM —— I WONDER WHERE THIS DOOR LEADS TO?
SEGAR

ANOTHER NIGHT HAS COME – THE OLD WITCH IS AGAIN "FLUTING" HER EVIL MAGIC MELODY — WE PITY POOR PAPPY, FOR THIS TIME SHE WILL DRAW HIM TO HER – AND —
FOOL!! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD RESIST MY MAGIC MELODY? HAH!! AT LAST YOU'VE COME TO ME – AND – AND OH, WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU!!
HELP!! HELP!! ME POPPA'S GONE!! EVER'BODY DO SUMPIN'!! ALL HAN'S ON DECK!!
AT LAST I'VE GOT YOU!! REMEMBER, SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO YOU PROPOSED TO ME AND THEN YOU TURNED ME DOWN! AND NOW YOU SHALL SUFFER. I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU ALIVE FOR A MILLION YEARS AND TORTURE YOU EVERY MINUTE
I DIDN'T KNOW YE WAS A WITCH WHEN I PREPOSED TO YE – I KNOW'D YE AS "ROSE 'O THE SEA," A BEAUTIFUL GAL – YE MADE ME FALL IN LOVE WITH YE —
YE HAD CHANGED YERSELF INTO A PERTY GAL SO'S I'D PREPOSE TO YE – I DID – THEN ONC'T I SEEN YE AS YE REALLY WAS – AS YE LOOKS NOW – AN' I TURNED YE DOWN!
WHAT CARE I FOR YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY?! I'VE GOT YOU, POOPDECK PAPPY, AND YOU SHALL SUFFERRR!!
SMACK
KEEP ME ALIVE AND TORTURE ME FOR A MILLION YEARS, EH?
BOP
SQUEEEEECH
WHOP
SPLAT
YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN!
I KNOWS I AIN'T!
NOW I'M GOING TO FLUTE YOU INTO MY POWER!!
I WON'T GIVE YE NO CHANCE TO FLUTE ME INTO YER POWER
BOP
SQUEECH
SOCK
RIP
RIP
TAKE HIM TO MY CASTLE !!
HAH! JUST WAIT
WELL, AS I LIVE!! FANCY YOU BEING HERE, POOPDECK – YOU BEING HERE IN THE HAG'S KITCHEN – I TRUST YOU'VE HAD YOUR DINNER — NO? VERY WELL, PULL UP A CHAIR
AND I SHALL DIVIDE WITH YOU THE ROAST DUCK WHICH I STOLE FROM HAGGY'S ICE-BOX – FOR YOU, SIR, HERE – A BIT OF THE NECK – FOR ME, I'LL TAKE THE BREAST, SIR.
FOR YOU, SIR, HERE – A BIT OF THE NECK – FOR ME, I'LL TAKE THE REST, SIR
MY FRIEND, I HOPE YOU ARE NOT STARING AT WHAT I THINK YOU ARE STARING AT
YOU BRING THE DUCK!
WELLINGTON!!
YES, MA'M, SWEETHEART
COME HERE !!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO PROWL AROUND MY CASTLE?! IF YOU DISOBEY ME AGAIN, DARLING, I'LL KILL YOU
AND NOW, POOPDECK PAPPY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU
OH, YE WILL, WILL YE?
TOOOOOOO!
AND NOW, PAPPY, IT'S THE GUEST-ROOM FOR YOU!! THE GUEST-ROOM – AND OH, WHAT A ROOM!

POPPA! OH, POPPA! WHERE ARE YA AT?
NOW THAT IT'S DAYLIGHT MAYBE WE'LL FIND HIM
WIMPY, I WANT YOU TO HELP ME GET RID OF THESE BLACK EYES— WHAT EVER YOU'RE THINKING OF, WHEN YOU TOOT THIS FLUTE, WILL HAPPEN
POINT IT RIGHT AT MY EYES AND THINK OF THE "BLACK" DISAPPEARING WHEN YOU TOOT IT
YES, MAM, SWEETHEART
TOOT!
?
WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!! MY THOUGHTS MUST HAVE WANDERED A BIT!!
YOU GLUTTON!! DO AS I TELL YOU!!
YES, MAM, SWEETHEART
SEGAR
R 15
LISTEN, JEEP, I KNOWS THE OL' WITCH GOT ME POPPA BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE TOOK HIM— USE YER FOURTH DIMENSION MAGIC AN' LEAD US TO HIM
MAKE IT SNAPPY, HE MAY BE IN DANGER
JEEP JEEP
NOW THAT MR. POOPDECK PAPPY IS YOUR PRISONER, WHAT WILL YOU DO TO HIM?
I'LL DO PLENTY!!
HMM— LOCKED UP IN THE WITCH'S CASTLE— BUT I RECKON THEY'S NOTHIN' I KIN DO ABOUT IT
ANYWAYS, I KIN CATCH UP ON ME SLEEP— I'LL TAKE A NICE, LONG NAP
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN A HATCH!! ME BED'S FULL OF BLACK WIDDY SPIDERS!!
SEGAR
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LEAD ON, EUGENE— ME POPPA NEEDS US
ME BED'S FULL OF BLACK WIDDY SPIDERS
YES, I PUT BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS IN POOPDECK'S BED— CLEVER IDEA, EH? HA! HA!
BUT, HAGGY, THEY'RE EXTREMELY POISONOUS!!
I BE TIRED AN' I GOT TO TAKE A NAP— BLACK WIDDY SPIDERS, HUH?-
WELL-
IF THEY DON'T MIND, I DON'T
Z-Z-Z
SEGAR
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Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc. R 17
HEAVENS, HAGGY!! I JUST PEEKED INTO MR. POOPDECK'S CELL AND HE'S IN BED— OH! AND YOU PUT BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS IN IT!!
IN BED? THAT'S FINE! HA! HA!
I WOULDN'T MIND SLEEPIN' WITH THESE BLACK WIDDY SPIDERS IF THEY'D JUS' GET SOT, AN' QUIT CRAWLIN'
BLARST 'EM!! THEY'RE GETTIN' ON ME NERVES A LITTLE BIT
HMM— I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO— I'LL PUT ME OL' PIPE UNDER THE COVERS— THAT'LL FIX 'EM
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
SEGAR
R 18 Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
YE CAN'T KEEP ME A PRISONER WITHOUT GIVIN' ME FOOD— I WANTS A SANRICH!!
WHAT KIND?
ANY KIND OF A SANRICH
I'LL MAKE HIM A SANDWICH ALL RIGHT!!
A DIFFERENT KIND OF A SANDWICH
HAGGY! OH, HAGGY! WILL YOU MAKE FOR ME A SANDWICH, TOO, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?
DO YOU STILL WANT A SANDWICH?
HURRY UP WITH ME SANRICH!
NO, JUST A CUP OF COFFEE
G-R-R
SEGAR
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved R 19
BUT, HAGGY, YOU CAN'T MURDER HIM!!
AW, PIPE DOWN !!
YOUR SANDWICH IS COMING RIGHT UP, PAPPY
AND DON'T GULP IT DOWN— IT MIGHT GIVE YOU INDIGESTION
I'M HUNGRY!! HURRY UP WITH THAT SANRICH!!
THERE IT IS-
THIS WILL BE THE FIRST TIME A SANDWICH EVER ATE A MAN
! !
SEGAR
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WHEN A SANDWICH EATS A MAN— THAT'S NEWS! HA! HA! HA!
G-R-R
NO BLARSTED SANRICH IS GO'NER EAT ME UP!! I'LL JUS' PULL OUT ME OL' SHARK STICKER AN' GO TO WORK
G-R-R
G-R-R
G-R-R
G-R-R
RIP
RIP
SOCK
G-R-R
BOP
I ALWAYS WANTED A AMINAL RUG!
SEGAR
HMM—HAGGY WENT OUT OF THE ROOM AND LEFT HER MAGIC FLUTE— IT SHALL BE MINE SOMEDAY! I'LL STEAL IT!!
WELLINGTON, I LEFT MY FLUTE ON THE TABLE THERE— DON'T TOUCH IT!
YES, MAM. SWEET-HEART- I MEAN NO MAM, SWEET-HEART!
I SHALL GIVE IT A REAL TEST SO THAT I'LL BE SURE OF IT'S VALUE
DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO TOUCH THAT FLUTE?
WHAT FLUTE?
WHY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
?
WELL, AS I LIVE!! IT IS A FLUTE! I MISTOOK IT FOR A CIGAR!
!
SEGAR
HAGGY LEFT THE ROOM— THE MAGIC FLUTE IS HERE ON THE MANTEL— I SHALL TEST IT'S POWERS-
AND MAKE SURE THAT IT IS WORTH STEALING— IF THE THING I AM THINKING OF MATERIALIZES— I'LL STEAL IT
TOOOT
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!! HAH! I SHALL STEAL THIS FLUTE!!
SEGAR
I THOUGHT OF A COW AND BLEW A TOOT— AND A COW MATERIALIZED FROM THE FLUTE
I SHALL STEAL THE MAGIC FLUTE— 'TIS WORTH THE RISK
WELLINGTON, HOW DID THAT COW GET IN MY LIVING-ROOM?
WHAT COW?
WHY, THAT COW RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, YOU DUMBHEAD!!
OH! YOU MEAN THIS COW?
CERTAINLY!
ONE OF YOUR MEN BROUGHT HER— HE SAID HE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED SOME MILK
THE POOR GOOF! WHY DID HE BRING HER INTO MY LIVING-ROOM?
I DON'T KNOW, HMM— I'M NOT EVEN INTERESTED
MY GORSH! WHA'S ME POPPA DOIN' UP ON THIS CLIFF? YA SURE YER RIGHT, JEEP?
JEEP JEEP
THAT OLD RAT IS SO TOUGH I'M HAVING A HARD TIME TORTURING HIM— HAH! I KNOW A WAY TO MAKE HIM SUFFER!!
HE PROPOSED TO ME SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO, THEN TURNED ME DOWN— HE MUST PAY— HE'LL SUFFER!! I'LL LET HIM STARVE TO DEATH IN THAT CELL
MR. POOPDECK, SHE'S GOING TO TRY TO STARVE YOU TO DEATH— BUT I'VE GOT HER MAGIC FLUTE— I'LL FLUTE YOU SOME FOOD— CATCH IT!
ARE YE CRAZY ??!!
TOOT!
TOOT!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN A HATCH! SAY! DO YE WANT TO SELL THAT WHISTLE?
SEGAR
DON'T WORRY, MISTER POOPDECK— I'LL KEEP YOU IN FOOD— HERE, HAVE SOME DUCKS
HE'LL SUFFER ALL RIGHT— A SLOW AND TERRIBLE DEATH!
ARE YOU TORTURING MR. POOPDECK, HAGGY?
YES— I'M STARVING HIM— HEE! HEE! HEE!
IT'S LOADS OF FUN TORTURING PEOPLE YOU HATE— HAH! WHEN HE SEES ME HE'LL BEG FOR FOOD!!
AHOY, WITCHIE; OL' KID!
SEGAR

WELLINGTON, YOU DIDN'T STEAL MY MAGIC FLUTE, DID YOU?
HOW YOU TALK, HAGGY. OF COURSE, I DIDN'T
YOU MUST MEAN SOMEBODY ELSE- JONES IS MY NAME- I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
!
HAGGY, WHAT'S PRICKING ME IN THE BACK?
WHEN YOU SEE SOMETHING STICKING THROUGH YOUR NECKTIE YOU'LL KNOW WHAT'S BEEN PRICKING YOU IN THE BACK
SEGAR 3-1
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, WELLINGTON, NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU!! YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP!
WAIT THERE A MINUTE, SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR—I'LL BE RIGHT BACK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
!
JEEP JEEP
A JEEP! OH, HEAVENS! A JEEP! HELP!!
SEGAR 3-2
A JEEP! HELP! TAKE HIM AWAY!! HE'LL RUIN MY MAGIC!!
JEEP! JEEP!
SHE SURE IS AFRAID OF THE JEEP! LOOK AT HER GO!- COME ON, LE'S FIND ME POPPA
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS THE SEA HAG WICH WAS AFTER ME POPPA— HE KEPT CALLIN' HER "ROSE OF THE SEA"- I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS A REAL WITCH
I'M DOWN IN THE DARK PITS OF THE CASTLE— WELL, ANYWAY, I'M SAFE HERE
SEGAR
3-3
TAKE HIM AWAY! HELP!!
JEEP! JEEP!
OH, POPPA !!!
SHE CERTAINLY IS AFRAID OF THE JEEP— I WONDER IF HE COULD HURT HER?
IT'S LONELY DOWN HERE IN THESE DARK PITS- BUT SHE'LL NEVER FIND ME- I'M SAFE!
OH, PARDON ME! I BEG YOUR PARDON!!!
HMM- JONES IS MY NAME
I'M THE MONSTER OF THE CASTLE!
MONSTER OF THE CASTLE?!!
YES, DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT EVERY OLD CASTLE HAD A MON- STER?
3-4
I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE
BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S AT ALL NECESSARY!!
SEGAR
POPPA! AT LAST I FOUND YA!!
ARE YA OKAY?
FITTIN' AS A FIDDLE, SON
GORSH, I YAM GLAD I FOUND YA
DON'T GET SEMINENTAL, YA BIG SISSY
BOLO!! BOLO, COME HERE!
JEEP! JEEP!
BOLO
WITCH CALLING ME- I GOT TO GO
THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT
TAKE THE DAY OFF
3-5
SEGAR
NO! NO! DON'T POINT YOUR TAIL AT ME!!
BOLO! HURRY!
OUW!! STOP IT!
BOLO, SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN TO ME AND I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT POOPDECK PAPPY PASSES OUT- SO GO TEAR HIM UP!
OH, JUST A EASY JOB, HUH? I'LL PULL HIM APART!
3-6
SEGAR

YOU CAN'T SAVE ME FROM THIS TERRIBLE JEEP/BUT YOU CAN GET REVENGE FOR ME- GO TEAR UP POOPDECK PAPPY!
EASY JOB, I'LL FIX HIM
OUW!!
STOP! STOP! I CAN'T STAND IT! TURN OFF THAT DEATH-RAY!
EGAR
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
3-8
MAYBE I CAN GET AWAY FROM THAT JEEP !!
I DON'T THINK HE SAW ME COME INTO THIS ROOM
?
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3-9
OUW!
WHA'S THAT?
G-R-R-
G-R-R
STAN' BACK! THIS IS MY FIGHT! I'LL TAKE HIM!
LISTEN, POPPA, LEMME HAVE HIM!
I'LL TAKE HIM
COME BACK, POPPA, LEMME HAVE HIM!
NO! I'LL TAKE HIM
WHOP
ALL RIGHT THEN, SON, YE KIN HAVE HIM !!!
EGAR
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
3-10
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT HIM, POPEYE- IF HE KILLS YOU I WON'T HAVE ANY SWEETY
SHOO G'WAN SHOO
G-R-R-R
NO! NO! POPEYE!
WHY DON'T YOU PROTECT ME?!!
WELL, IF NOBODY ELSE WILL, I'LL HANG ONE ON HIS CHIN, MYSELF
EGAR
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3-11
GET OUT OF THE WAY, OLIVE, AN' LEMME GET AT THAT MONSKER!
MY GORSH! SHE HIT HIM A GOOD ONE!
SOCK
I'LL TEACH YOU TO HIT ME IN THE FACE!
YOU BRUTE !!
HIT'ER, MONSKER! HITER, MONSKER!
?
SOCK
HIT'ER, MONSKER !!
SAY-
HIT 'ER!
SAY, WHATDA YA MEAN, "HIT'ER, MONSKER"?
WELL, HE LICKED ME -
AN' I DON'T WANT NO WOMAN TO LICK A SWAB WICH I CAN'T LICK!
HIT'ER, MONSKER !!
EGAR
3-12
SOCK
I SEZ, TURN LOOSE OF HER
WHILE POPEYE AND THE MONSTER MIX IT UP, LET'S SEE WHAT EUGENE IS DOING- HE SEEMS TO BE RELAXING- HE'S PROBABLY RECHARGING HIMSELF WITH STATIC ELECTRIC-ITY
AND THE SEA HAG IS ABOUT TO SMASH HIM WITH A HEAVY STOOL
JEEP! JEEP!
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3-13
EGAR

SMACK
BONK
BOZX
SWISH
3-15
SEGAR
WHOP
THAT SHOT GOT HIM, POPEYE!
BONK
WELL, LE'S GET GOIN'. WE GOT TO FIND THE JEEP NOW
ROUGH-NECK!
SEGAR
3-16
THERE'S THE JEEP, POPEYE, HE'S NOT HURT
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! LOOKS LIKE 'LECTRISIKY SHOOTIN' OUT OF HIS TAIL
??
MY GOSH! LOOK!
HEAVENS!! SHE SEEMS TO BE SHRIVELING UP
CURSE YOU!! CURSE EVERYBODY ON EARTH!!
SEGAR
3-17
HE'S HURTING HER, POPEYE!
STOP IT, EUGENE - I KIN NOT STAN' TO SEE A WOMAN SUFFER -
NOT EVEN A WITCH
HERE, OLIVE, I HOLD HIM
?
3-18
TOO LATE
SEGAR
SEEMS TO BE SORT OF MUMMIFIED - I DIDN'T KNOW THE JEEP COULD DO THIS
IS SHE — IS SHE —?
YEAH, I THINK SO
GEE, I'M SORRY -
I YAM SORRY, TOO
WELL, I DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR HER!! I'LL TELL YOU THAT!!
3-19
LISTEN, POPPA -
WHEN YA GETS OLDER, YA'LL UN'ERSTAN' THAT IT'S EVEN POSSIBLE TO FEEL SORRY FOR YER EMENIES
!
SEGAR
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY FRIENDS? WHY ALL THE SADNESS ?
THE SEA HAG IS — WELL, THE JEEP CAUSED HER TO TURN INTO A MUMMY
SNIFF
SHE WAS BAD, YEAH, BUT IT'S KIND OF LIKE LOSIN' A OL' FREN'
SNIFF
HAGGY
SNIFF
AW, POOEY!
GUESS I AIN'T HOOMAN
SEGAR
3-20

DO YOU THINK SHE REALLY HAS PASSED ON?
A'COURSE, I AIN'T POSITIFF, BUT I THINK THE JEEP TURNED HER INTO A MUMMY
WE CAN'T LEAVE HER STANDIN' THERE AGAINST THE WALL – LE'S PUT'ER INTO A EASY CHAIR
WELL, THAT'S THAT, LET'S BE GOING
JUS'A MINUTE, WIMPY
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
SEGAR 3-22
IT'LL BE DANGEROUS CLIMBIN' DOWN
IT WAS BAD ENOUGH COMING UP, BUT GOING DOWN WILL BE MUCH WORSE
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
STOP WORRYING, MY FRIENDS –
FOR, SEE? – I HAVE THE MAGIC FLUTE – I SHALL TOOT YOU ACROSS THIS CHASM
SEGAR 3-23
IS THIS THE WAY YOU CAME HERE, WIMPY?
YA CAME OVER ON THE WITCH'S BACK, EH? SHE FLUTED YOU OVER?
YES, AND I SHALL TOOT YOU BACK WITH THE MAGIC FLUTE – HOLD TIGHT FOR I'M GOING TO CAST MYSELF INTO SPACE
ALL SET – HERE WE GO
TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BLAME ME FOR THIS
SEGAR Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved 3-24
IT'S A WONDER WE WEREN'T ALL KILLED!!
I SEE IT ALL NOW – THE JEEP RUINED THE WITCH'S MAGIC AND WHEN SHE LOST HER MAGIC THE FLUTE LOST IT'S MAGIC ALSO
I'LL TRY IT AGAIN – LISTEN, LITTLE FLUTE – I WANT A HAMBURGER – MAKE ONE APPEAR WHEN I TOOT YOU
B-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R
SOUNDED LIKE THE OL' RAZZBERRY TO ME –
CURSES! AND I THOUGHT I HAD A PERMANENT MEANS OF OBTAINING FOOD!!
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SEGAR 3-25
COME ON, LET'S GO HOME, IT'S GETTING DARK
I WISH I KNOW'D FOR SURE IF THE SEA HAG IS REALLY DEAD OR NOT
HER HEART DIDN'T SEEM TO BE BEATING
I GUESS SHE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT
OF COURSE, SHE'S DEAD, POPEYE, FORGET ABOUT HER!
WHAT WAS THAT?! DID YA HEAR IT? HEAR IT NOW?
SOUNDS LIKE THE CACKLIN' OF A OL' WITCH
IS IT MY IMAGINATION OR DO I SEE A SLENDER BLACK FORM STANDING ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF?
POOEY
3-26 Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
SEGAR
OLIVE, I JUS' SEEN THE SEA HAG'S GIANT VULTURE AT THE WINDOW – AN' IT GIVED ME A DIRTY LOOK
REALLY?
I'LL BET IT MEANS THE SEA HAG AIN'T DEAD – COME OUTSIDE
LOOK! THERE GOES THE BIRD-HEADIN' OUT TO SEA – OUT TOWARD THAT SHIP – HAH – IT'S HER SHIP —— AND –
SHE'S PUTTIN' ON CANVAS – SHE'LL SAIL TO ANOTHER ONE OF HER MAGIC CASTLES FAR AWAY – AN' I YAM GLAD SHE AIN'T DEAD –
EVEN IF SHE IS A EXTER BAD WOMAN – HAH! IF THEY WASN'T NO BAD WOMEN MAYBE WE WOULDN'T APPRECIATE THE GOOD ONES – ANYWAY, SHE YAM WHAT SHE YAM
3-27
SEGAR

THIMBLE THEATRE
Starring Popeye
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LIVE THAT DOWN. WHY, THE OLD GOAT, SHAVING HIS WHISKERS
FIXING HIMSELF TO LOOK LIKE POPEYE AND MAKING LOVE TO ME!!
I COULD KILL POOPDECK PAPPY
AW, DON'T THINK TOO HARD OF ME POPPA - HE'S A OL' MAN
HECK, YES, I ADMITS IT WAS A ARFUL THING TO DO - BUT HE WAS JUS' HAVIN' SOME FUN
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM - I HATE HIM!
I SUSPOSE ME POOR OL' POPPA NEVER HAD NO BRANGIN-UP
IMAGIN' THAT HORRID OLD POOPDECK KISSING ME! UG!
POPEYE - YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN THAT CAN KISS ME
SMACK! SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK
POPEYE, I'VE GOT AN IDEA - MY BROTHER HAS A TATTOOING OUTFIT - I'M GOING TO MARK YOU
YOUR POPPA WON'T BE ABLE TO FOOL ME ANYMORE - I CAN LOOK AT YOUR BACK AND TELL IF IT'S YOU OR NOT
TWO WEEKS LATER
I THINK I'LL DROP OVER AND SEE MY SWEETY
HELLO, POPEYE, DARLING, HOW ARE YOU?
OKAY, HONEY
AN'-POOEY TO YOU, YOU OLD GOAT!
GNATS TO YOU, MADAM
ZAT SO?
MY BROTHER IS DOING FINE IN HIS NEW BUSINESS!
YES - HE CALLS HIMSELF A TATTOO ARTIST NOW
SPEAKIN' OF TATTOOS -
ME POPPA, JUS' LATELY GOT HIS STAR TATTOOED ON HIS BACK
? ? ?
ERF! ERF!

Last Sunday Page by Segar (edited to comic book format).

THIMBLE THEATRE
Registered U. S. Patent Office
Starring Popeye
NOBODY ON EART' COULD CATCH FISH TODAY, I SUSPOSE THE WIND IS WRONG
WHEN FISH AIN'T BITIN' YA JUS' KIN NOT CATCH NONE, BLAST IT! AN' I YAM FISH-HUNGRY, TOO
AVAST, WIMPY, YA SWAB! LET THAT POOR PELICAN ALONE, WHA'SA BIG IDEAR?
SQUAWK!
THERE IS MORE THAN ONE WAY OF KILLING A CAT
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED
TICK
TICK
ARF! ARF!
TICK
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First Sunday Page by 'Doc' Winner (edited to comic book format).

POPEYE – OUT OF THE INKWELL, INTO VIDEO

by Glenn Mitchell

For all the merits of the newspaper strip, it seems fair to say that much of Popeye's wide-spread and continued fame results from his appearances in other media. This applies particularly in Great Britain where, apart from a brief revival in the **SUN** during 1980, he has been absent from the newspapers for many years. The post-war generation has come to know the character from television screenings of cartoon films ranging from 1930s cinema classics to the series made specifically for TV, some of which have been issued on videocassette.

First to adapt Segar's characters to the screen were Max and Dave Fleischer, New York-based brothers who had entered the animation business in 1915. Producer Max strove constantly to improve the mechanical techniques of animation, an early and important invention of his being the Rotoscope, still in use today as a means of tracing live-action film into cartoon form. Early experiments in this process (used only when necessary) transferred film of director Dave Fleischer in a clown costume, which led to the creation of the studio's first star, Koko the Clown. Koko appeared in the successful 1920s series **OUT OF THE INKWELL** (not to be confused with the 1960s TV cartoons of that title), which combine animation with live-action film of Max at the drawing-board, allowing no such petty restrictions as two-dimensional status to prevent Koko entering Max's world. In **THE CURE** (1924), Koko has been drawn with toothache simply because Max has one. His own suffering ended (by the withdrawal of what turns out to be a whole apple), Koko leaves the drawing-board, attaches string to Max's tooth and starts to pull. Back in the cartoon scene, he finds himself towing in a cartoon lion – with toothache. The lion and various other animal patients are dealth with (among them a clam who is fitted with dentures!) until Max squirts laughing gas into the cartoon surgery. Koko turns the gas loose in the studio, sending Max into hysterics followed by the furniture and ornaments, which develop faces that collapse into laughter. As the gas spreads outside, motor-cars and shops join in the merriment while Koko pulls Max's tooth before being returned to the ink bottle.

Another successful series invited audiences to sing to a lyric picked out by a bouncing ball, in the **SONG CAR-TUNE** releases. A much later example of this format uses the Popeye theme, incorporating footage from his first Fleischer appearance. In the mid-'20s, a number of these were issued with synchronised sound using Lee DeForest's **PHONOFILM** system, predating both Disney's sound debut with **STEAMBOAT WILLIE** (1928) and for that matter interest in sound by the film industry in general. Others, such as **IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE** were made for advertising purposes, part of a diversification that also included instructional films.

The Fleischers' first major star in talkies was an unusual one; a pretty girl character named **BETTY BOOP**, created by animator Grim Natwick. In addition to Betty's obvious sexuality was a blend of bizarre imagery (particularly in the 1933 **SNOW WHITE**), clever visual gags and the self-parodying awareness of cartoon status inherited from the **INKWELL** series. Occasional contributions from such jazz greats of the day as Cab Calloway and Louis Armstrong (whose film debut was made in a Boop cartoon) confirm this to have been a studio not aiming its product toward children.

Betty's popularity meant that she proved useful in launching any new ideas, and it is in a July 1933 Boop cartoon that Popeye makes his first screen appearance. Titled simply **POPEYE THE SAILOR**, the film establishes the future pattern of Popeye films while allowing Betty time for a cameo appearance as an underclad hula dancer.

Popeye's theme tune, written by Sam Lerner, is present (though not over the titles), as is the triangle between himself, Olive Oyl and the hulking menace of Segar's story **THE EIGHTH SEA**, Bluto. Ideal as the series' recurrent villain, Bluto had been intended for only one episode in the newspaper strip – as Popeye had been – but his film fame ensured occasional reappearances later on. In **POPEYE THE SAILOR** he gets off to a most discouraging start, as a tree sent skyward by Popeye returns to earth to form Bluto's coffin!

Further elaborated from the original is an emphasis on spinach-fuelled strength as a climactic turning-point in Popeye's fortunes, a dramatic necessity in the brief Fleischer tales though not in Segar's continuing narrative. This boost to his strength (accompanied by a fanfare after a few cartoons) would be illustrated by a cutaway view of Popeye's bulging bicep, revealing armies, tanks, dynamos and so on. Overall, it is clear that the Fleischer staff examined the Segar original very closely; one of several early films titled after Popeye catchphrases, **BLOW ME DOWN** (1933) features a dance by saloon-girl Olive taken directly from a Segar episode of March 1932. The characters

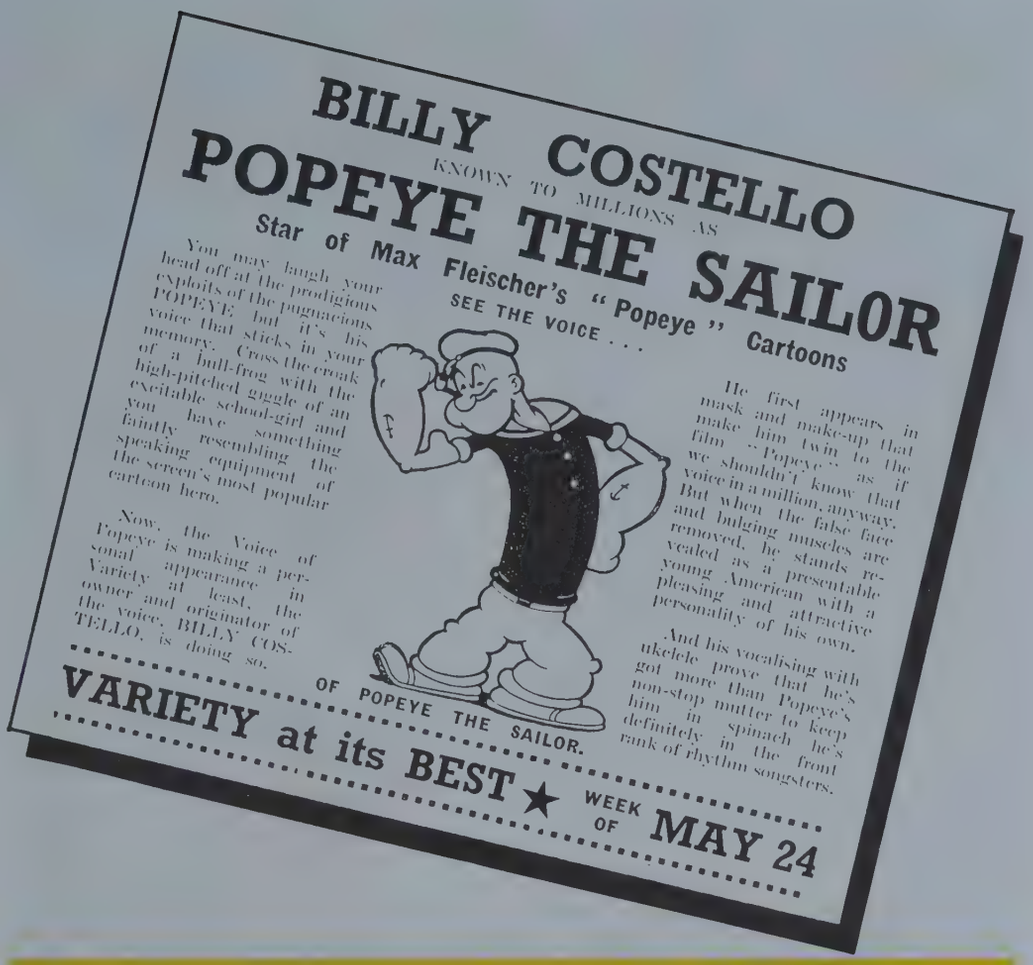
tend to behave as do their strip counterparts, rotund con-man J. Wellington Wimpy declaring in **WE AIM TO PLEASE** (1934) "I will gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today." The Sailor

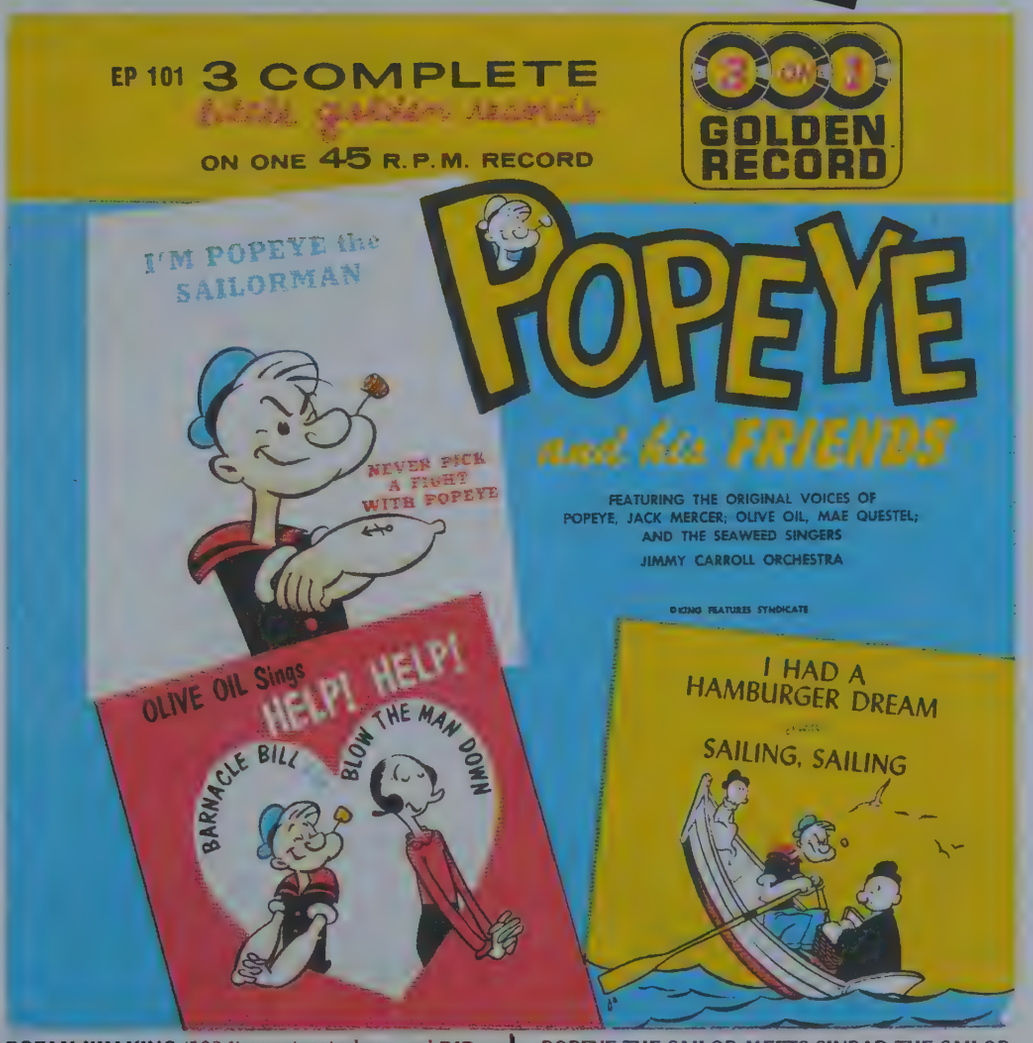
Man's "adoptid boy-kid" Swee'pea creates panic wandering among zoo animals in **LITTLE SWEE'PEA** (1936) while demonstrating the problems of pacifying a screaming infant in **I LIKE BABIES AND INFINKS** (1937). When Swee'pea disappears in **THE JEEP** (1938), the strange, psychic creature of the title (from whom the word derives) has the task of finding him, with his customary diet of orchids as incentive. Those other odd Segar creations, the Goons (another addition to the language) are enshrined in 1938's **GOONLAND**, a classic in which we see the Fleischers' version of the rediscovery of Poopdeck Pappy, Popeye's nasty nonagenarian parent. Pappy's initial rejection of his son in **GOONLAND** compares to the headaches he causes Popeye in **WITH POOPDECK PAPPY** (1940), where his refusal to age gracefully – particularly in a rough dance hall – results in one of Popeye's less quiet evenings.

Many of the Fleischer cartoons reflect their period and waterfront settings in telling fashion. Most of the buildings have a run-down, dilapidated look and the sight of barefoot children completes the scene. In **WE AIM TO PLEASE** there is a direct reference to the Depression, when small-time restaurateur Popeye reacts to his first customer (Wimpy) with a cry of "New Deal!"

The voice characterisations proved extremely fortunate. Olive's voice, by Mae Questel (also of Betty Boop) took several films to perfect, with a little help from Zasu Pitts. Speaking for Popeye in early exploits was Billy Costello, in a recognisable but more severe interpretation than that familiar today. Costello, known also as "Red Pepper Sam," was a vaudeville singer with a line in comic voices. His 78s make it clear that the Popeye voice was already in his repertoire, and his notably gravelly tones match the ruthless behaviour of the early Popeye, from the days before a massive child following required him to set a better example (in 1933's **I EATS MY SPINACH** Popeye is not above sneaking into a rodeo using the same ticket as Olive!). In the first of the official Popeye series, **I YAM WHAT I YAM** (1933) he mops up a tribe of Red Indians without hesitation (their chief turns out to be Gandhi in disguise) while the same year's **WILD ELEPHINKS** might horrify conservationists as an island's animal population becomes a selection of fur coats for Olive.

Although Costello was to continue as Popeye on gramphone records and in a variety tour of Britain, by the mid-1930s she had been superseded in films by the lighter touch of Fleischer employee Jack Mercer. Mercer – later to receive story credit in some releases – developed the ad-libbed asides pioneered by Costello into a regular part of the character, at his peak by this time. The imaginative Fleischer staff explored familiar situations, as in **PLEASED TO MEET CHA!** (1935) where Popeye and Bluto's scrapping wrecks the Oyl residence, and some decidedly unfamiliar ones such as that in **THE SPINACH OVERTURE** (1935) as rival orchestra-leaders Popeye and Bluto do battle synchronised to classical music. The musical aspect was an important part of the series. Special songs were used in titles such as **KING OF THE MARDI GRAS** (1935), **I WANNA BE A LIFEGUARD** (1936) and **BROTHERLY LOVE** (1936), the latter's title song being sung over the radio by Olive. Her anti-violence crusade in this film induces Popeye to adopt a friendlier lifestyle full of good deeds – among them restoring a wrecked car to shape by flicking it out like a bedsheet – but this lasts only until Olive's peace march reaches a massive street battle that Popeye is attempting to quell. The **BROTHERLY LOVE** song became a little more permanent, recurring in several cartoons to accompany Popeye's jaunty step. The Fleischers' connection with Paramount enables them to use songs from the parent studio's feature films, both as incidental music and for the basis of entire episodes, notably **A DREAM WALKING** (1934) constructed around **DID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING?** from Paramount's 1933 feature **SITTING PRETTY**. Paramount in turn realised the value of these cartoons, wasting no opportunity for publicity (such as having W.C. Fields square up to a full-size model Popeye) and encouraging the Fleischers into more elaborate endeavours.


BILLY COSTELLO
KNOWN TO MILLIONS AS
POPEYE THE SAILOR
Star of Max Fleischer's "Popeye" Cartoons
SEE THE VOICE . . .
You may laugh your head off at the prodigious exploits of the pugnacious POPEYE but it's his voice that sticks in your memory. Cross the croak of a bull-frog with the high-pitched giggle of an excitable school-girl and you have something faintly resembling the speaking equipment of the screen's most popular cartoon hero.
Now, the Voice of Popeye is making a personal appearance in Variety at least, the owner and originator of the voice, BILLY COSTELLO, is doing so.
He first appears in mask and make-up that make him twin to the film "Popeye" as if we shouldn't know that voice in a million, anyway. But when the false face and bulging muscles are removed, he stands revealed as a presentable young American with a pleasing and attractive personality of his own.
And his vocalising with ukelele prove that he's got more than Popeye's non-stop mutter to keep him in spinach he's definitely in the front rank of rhythm songsters.
OF POPEYE THE SAILOR.
VARIETY at its BEST ★ WEEK OF MAY 24



POPEYE THE SAILOR MEETS SINBAD THE SAILOR (1936), a Technicolor two-reeler (nearly twenty minutes) presents Bluto as a villainous Sinbad ruling over an island populated by the strange creatures captured on his travels. When the giant Roc is ordered to wreck Popeye's ship and abduct Olive, the feathered monster obliges but Popeye gives chase, disposing of the enormous bird –

who attempts to drop Popeye into a volcano, only to return resembling a roast turkey! – and Sinbad's two-headed henchman Boola, Spinach, and Popeye's famed "Twisker Punch" see the tyrant's downfall, punctuated by a twist on Sinbad's bombastic theme song: "Who's the most remarkable, extraordinary fellow? You, Popeye the Sailor!" **SINBAD** gains considerably from another of Max Fleischer's inventions, in which three-dimensional backgrounds are achieved by suspending the animation cells in a miniature set mounted on a turntable. With this process, already used in some normal one-reel releases, Fleischer once more anticipated Disney, whose own 3D background process, the Multiplane camera, was not unveiled until the following year. Although Disney's **COUNTRY COUSIN** beat SINBAD to that year's Oscar, revenge was to come in 1938 when Popeye forced Mickey Mouse into second place in a popularity poll. **SINBAD** inspired two further Arabian Nights adventures, **POPEYE MEETS ALI BABA'S FORTY THIEVES** (1937) and **ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP** (1939), while the regular series continued to great acclaim. In 1937 the spinach industry acknowledged Popeye's contribution to its prosperity by unveiling a statue of him in Crystal City, Texas while, inevitably, old "Blow-Me-Down" made his way to the airwaves. Billy Costello is known to have broadcast while in England, and in America a series was launched starring Floyd Buckley as an unusual-sounding Popeye thriving on the sponsor's produce – a cereal named Wheatena – in lieu of Spinach. Strangely, Swee'pea was replaced by a more talkative lad called Matey; even stranger is the surviving gramophone record of "America's Radio Popeye" singing songs from the Fleischer cartoons!

The late 1930s cartoons became modernised in appearance – particularly after a studio move to Miami – but the gag content and imagination remained. **GOONLAND** – possibly best of the one-reelers – has been mentioned, and another 1938 cartoon, **BULLDOZING THE BULL**, has much of interest. Opening outside a bullring, filling the screen with its huge gates as tiny figures pass by (an effect wasted on TV), **BULLDOZING THE BULL** presents us with an animal-loving Popeye unwilling even to enter the place until attracted by a passing senorita (Olive, of course). Sitting next to her is not a good idea since it is the matador's enclosure, and quite soon Popeye is in the ring with a particularly vicious bull. The unwilling toreador refuses to fight the dumb animal until Olive is in danger, when he springs into action and wins the fight – but refuses to make a kill. The bull charges, and just as Popeye prepares to defend himself this typical Fleischer animal offers a hoof to shake in friendship. Comparison of this with **I EATS MY SPINACH** of five years earlier shows how clearly the Fleischer cartoons had followed the modification to Popeye's character in the Segar strip; the earlier cartoon concludes with a bull charging Popeye only to be hit so hard he falls to earth as a fully-stocked butcher's shop!

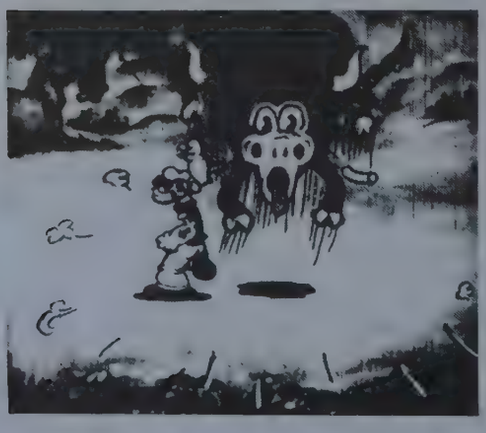
Some danger signs were apparent by the early 1940s, with some decline in the standard of

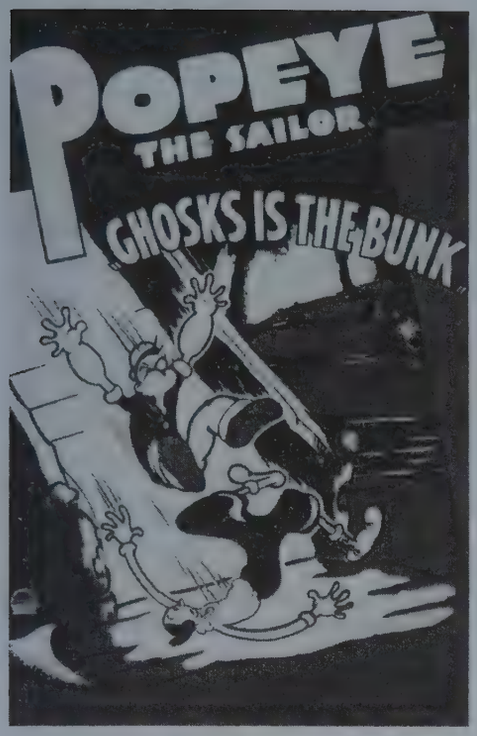
the ace color cartoon of 1936-1937
18 minutes of 3-dimensional laughs... three times the footage of the average one-reel cartoon!
MAX FLEISCHER'S
"Sindbad the Sailor"
starring POPEYE
with
Olive Oyl, Wimpy and a great supporting cast. What happens when the spinach-eating seaman—Popeye—gets wrecked on Sindbad's famous tropical island. A short that's going to hit up in the feature picture class in plenty of smart houses.
Two years in the making, and employing all the latest technical developments with sure-fire Popeye starring, prove this absolutely
100%
BOX-OFFICE

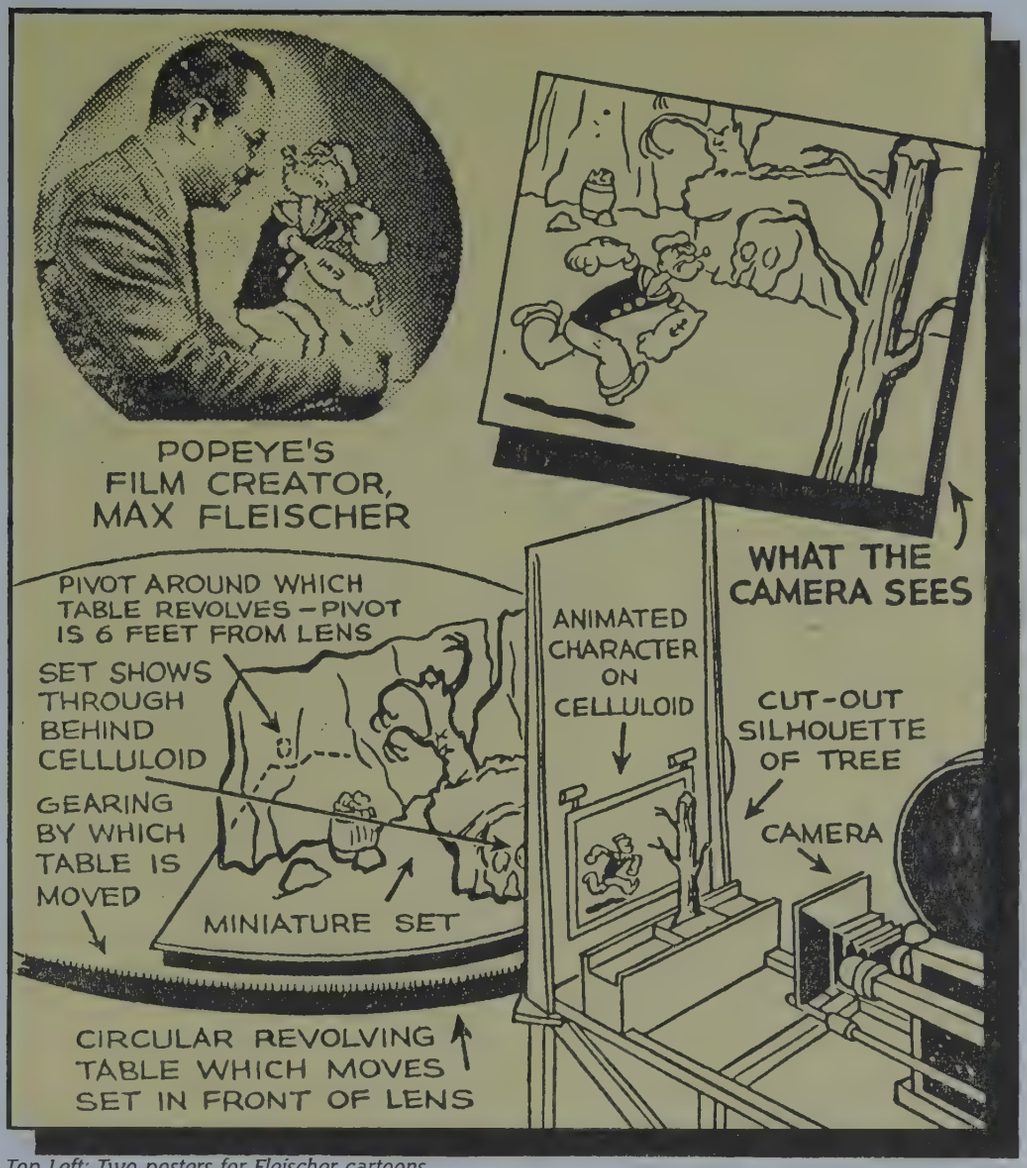
artwork (though not in gags) plus some disturbing shifts of format. One such was the introduction of a quartet of lookalike nephews, Pip-Eye, Peep-Eye, Poop-Eye and Pup-Eye (seen earlier as Popeye's imaginary sons in the 1939 **WIMMIN IS A MYSKERY**), doubtless inspired by Donald Duck's nephews and soon to push Swee'pea into the background. When the Fleischer brothers lost control of their studio in 1942, Paramount moved it back to New York under the name Famous Studios. The decline continued although the descent was to be relatively slow.

America's entry into the war provided new territory to explore, Popeye being in line with most cartoon characters when appearing in such subtly-titled exploits as **YOU'RE A SAP MR. JAP** and **SCRAP THE JAPS** (both 1942), clad now in white U.S. Navy uniform. This change of costume (sometimes varied to blue) remained with him in animation until the late 1970s' unfortunate since the character's visual impact diminished considerably with this bland appearance. Segar himself had made and rectified this same mistake as early as 1929, Popeye's original all-white outfit being balanced out by the substitution of a dark shirt within a month of his debut.

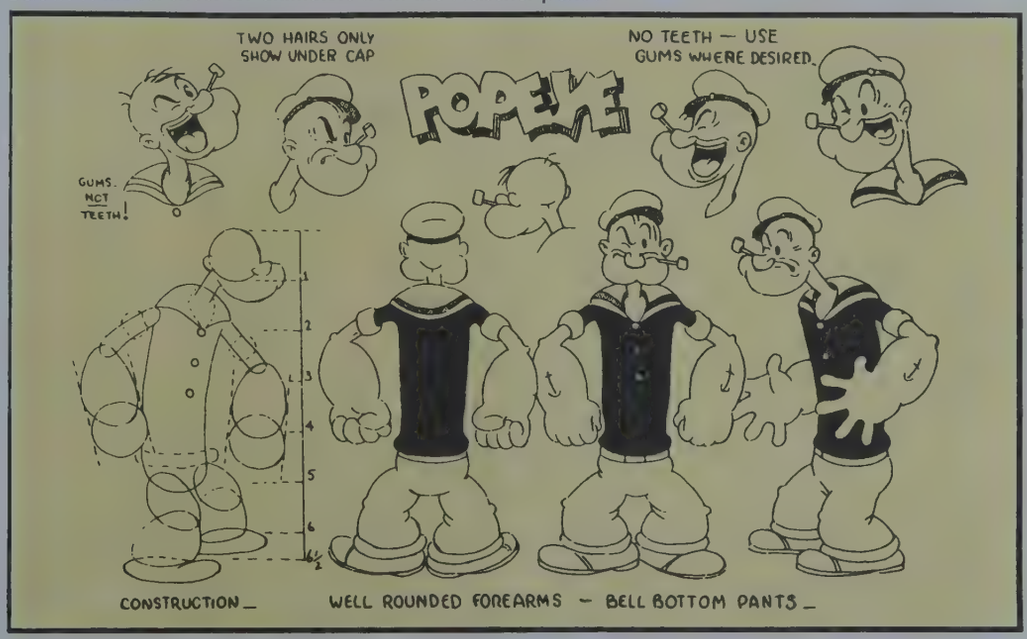
In addition to active service, adventures continued on the Home Front as in the clever **CARTOONS AIN'T HUMAN** (1943), in which Popeye has taken up the art of animation. When screening his matchstick-man Popeye film, the projector starts to tumble sending its audience scurrying around the room in pursuit of the image. This awareness of cartoon status is partially in keeping with **OUT OF THE INKWELL** but is in danger of reaching a self-consciousness undermining the characters' credibility. When in **PITCHIN' WOO AT THE ZOO** (1944) Bluto dismisses Popeye as the sort of face only seen in an animated cartoon, it threatens a gag-oriented approach without regard for characterisation. **CARTOONS AIN'T HUMAN** was the last to be made in black-and-white. The addition of colour on a regular basis provided a boost, and some titles have much to commend in any case: **MARRY-GO-ROUND** (1943) shows Popeye too nervous to propose to Olive, and in trying to






POPEYE'S FILM CREATOR, MAX FLEISCHER
WHAT THE CAMERA SEES
PIVOT AROUND WHICH TABLE REVOLVES – PIVOT IS 6 FEET FROM LENS
SET SHOWS THROUGH BEHIND CELLULOID
GEARING BY WHICH TABLE IS MOVED
MINIATURE SET
ANIMATED CHARACTER ON CELLULOID
CUT-OUT SILHOUETTE OF TREE
CAMERA
CIRCULAR REVOLVING TABLE WHICH MOVES SET IN FRONT OF LENS

Top Left: Two posters for Fleischer cartoons.
Above: Publicity drawing explaining the operation of the miniature set the studio built to give animated cartoons a three-dimensional background.
Below: A model sheet for animators from the Fleischer period.


TWO HAIRS ONLY SHOW UNDER CAP
NO TEETH – USE GUMS WHERE DESIRED.
POPEYE
GUMS. NOT TEETH!
CONSTRUCTION –
WELL ROUNDED FOREARMS – BELL BOTTOM PANTS –

demonstrate the correct method Popeye's pal Shorty inadvertently steals Olive's affections. At the end, a disgusted Popeye exchanges his pin-ups of Olive for Shorty's photographs of Paramount star Dorothy Lamour! **SHE-SICK SAILORS** (1944) capitalises on the earlier Fleischer/Famous **SUPERMAN** adaptation by having Bluto in turn capitalise on Olive's infatuation with the Man of Steel by masquerading as him. Faking various super-feats (simulating flight using an umbrella), he convinces Olive and has the better of Popeye until spinach transforms the Sailor Man into a **genuine** super-hero. In **SHAPE AHOY** (1945), a rare truce between Popeye and Bluto exists as they share a tropical island from which women are barred. Peace ends with the arrival of castaway Olive, on a raft with her bloomers as a sail. The boys' surreptitious attempts to woo the attractive stranger become open warfare until Olive's attentions are diverted by another castaway – bearing a striking resemblance to Frank Sinatra! Popeye's voice in this cartoon is different, suggesting this as an occasion where Mae Questel's Popeye imitation – a tribute to her versatility – proved useful, Jack Mercer sometimes being unavailable through war service.

The post-war films continued to mix good ideas with banal, the ratio becoming increasingly unfavourable. A general look of blandness became apparent while certain departures from tradition – such as Popeye regularly regaining his missing right eye and teeth – are far from praiseworthy. In **BABY WANTS SPINACH** (1950), an unrecognisable infant is referred to as "cousin Swee'pea"!

Animation standards remained high but the action element was dwindling. Animator Gordon Sheehan recalled an element of pressure from anti-violence groups (reminiscent of Olive's campaign in **BROTHERLY LOVE!**) taking away some of his colleagues' enthusiasm, and much of the humour veered toward a type of silliness; in **TAR WITH A STAR** (1949) desperados quite literally make off with a bank. Topicality distinguishes some titles, the election year of 1949 producing **OLIVE OYL FOR PRESIDENT,** a remake of the 1932 Fleischer cartoon **BETTY BOOP FOR PRESIDENT** with a similar parade of amusing

policies (chaffeur-driven road sweepers, enclosed fire hydrants for dogs) delivered in a snappy campaign song. The same year saw the first post-war Olympic Games, commemorated in **POPEYE MEETS HERCULES** by a flashback to the original Games in ancient Greece. **HERCULES** presents a more ominous sign of the times: within Popeye's bulging bicep is a nuclear explosion!

In isolation, the films of this period generally are good, with flashes of the old energy – the lunatic roller-coaster chase of **ABUSEMENT PARK** (1947), with Popeye, Olive, Bluto and a string of terrified circus elephants stands out – but direct comparison with the Fleischer days proves a mistake in **POPEYE'S PREMIERE** (1949), **POPEYE MAKES A MOVIE** (1950) and **BIG BAD SINBAD** (1952). While occasional films had been constructed from old clips within a framing device since **ADVENTURES OF POPEYE** in (1935) (customary in a long-running series), they had tended to be from relatively recent exploits; these three titles incorporate footage from the Fleischer colour specials with the new material easily outshone by the old.

There are still nice touches: when **POPEYE MAKES A MOVIE** from his earlier encounter with the Forty Thieves, his excitable nephews are on hand to throw him a can of spinach from off-camera. In a nautical museum the same nephews (only three this time) ask their uncle about the statue of **BIG BAD SINBAD,** and after a flashback take chisels to alter the statue to one of Popeye. **POPEYE'S PREMIERE** of the 1939 Aladdin tale concludes with its stars chauffeured away in an airborne limousine by the Genie of the Lamp!

While **ACE OF SPACE** keeps pace with the world of 1953, many 1950s cartoons draw their inspiration from the past. **POPEYE'S PAPPY** (1952) echoes **GOONLAND** with the discovery of Poopdeck Pappy ruling a cannibal isle, while **SHAVING MUGGS** (1953) and **A HAUL IN ONE** (1956) are close remakes of the 1936 Fleischer cartoons **A CLEAN SHAVEN MAN** and **LET'S GET MOVIN'.** An opportunity for genuine reminiscence was thrown away in **POPEYE'S TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY** (1954) where at a testimonial dinner (attended by Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Jimmy Durante and others)

we see clips from a random selection of Famous cartoons rather than a properly constructed tribute. Even the framing devices for these compilations begin to look back, **PENNY ANTICS** (1955) repeating the what-the-butler-saw idea from Fleischer's 1939 **CUSTOMERS WANTED.**

Another election in 1956 brought forth **POPEYE FOR PRESIDENT,** but by this time the satirical absurdity of its predecessors had been abandoned in favour of the overworked Popeye – Bluto conflict, in this case as the rival candidates compete for Olive's deciding vote. Damaging as the lack of imagination had become, the animation at least retained its standard; by the 1957 cartoons **SPREE LUNCH** and **SPOOKY SWABS** even these had slipped and it seemed time to end the series.

At the end of the 1950s television took up animation at the moment of its abandonment by the clients, and the success of the Paramount films on TV led King Features, owners of the Popeye characters to commission more than 200 new titles for the new market. This sizeable order had to be spread among a number of studios and, not unexpedtedly, the standard is low. Few are worthy of discussion, although among the better examples is **HITS AND MISSILES** (1960) where Popeye, Olive and Wimpy travel to the moon to discover it not only made of cheese but inhabited by similarly-composed beings, ruled over by a tyrannical "Big Cheese." **POPEYE AND THE DRAGON** (1960) takes us back to the days of chivalry, with Sir Popeye acquiring armour modified from a kitchen boiler and a horse paid for with the medieval equivalent of a credit card. **ME QUEST FOR POOPDECK PAPPY** provides yet another variation on the return of Pappy to civilisation.

Another TV product gave Popeye his first role in a feature-length story, **THE MAN WHO HATED LAUGHTER** (a vehicle for an Ark-load of King Features characters), while the TV period itself brought about another surge of Popeye merchandising, one of the more interesting examples being new recordings by Jack Mercer and Mae Questel. Titles on these children's records include the Popeye theme, an amusing version of **BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR** plus some good advice in **NEVER PICK A FIGHT WITH POPEYE.**

A period of screen dormancy was ended late in the 1970s by a new TV series from the studios of William Hanna and Joseph Barbera, giants of the limited animation TV cartoon since their departure from MGM – and the **TOM & JERRY** series – at the end of the '50s. Their **ALL-NEW POPEYE SHOW** seemed to some (though not all) an improvement on the '60s cartoons, one obvious bonus being Bluto's return to his original name after having been known as Brutus in earlier TV appearances (a name he retains in the newspaper strip). Another was the reinstatement of Popeye's former outfit (barring the cap), although his traditional black shirt had acquired a blue rinse. This reversion is explained by his apparent retirement from the Navy, to be called back on occasion for special assignments. He certainly seems older, both in graphic terms and voice characterisation, Jack Mercer's voice having roughened considerably.

A younger man was soon to enter the pictures. Robin Williams, star of TV's **MORK AND MINDY** (one episode of which includes his Popeye impression!) was second choice for the title role

French poster advertising a festival of Popeye animated cartoons.

of Paramount's live-action feature **POPEYE** (1980), the first, Dustin Hoffman, having departed from the project early on. The cast, particularly Shelley Duvall as Olive, look effectively cartoon-like encased in foam rubber and bizarre costumes (Robin Williams required several pairs of enlarged Popeye forearms) that must have been a trial in the hot Maltese climate. The Anchor Bay, Malta location has kept the vast, ramshackle "Popeye Village" set as a popular tourist attraction. The film itself, directed by Robert Altman, produced by Robert Evans and distributed by the Disney organisation seemed less able to please the crowds even though it generated the greatest amount of Popeye publicity in years. On reaching UK screens early in 1981, it seemed to have undergone drastic trimming, lacking about one half of the Harry Nilsson songs found on the soundtrack album. During the long delay prior to release BBC-TV's **DISNEY TIME** had screened a clip including one of the deleted songs, **I'M MEAN** sung by Paul L. Smith as Bluto. Although not the success hoped for, at least one critic, Alexander Walker in the London **EVENING STANDARD** found it "the most original bit of entertainment in years," praising "the dazzling inventiveness of its execution." The script, by cartoonist Jules Feiffer tells (again) of Popeye's search for his father,during which he meets Olive, finds Swee'pea, fights Bluto and learns the value of spinach. The idea of a spinach-hating Popeye converted to its merits when force-fed by Poopdeck Pappy may appal buffs familiar with Segar's account (Popeye laughs at having to be **told** to eat his spinach!), but purists had more to worry them in subsequent Hanna-Barbera cartoons with Popeye transformed to the Stone Age and Olive teamed with Alice, the Goon in a series reminscent of **PRIVATE BENJAMIN.**

The most recent series provides perhaps the biggest surprise yet, as **POPEYE AND SON** reveals the spinach-eater and his sweetie finally to have married – and produced a son. Junior resembles neither parent but has inherited his father's diet and strength. Bluto, too has settled down, heredity likewise investing his own offspring with the characteristics that have served him so badly. Popeye has continued to age (with a new voice, Jack Mercer having died in 1984), attired today in a floral Hawaiian shirt while Olive dresses for aerobics. The process of domestication is complete, and Swee'pea has been exiled in favour of a blood relative. Is this the end of Popeye's movie story? Somehow, one suspects he isn't scuppered yet.

THIMBLE THEATRE
Starring Popeye
YER SENDING WIMPY OVER WIT'A PRESINK FOR SWEE'PEA? OKAY, OLIVE, THANKS FOR THE WARN-ING
H-M! DOLL DISHES
GREETINGS, POPEYE, I HAVE HERE A SLIGHT TOKEN OF FONDNESS FOR YOUR ADOPTED OFFSPRING
!
INFINK DISHES THA'S SWELL, WIMPY!
COULDJA STAY WIT SWEE'PEA WHILE I GO AN SEE A MAN?
CERTAINLY, MY FRIEND, DO NOT HURRY BACK BECAUSE OF US
WE SHALL SET THE TABLE WITH YOUR LITTLE DISHES
?
THE TABLE IS ALL SET, BUT SOMETHING IS LACKING. THERE SHOULD BE FOOD
H-M! A BAKED MALLARD DUCK!
I TRUST THE CHILD EATS WILD GAME
YOU DO NOT CARE FOR SOME DUCK? NO? THAT IS VERY UNFORTUNATE
?
AHEM!
!
WIMPY! DID SWEE'PEA EAT 'AT DUCK?
BEG PARDON, SIR, WE WIMPYS ARE NOT TATTLERS
LISSING, THAT DUCK WAS FULL'A BULLICKS. YER'LL GET LEAD POISONINK!
WHAT?
I DIDN' KNOW IT WAS SA DANGEROUSK, DOCTOR!
YA SEZ PUT SWEE'PEA IN HIS CRADLE AN' KEEP HIM QUIET?
!
WHERE'S WIMPY?
GLOP
ERF
ARF! ARF!
? ! ? !
!
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Last Sunday Page by 'Doc' Winner (edited to comic book format).

THIMBLE THEATRE
Registered U. S. Patent Office
Starring Popeye
FOUR O'CLOCK AN' ME POPPA HAS NOT COME HOME YET
OH, SAIL-OR B'WARE — B'WARE
?
AHOY ON BOARD WHICH WAY IS PORT?
!
G'MORNIN' SON OL' KID, OL' THING
JUS' BREAK THE NEWS TO MOMMA
HE ORTA EAT SUMPIN'- I WILL FIX HIM SOME EGGS AN' TOASK
I DIDN'T ASK THEIR NAMES, I JUS' SEZ TO 'EM-
EATCHA EGGS AN' TOASK
G'NIGHT
OH, YER POOPDECK PAPPY THEY SEZ- YAS I SEZ-
Z Z Z Z Z Z
GLOP
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN-NO ICE?
IT MUSTA BEEN THE EGGS AN' TOASK-
POOEY
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First Sunday Page by Bela Zaboly (edited to comic book format).

A selection of early Sunday Pages by Bela 'Bill' Zaboly.

AMERICA'S GREATEST SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1940 COMIC WEEKLY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

AT "MYSTERIOUS SPRINGS"

APPO

BOUNCING WATER?

THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS—BOUNCING WATER

BOUNCING WATER

DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL, SAPPO?

SLUP

BOUNCING WATER

?

NOW WE'LL SEE IF THE "BOUNCING WATER" SIGN MEANS ANYTHING

WIMPY'S ZOO'S WHO!

THE "LAP-LAP"

SAVE THIS CUT-OUT

HE HAS A DIFFERENT TONGUE TO RELISH EVERY DISH, WHETHER IT BE SWEET OR SOUR, HOT OR COLD—*OR EVEN FISH!*

1-PASTE THIS PANEL ON CARD-BOARD. 2-CUT IT OUT. 3-FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINES.

?

!

STOP, SAPPO

I CAN'T STOP, PROF.

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?

SLIDE DOWN, SAPPO—DON'T TRY TO JUMP

5-5

Thimble Theatre

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WELL, I'LL—

OH, MY GORSH

LOOK AT WIMPY

ARF! ARF

WHA'SA BIG IDEAR, WIMPY?

POPEYE, MY FRIEND, YOUR SURPRISE OVER MY BECOMING A MEMBER OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT IS MOST UNSEEMLY

HAVE YOU NO CIVIC PRIDE?

I SUSPOSE YER ON DUTY NOW?

A VOLUNTEER FIREMAN IS NEVER OFF DUTY, AT ANY MOMENT THE SLIGHTEST WISP OF SMOKE WILL BRING ME SWIFTLY TO THE SCENE

IN FACT, INSTEAD OF SITTING IDLE AND WAITING FOR CONFLAGRATIONS I SEEK THEM CONSTANTLY

IF I SEES ONE, I'LL LETCHA KNOW, WIMPY

YA KIN FIX ME A HAMBURGER, ROUGH-HOUSE

ONE HAMBURGER

SO WIMPY'S A VOLUNTEER FIREMAN! AN' THEY HAS ABOUT ONE FIRE A YEAR TO FIGHT!

WELL, THAT OUGHTA KEEP I'M BUSY

ARF ARF

WHERE IS THE FIRE?

FIRE?

?

I'M QUITE SURE THERE IS A FIRE, PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SERVE COFFEE AND SANDWICHES TO THE FIREMEN?

GET OUT OF HERE—YOU—

!

STAND ASIDE, PLEASE, I KNEW THERE WAS A FIRE

?

?

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HMM—THIS IS AN EMERGENCY, UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE NO FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT—NONE, EXCEPT MY WITS

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SMOTHERED THE BURNING OBUECT WITH A BUN, I SHALL EXTINGUISH IT OUTSIDE—KINDLY REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE—THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

!

?

WAIT!

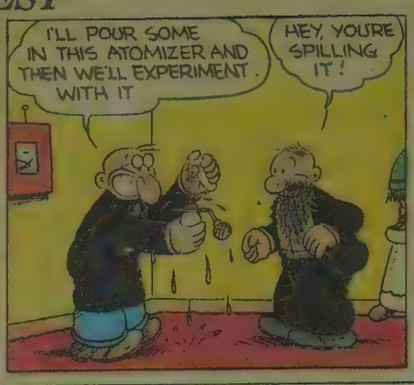
HEY!

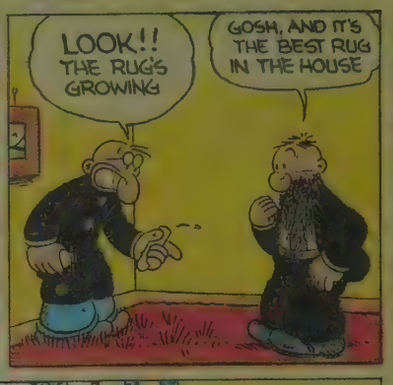
YER TOO LATE, HE'S GONE

SWISH

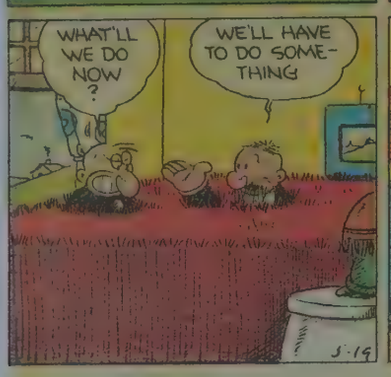
ARF ARF

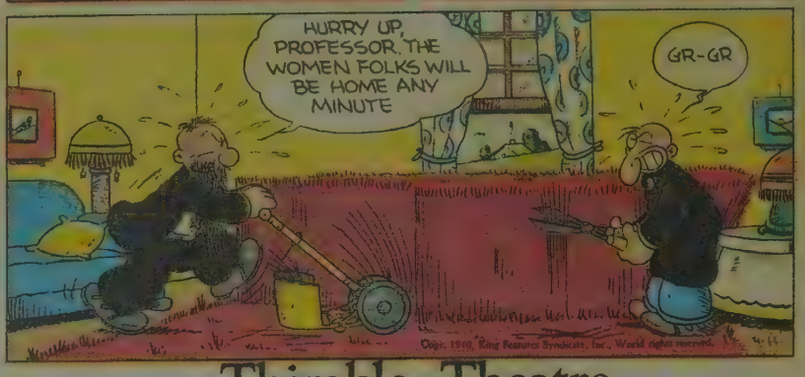
5-5





WIMPY'S
ZOO'S WHO!
THE "PRETZ-O-MOO"
SAVE THIS CUT-OUT
HIS HORNS ARE LIKE PRETZELS, AND HE SPORTS A MUSTACHE TOO, BUT AFTER HE WETS HIS WHISTLE ALL HE BLOWS IS — MOO!
1- PASTE THIS PANEL ON CARD-BOARD.
2- CUT IT OUT.
3- FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINES.





Thimble Theatre

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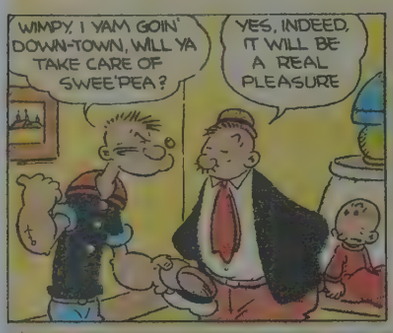

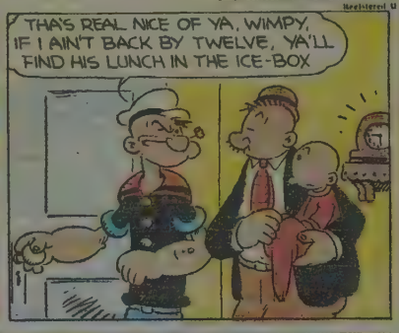

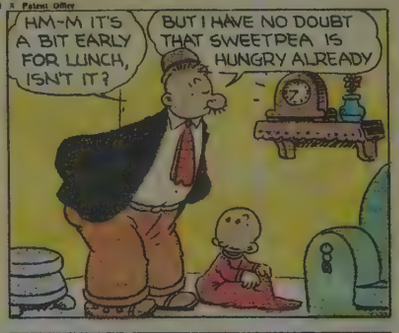

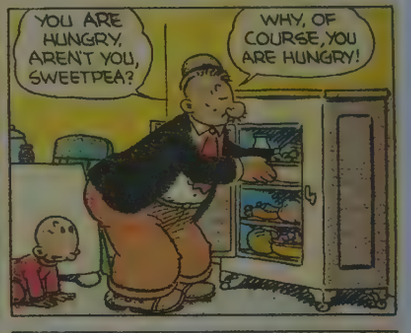

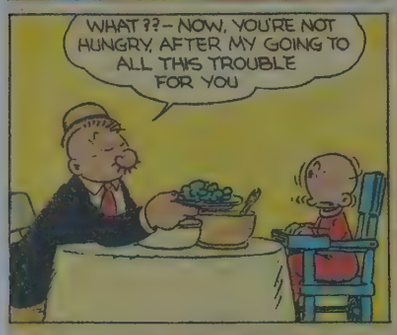

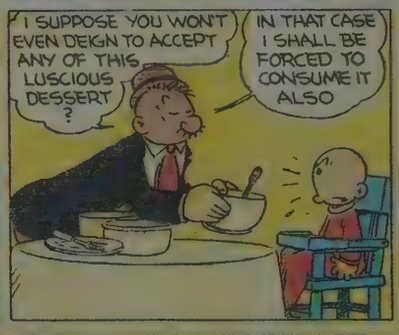

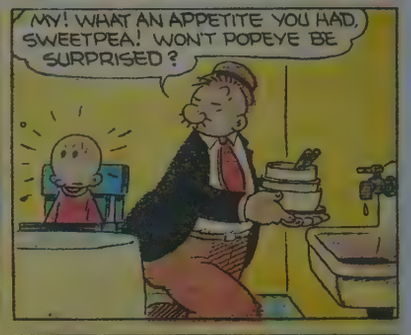

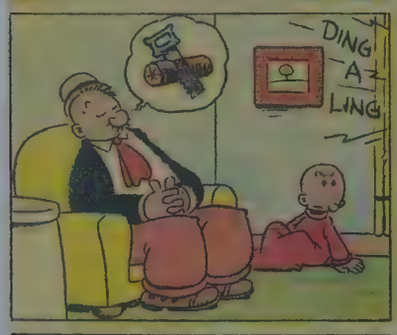

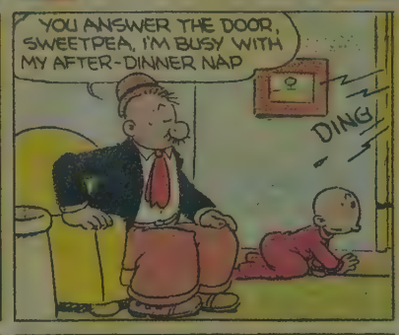

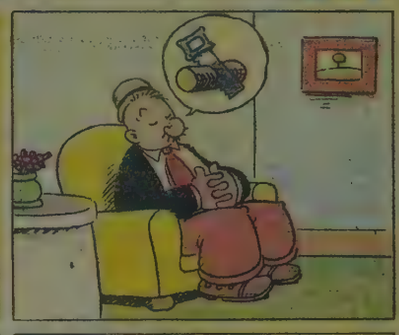

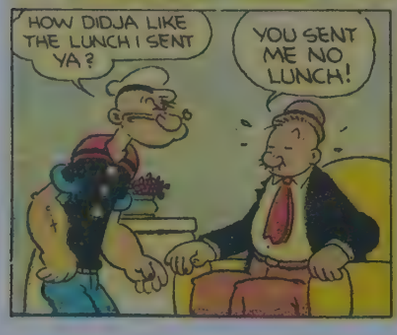

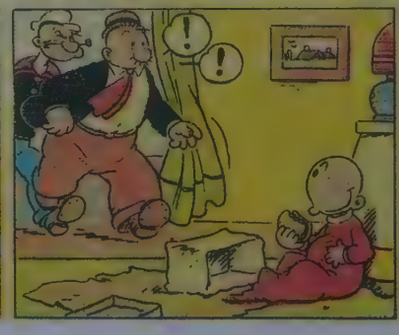

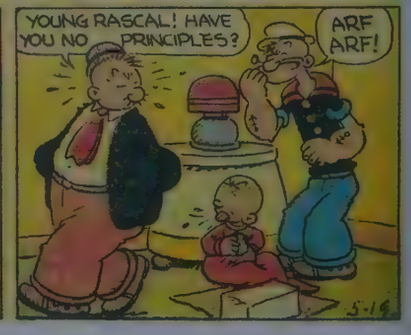

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SAPPO

LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE. I DON'T WANT TO LOSE MY WHISKERS AGAIN

AT "MYSTERIOUS SPRINGS"

By BZ

SAPPO

DON'T WORRY, DEAR. IT'S ONLY THE RADIATOR

BANG SWOOSH

IT'S A GOOD THING I BROUGHT ALONG SOME WATER

DON'T FORGET THAT'S MYSTERIOUS WATER

SLOW DOWN, SAPPO

I CAN'T—THE CAR IS OUT OF CONTROL!

SWISH

HAH! A PERFECT FOUR-WHEEL LANDING, SAPPO

YES, AND RIGHT IN OUR OWN DRIVEWAY

PLOP

5-26

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WIMPY'S ZOO'S WHO!

THE "OO"-FLOAT

HIS FEET ARE SHAPED LIKE RUBBER BALLS AND FILLED WITH AIR THROUGHOUT, AND WHEN THE HEAT OF SUMMER COMES, HE'LL FIND A POOL AND FLOAT ABOUT.

SAVE THIS CUT-OUT

1-PASTE THIS PANEL ON CARD-BOARD. 2-CUT IT OUT. 3-FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINES.

Thimble Theatre

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HEAVENS! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

I NEVER REALIZED IT BEFORE

ALL MEN ARE FICKLE

"ALL MEN ARE FICKLE. THE MAN WHO PRETENDS OTHER GIRLS DO NOT INTEREST HIM IS FOOLING YOU AND LAUGHING AT YOU BEWARE OF SUCH A MAN"

THAT MEANS POPEYE

POPEYE, CAN YOU COME OVER RIGHT AWAY?

NO, I HAFTA STAY WIT' SWEE'PEA

WELL, BRING HIM ALONG

OKAY, OLIVE

OLIVE SOUNDED A LITTLE EXCITIPATED, SWEE'PEA—WON'ER WHA'S HAPPNIEND?

MAYBE IT AIN'T SERIOUS

"HAVING NO OTHER DEFENSE, THE FICKLE MAN BECOMES ANGRY WHEN ACCUSED. HIS ANGER PROVES HE IS GUILTY"

POPEYE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE

AHOY, OLIVE, WHAZZA MATTER? ENNYTHIN' IMPORTNANT?

GLOP

I DON'T KNOW YET

YOU FICKLE WRETCH!!

OH, I YAM FRICKLE, HAH? YA AST ME OVER TO TELL ME I YAM FRICKLE!

YOU CAN FOOL YOUR OTHER GIRLS, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME. YOUR ANGER PROVES YOU ARE GUILTY—I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN

OKAY, IN 'AT CASE I WON'T SPEAK TO YA AG'IN

NEVER!

LE'S GO, SWEE'PEA—I HOPES YA STILL LIKES OLIVE, B'CAUSE SHE'LL GET OVER HER GOOFY SPELL

WAIT!

GLOP

SWEE'PEA, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO POPEYE AGAIN, BUT I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING

? ?

POPEYE IS NOT TO BLAME FOR BEING FICKLE. HE IS HUMAN AND NEEDS SOMEONE TO HELP HIM—I HOPE YOU'LL STICK WITH HIM

? GLOP

LISSEN, SWEE'PEA, I KIN NOT TALK TO OLIVE ON ACCOUNT OF WE AIN'T SPEAKIN', BUT P'RAPS SHE'LL TELL YA WHERE SHE GOT THE IDEAR THAT I YAM FRICKLE

! ?

TELL POPEYE THE BOOK SAYS ALL MEN ARE FICKLE AND I KNOW THE BOOK MEANS HIM

! !

? RIP! RIP! ?

GR

SWEE'PEA, TELL OLIVE I STILL LOVES HER AN' I KIN NOT LOVE ENNYBODY ELSE—TELL HER I YAM SORRY I LOST ME TEMPER

TELL POPEYE I LOVE HIM, TOO, SWEE'PEA, AND THAT I'M SORRY I BELIEVED A SILLY BOOK

GLOP

D'YA MEANS IT, OLIVE?

YOU KNOW I DO, POPEYE

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

ERF ERF

BZ

5-26

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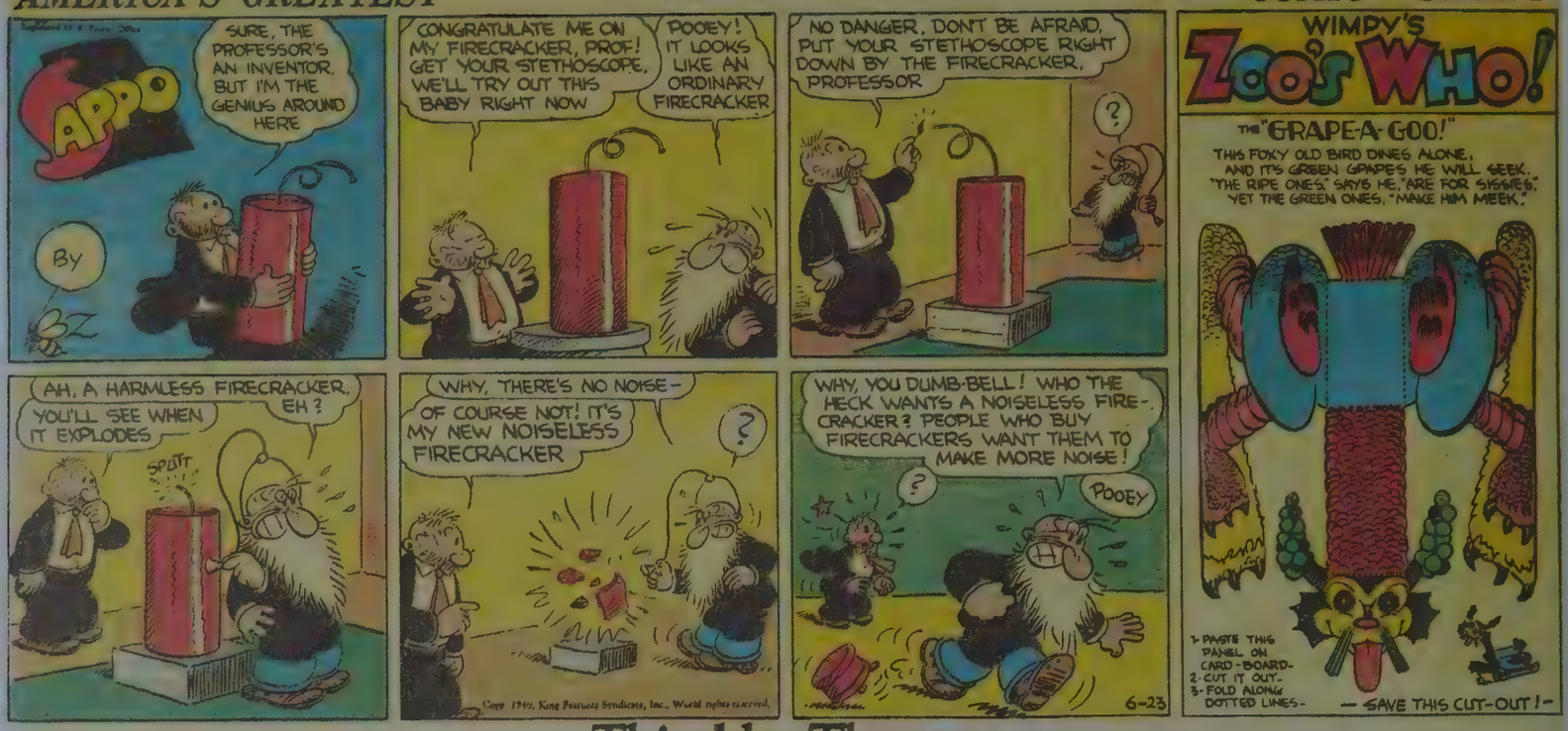
APPO
SURE, THE PROFESSOR'S AN INVENTOR, BUT I'M THE GENIUS AROUND HERE
BY
CONGRATULATE ME ON MY FIRECRACKER, PROF! GET YOUR STETHOSCOPE, WE'LL TRY OUT THIS BABY RIGHT NOW
POOEY! IT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY FIRECRACKER
NO DANGER, DON'T BE AFRAID, PUT YOUR STETHOSCOPE RIGHT DOWN BY THE FIRECRACKER, PROFESSOR
?
WIMPY'S
ZOO'S WHO!
THE "GRAPE-A-GOO!"
THIS FOXY OLD BIRD DINES ALONE, AND IT'S GREEN GRAPES HE WILL SEEK. "THE RIPE ONES," SAYS HE, "ARE FOR SISSIES," YET THE GREEN ONES, "MAKE HIM MEEK."
1- PASTE THIS PANEL ON CARD-BOARD- 2- CUT IT OUT- 3- FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINES-
— SAVE THIS CUT-OUT! —
AH, A HARMLESS FIRECRACKER, EH? YOU'LL SEE WHEN IT EXPLODES
SPUTT
WHY, THERE'S NO NOISE— OF COURSE NOT! IT'S MY NEW NOISELESS FIRECRACKER
?
WHY, YOU DUMB-BELL! WHO THE HECK WANTS A NOISELESS FIRE-CRACKER? PEOPLE WHO BUY FIRECRACKERS WANT THEM TO MAKE MORE NOISE!
?
POOEY
6-23
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Thimble Theatre

POPEYE, MY FRIEND, MAY I TRACE YOUR FAMILY TREE? I ASSURE YOU I AM AN EXPERT
NO
?
SINCE YOU DO NOT WISH ME TO TRACE YOUR FAMILY TREE, ALLOW ME TO TRACE SWEE'PEA'S
NO, I SEZ
GLOP
SURELY, AN EXPERT CAN SHAKE FRUIT FROM SOMEONE'S FAMILY TREE—YES, INDEED, FRUIT IN THE FORM OF A HOME-COOKED DINNER
HM
GOOD EVENING-ER-COUNTESS POSSIBLY
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU MOOCHER!
HEEL!
AH, MY LADY, YOU WELCOME AN HUMBLE SERVANT, YOU ARE TRULY DEMOCRATIC. I TRUST I MAY SIT IN YOUR PRESENCE, WHILE TRACING YOUR FAMILY TREE
IF YOU WANT A MEAL YOU CAN TRIM OUR HEDGE
HM! A MOST INTER-ESTING TREE
DINNER IS ALMOST READY, OLIVE. I'LL SET THE TABLE FOR TWO
TWO? YOU ARE DINING OUT, MY LADY, OR IS IT YOUR MOTHER WHO WILL BE ABSENT? IN EITHER EVENT, WE MUST SCRUTINIZE THE FAMILY TREE HURRIEDLY
?
HM! YOUR PRESENT NAME IS OLIVE OYL—OYL, OLIVER, TOLLIVER, COLLIER, CHOLLIER, CHOLLIWORTH, CHENOWORTH—YES, I WAS QUITE SURE OF IT, THERE WAS A LORD CHENOWORTH ABOARD THE MAYFLOWER
ONE OF MY ANCESTORS ARRIVED ON THE MAYFLOWER?
YES, LORD CHENOWORTH WAS IN THE PROW OF THE FIRST LONG-BOAT TO COME ASHORE
I ALWAYS KNEW I WAS DESCENDED FROM NOBILITY. I HAVE SUCH NOBLE THOUGHTS
WAIT TILL POPEYE HEARS ABOUT THIS
MOTHAH, HAS THE FESTIVE BOARD BEEN ARRANGED FOR-TWO?
?
JUST FOR YOU AND ME, OF COURSE, MOTHAH
WHAT IS THIS? LADY CHENOWORTH ALSO WAS IN THE MAYFLOWER'S FIRST LONGBOAT! SHE WAS A CHISOLM AND A SISTER OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER
WHY, WELLINGTON, THAT MAKES US KIN!
AHEM! I AM EXPECTED AT THE CLUB. UNFORTUNATELY, THE CHISOLMS EVER HAVE HAD A WEAKNESS FOR HOME-COOKING
MY COUSIN IS DINING WITH US, MOTHAH
THE SERVANTS ARE OUT, WILL YOU PERMIT MY MOTHAH TO GIVE YOU SOME MORE OF THE ROAST DUCK, COUSIN CHISOLM?
THANK YOU, COUSIN CHENOWORTH, RIDING TO THE HOUNDS GIVES ONE AN APPETITE— MORE ROAST DUCK, DRESSING, GRAVY AND ALSO VEGETABLES, IF YOU PLEASE
?
POPEYE, I AM A CHENOWORTH AND COUSIN WIMPY IS A CHISOLM. ONE OF MY ANCESTORS WAS ABOARD THE MAYFLOWER— THE BOOK TELLS ALL ABOUT US
YA MEANS THIS BOOK?
WHY, IT'S JUS'A PLAIN DISHIONAIRY
THA'S ALL
YOU DARN MOOCHER! I CAN'T EXPRESS MY CONTEMPT FOR YOU!
BOP
6-23
YA DID ESPRESS YER COMPTENT, OLIVE— YA ESPRESS'D IT WITH ALL THE WORDS THEY IS
AW, GNATS!
ARF ARF
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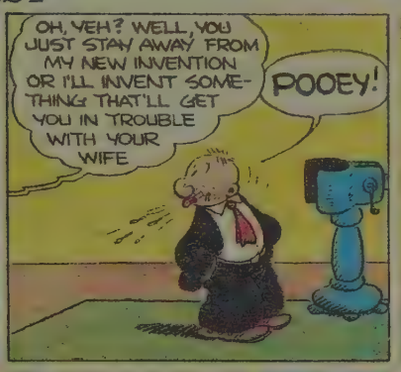
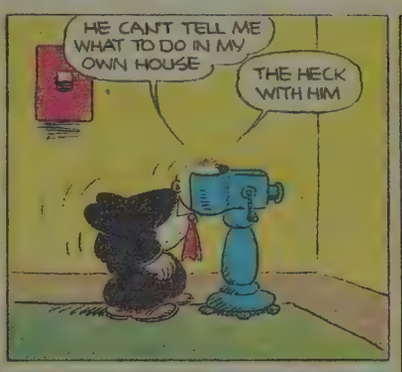
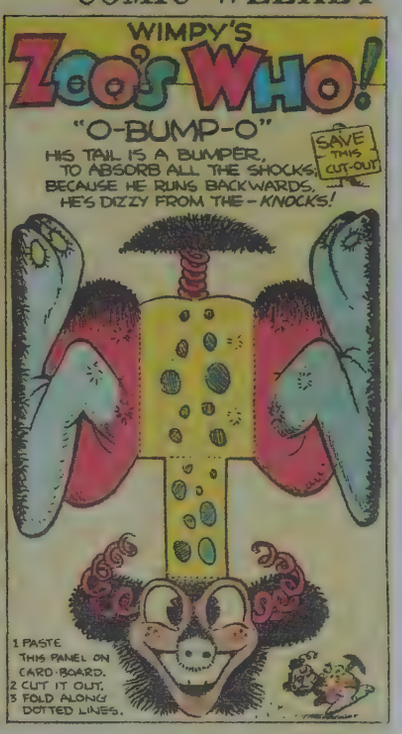
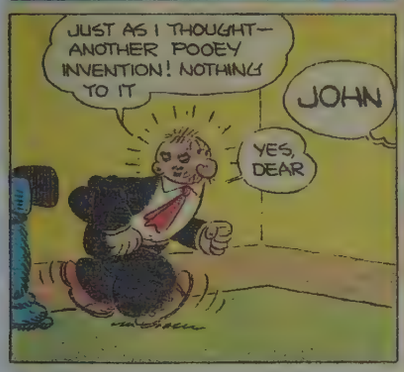

OH, YEH? WELL, YOU JUST STAY AWAY FROM MY NEW INVENTION OR I'LL INVENT SOMETHING THAT'LL GET YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR WIFE
POOEY!




WIMPY'S
ZEO'S WHO!
"O-BUMP-O"
HIS TAIL IS A BUMPER, TO ABSORB ALL THE SHOCKS, BECAUSE HE RUNS BACKWARDS, HE'S DIZZY FROM THE—KNOCKS!
SAVE THIS CUT-OUT
1 PASTE THIS PANEL ON CARD-BOARD.
2 CUT IT OUT.
3 FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINES.



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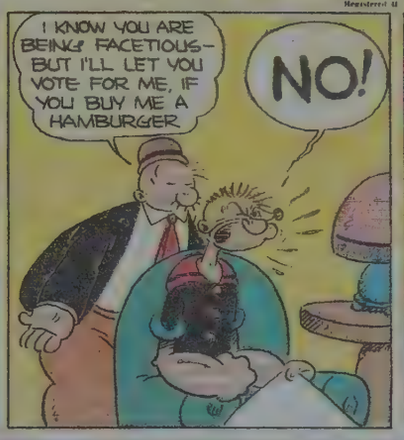
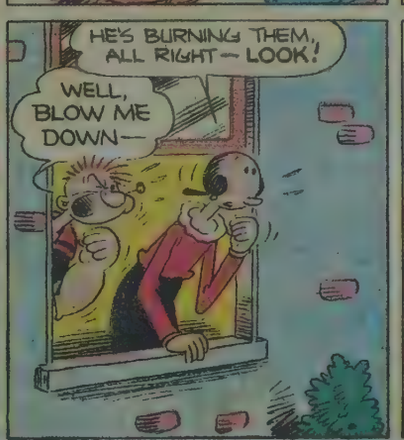
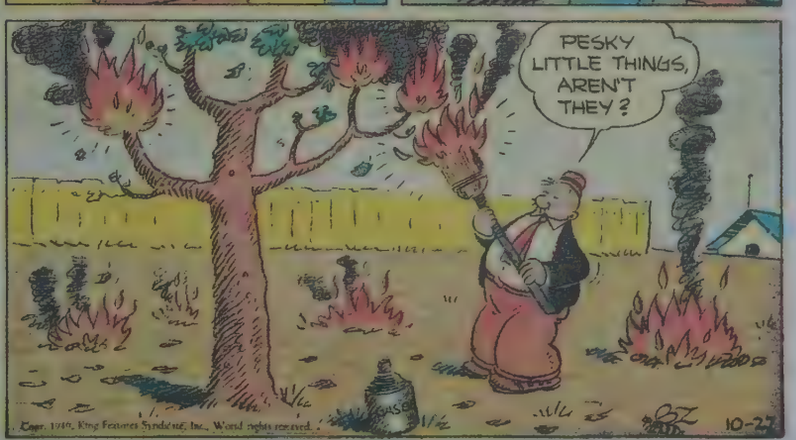


MY FRIEND, I'M DESPERATE—I'D EVEN STOOP SO LOW AS TO WORK FOR MY HAMBURGER! YES, I'D SHOVEL THE SNOW OFF YOUR WALK, IF YOU HAD A SNOW-SHOVEL
?

I AIN'T GOT NO SNOW ON ME WALK, BUT I GOT PLENNY O' LEAVES! GO OUT AN' RAKE UP THE LEAVES AN' KEEP RAKIN' 'EM ALL WEEK TILL THEY IS ALL OFF THE TREES
!

I GOT 'IM THIS TIME! HE ALLUS WANTS TO MOW ME LAWN IF I HAD ONE, OR SHOVEL OFF THE SNOW IF THEY WAS ANY, BUT HE FORGOT ABOUT THE LEAVES FALLIN' OFF THE TREES
ARF-ARF





PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE MUST BE CRAZY, BRINGING TO LIFE SUCH UGLY DREAMS!
WUG WUG
I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO DO IT
WELL, I DON'T WANT ANY PART IN THIS FOOL BUSINESS!
I'LL PUT A STOP TO IT RIGHT AWAY
SAPPO! SAPPO! I'VE PROVED IT! IT'S TRUE — HERE'S $5000 FOR HELPING DISCOVER THE ONE-EYED "WUG-WUG"
WHAT'S A "WUG-WUG"?
PLAY-STORE
EXTRA SPECIAL!
AHOY, GANG, HERE'S SOME EXTRA SPECIAL JAM I IMPORTED FOR YA FROM THE VALLEY OF THE GOONS
BE SURE TO TELL YER CUSTOMERS THAT THIS JAM IS MADE BY THE GOONS!
ONE POUND
GOON JAM
A WONDERFUL JAM, MADE BY THE GOONS AND IMPORTED FROM THE VALLEY OF GOONS BY POPEYE BRANDS.
35¢
ASK A GOON — HE'LL TELL YOU HOW GOOD IT IS —!
PASTE THESE COINS ON CARD-BOARD AND CUT OUT.
FIVE CENTS
TEN CENTS
ONE DIME
PASTE THIS LABEL ON AN EMPTY JAR OR SELL IT IN YOUR PLAY-STORE.
THE ONE-EYED "WUG-WUG" IS THAT PREHISTORIC ANIMAL YOU DREAMED ABOUT — IT'S WORTH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS
GOOD GOSH! FIVE GRAND FOR HAVING A NIGHT-MARE
PROFESSOR WOTASNOZZLE —
YES, MISSUS SAPPO-
HERE'S WHERE HE GETS HECK
HEH H
IF I DREAM UP SOMETHING LIKE THAT, WOULD IT BE WORTH A COUPLE OF THOUSAND TO YOU?
SURE! HEH, HEH!
PLOP
1-19
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Thimble Theatre

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SMACK SMACK
HEAVENS, POPEYE, WHY CAN'T YOU BE A LITTLE MORE QUIET WHEN YOU KISS ME?
I CAN'T HELP IT IF I LOVES YA OUT LOUD, OLIVE
WHASAMATTER? DONTCHA LOVE ME NO MORE LIKE YA USETER?
OF COURSE, I DO, SILLY — I ONLY WISH YOU WERE MORE ROMANTIC, MORE SUBTLE, LIKE A GENTLEMAN
I YAM WHAT I YAM, AN' THA'S ALL I YAM
AN' BESIDES, I YAM ROMANKICK LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS — IN FACK, I LOVES YA SO MUCH ME TICKER WANTS TO BUS' LOOSE FROM ITS MOORIN'S!
OH, I KNOW YOU MEAN WELL, BUT YOU'RE TOO ROUGH — YOU SHOULD WATCH GUS GOON AND ALICE — HE'S SO TENDER AND THOUGHTFUL TO HER! HE MAY BE A GOON, BUT HE'S GOT TECHNIQUE
I GOT ME OWN TICKNEEK
SEE, HOW QUIET THEY ARE? AREN'T THEY SWEET? JUST LIKE CHILDREN — A PUPPY LOVE AFFAIR
POOEY!
AN' YA WANTS US TO ACK LIKE THEY DOES?
CERTAINLY!
IT DON'T LOOK LIKE NO FUN TO ME — BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHIN' ONCET
I FEELS SILLISH!
TEE HEE
ARF ARF
WELL, FER —
HEY, WHAT THE @*.:☆:! YA TWO DOIN'?
I YAM KISSIN' OLIVE, POPPA
?
— GOON STYLE, ON ACCOUNT OF YA MAKES LESS NOISE
OW! MY NOSE!
1-19

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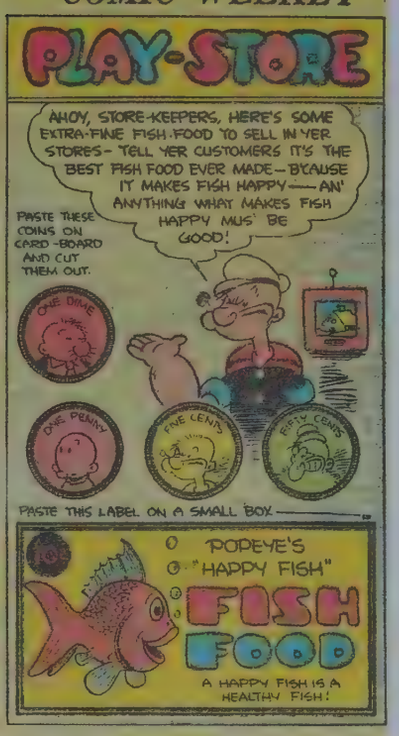
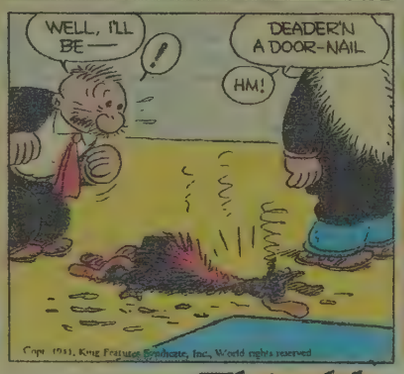
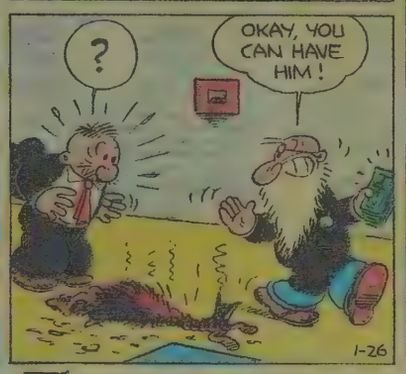

PLAY-STORE
AHOY, STORE-KEEPERS, HERE'S SOME EXTRA-FINE FISH-FOOD TO SELL IN YER STORES— TELL YER CUSTOMERS IT'S THE BEST FISH FOOD EVER MADE— B'CAUSE IT MAKES FISH HAPPY— AN' ANYTHING WHAT MAKES FISH HAPPY MUS' BE GOOD!
PASTE THESE COINS ON CARD-BOARD AND CUT THEM OUT.
ONE DIME
ONE PENNY
FIVE CENTS
FIFTY CENTS
PASTE THIS LABEL ON A SMALL BOX
POPEYE'S "HAPPY FISH"
FISH FOOD
A HAPPY FISH IS A HEALTHY FISH!

YES, I CAN! YES, I CAN! YES, I CAN! I CAN YES! I CAN I CAN I CAN I CAN I CAN I CAN CAN CAN CAN CAN CAN CAN CAN CAN
NO, YOU CAN'T NO, YOU CAN'T YOU CAN'T YOU CAN'T YOU CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T CAN'T





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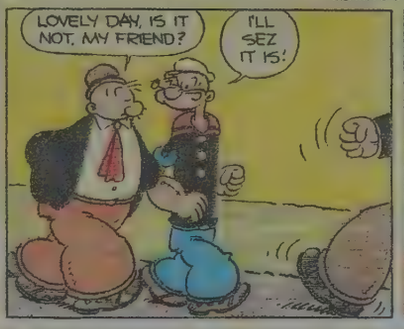
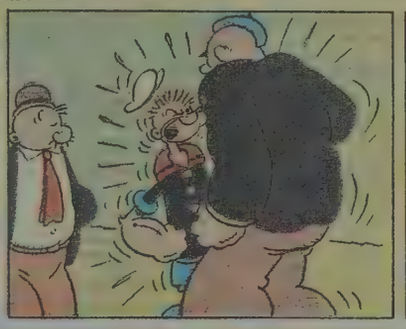
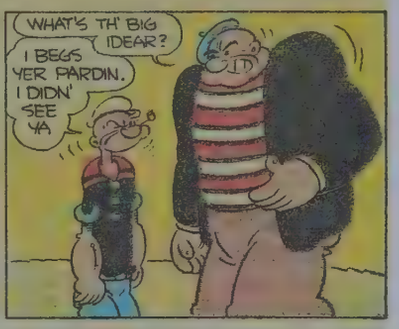
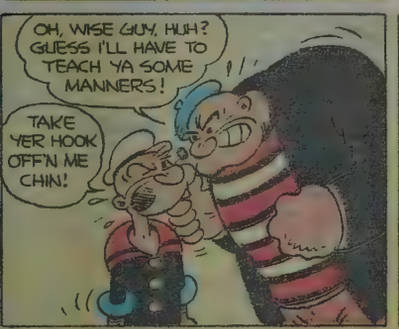
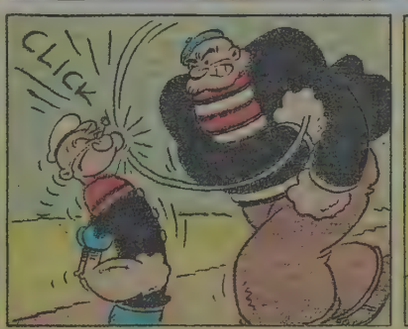
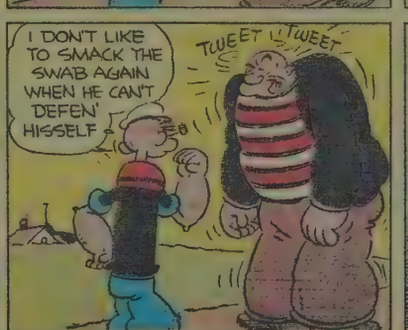


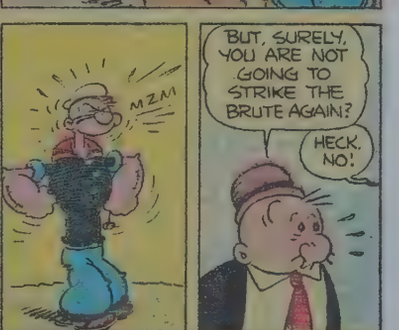


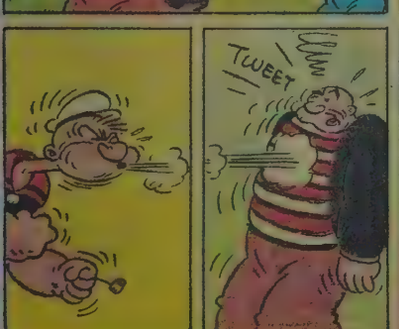


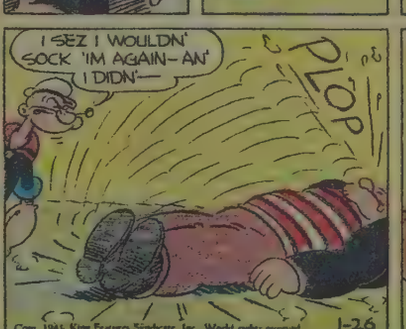


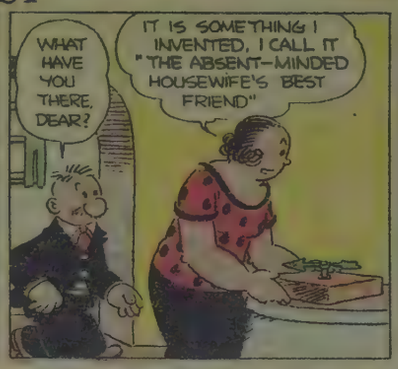


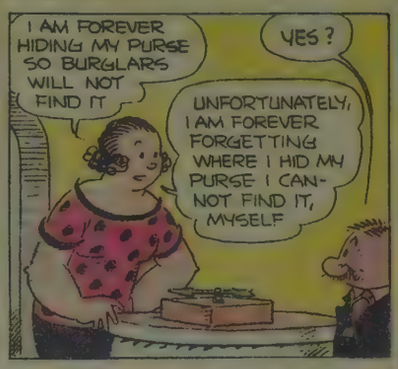




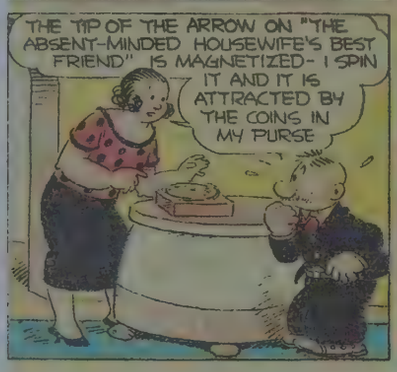







I AM FOREVER HIDING MY PURSE SO BURGLARS WILL NOT FIND IT
YES?
UNFORTUNATELY, I AM FOREVER FORGETTING WHERE I HID MY PURSE I CANNOT FIND IT, MYSELF

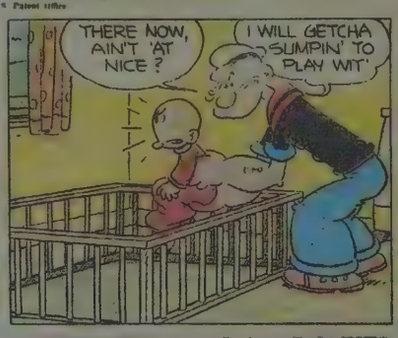
PLAY-STORE
AHOY, GANG, I YAM GIVIN YA SOME COTTAGE CHEESE TO SELL IN YOUR PLAY-STORE
A MOST LOVELY LADY OF THE MEADOWS, POPEYE
ONE DIME
ONE PENNY
FORTY CENTS
PASTE COINS ON CARD-BOARD AND CUT THEM OUT
PASTE THIS LABEL ON AN EMPTY JAR
COTTAGE CHEESE
16¢
ONE POUND
MADE FROM GRADE A, B, C, AND D SUPER-CREAMY MILK!
MOO!
MADE BY POPEYE'S DAIRY AND ALFALFA CO., INC.
POPEYE BRAND

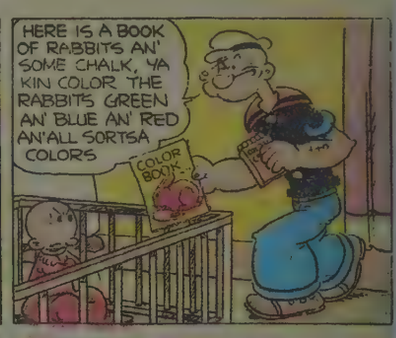

THE TIP OF THE ARROW ON "THE ABSENT-MINDED HOUSEWIFE'S BEST FRIEND" IS MAGNETIZED- I SPIN IT AND IT IS ATTRACTED BY THE COINS IN MY PURSE

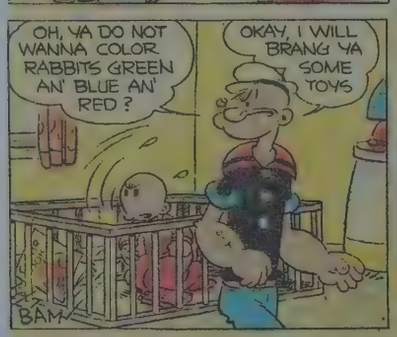
JOHN, THE ARROW IS POINTING AT YOU. GIVE ME MY PURSE!
I WAS ONLY BRINGING IT TO YOU, DEAR
- Copr. 1941, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

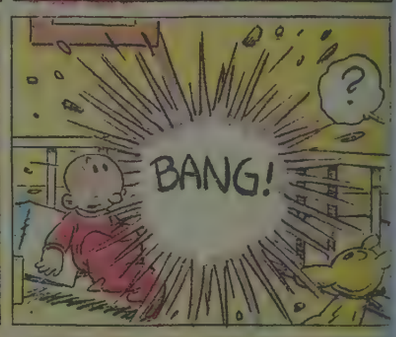
Thimble Theatre

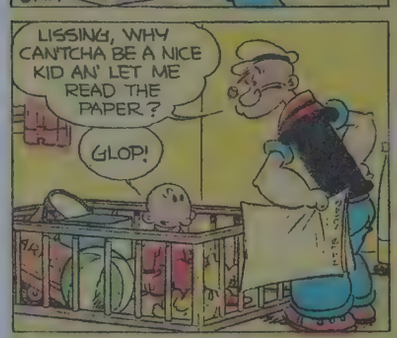
Registered U. S. Patent Office

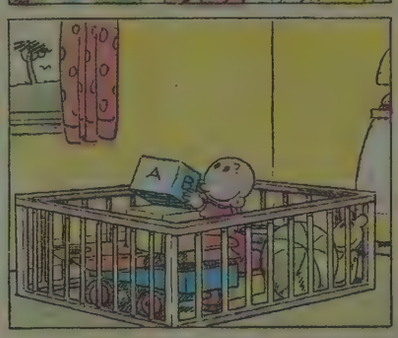


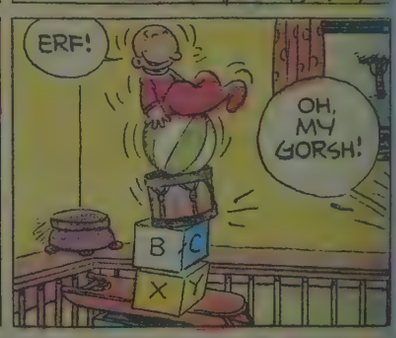


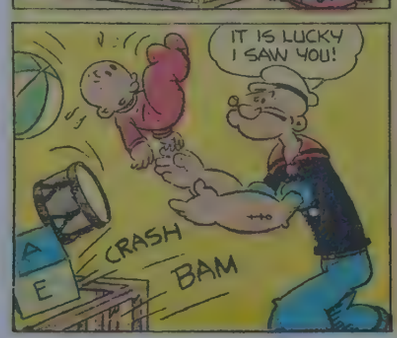


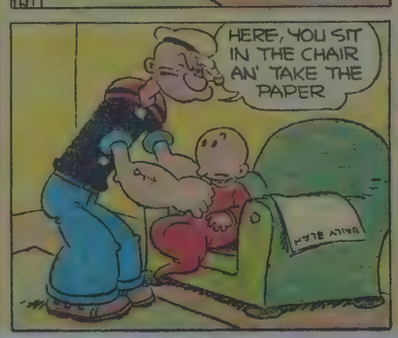


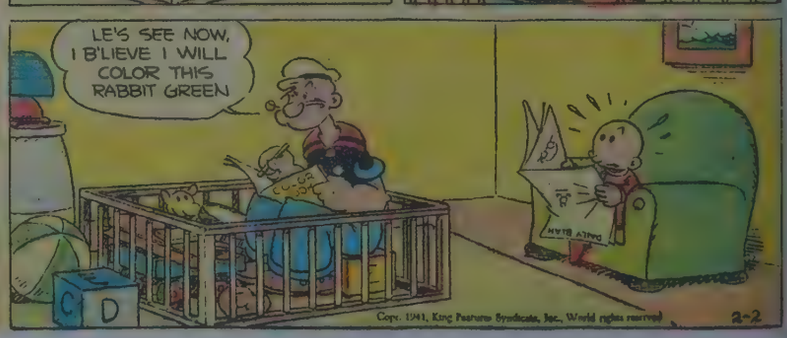






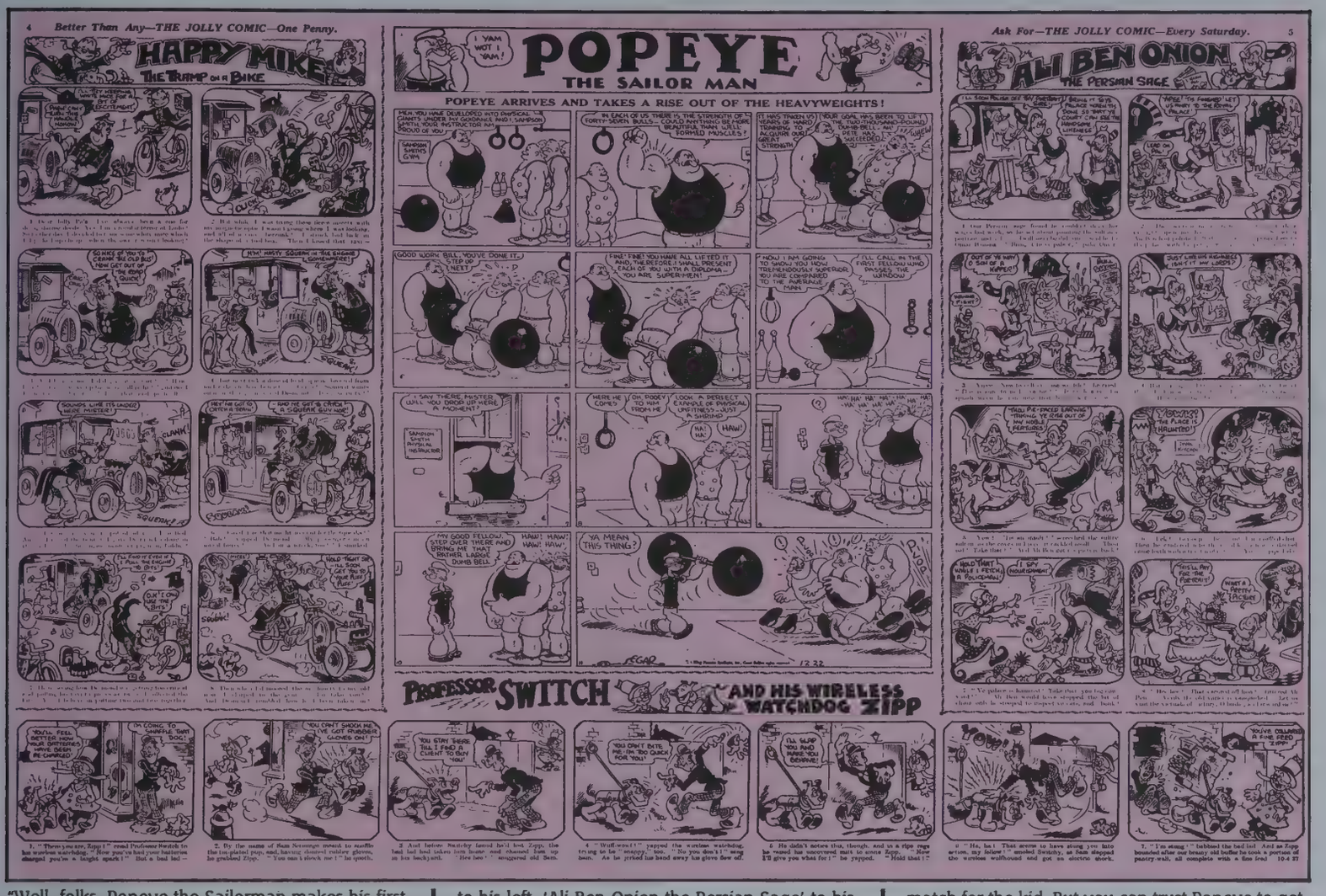






POPEYE – CRASHES THE COMIC BOOKS!

By Denis Gifford


4 Better Than Any—THE JOLLY COMIC—One Penny.
HAPPY MIKE
THE TRAMP on a BIKE
POPEYE
THE SAILOR MAN
POPEYE ARRIVES AND TAKES A RISE OUT OF THE HEAVYWEIGHTS!
Ask For—THE JOLLY COMIC—Every Saturday. 5
ALI BEN ONION
THE PERSIAN SAGE
PROFESSOR SWITCH AND HIS WIRELESS WATCHDOG ZIPP

"Well, folks, Popeye the Sailorman makes his first appearance in the **Jolly** this week, and I am sure that you are going to enjoy his comical antics." The writer was Augustus Jolly, editor of **The Jolly Comic**, in his 'Jolly Chat', his Saturday letter to his young readers. "You have seen his funny cartoons on the screen, and he will now give you a weekly treat in the **Jolly**. I should be greatly obliged if you would tell your friends about this new feature, and tell them also that the comical pictorial adventures of the Master of Mirth, Will Hay, can only be seen in the **Jolly Comic**. It's no wonder that our paper is breaking all records!" Signing off with a typical 'yours chirpily', the jovial Jolly retired into his pink pennyworth.

The date was April 10th 1937, and there, across the centre-spread of the eight-page weekly, was Popeye the Sailor Man in an adventure headlined 'Popeye Arrives and Takes a Rise Out of the Heavyweights!' The title which ran across the strip was drawn in England and, to my hypercritical young eyeballs, not too well. I was eight-and-a-half years old, well almost, and could, I reckoned, draw a more Popeye-looking Popeye than this artist had managed! Years later, after an entire war had come and gone, I was having a brief encounter with Arthur Martin, a veteran comic artist, after delivering my weekly batch of strips to the editor of **The Knockout**. Chatting over the old pre-war comics I brought up **The Jolly** and Popeye. "That was a rotten drawing of Popeye" I remarked. "I know," he said, "I drew it!" I blushed pinker than the **Jolly Comic's** paper, but at least I, and now you, know who it was in England that first drew E. C. Segar's immortal Sailor Man!

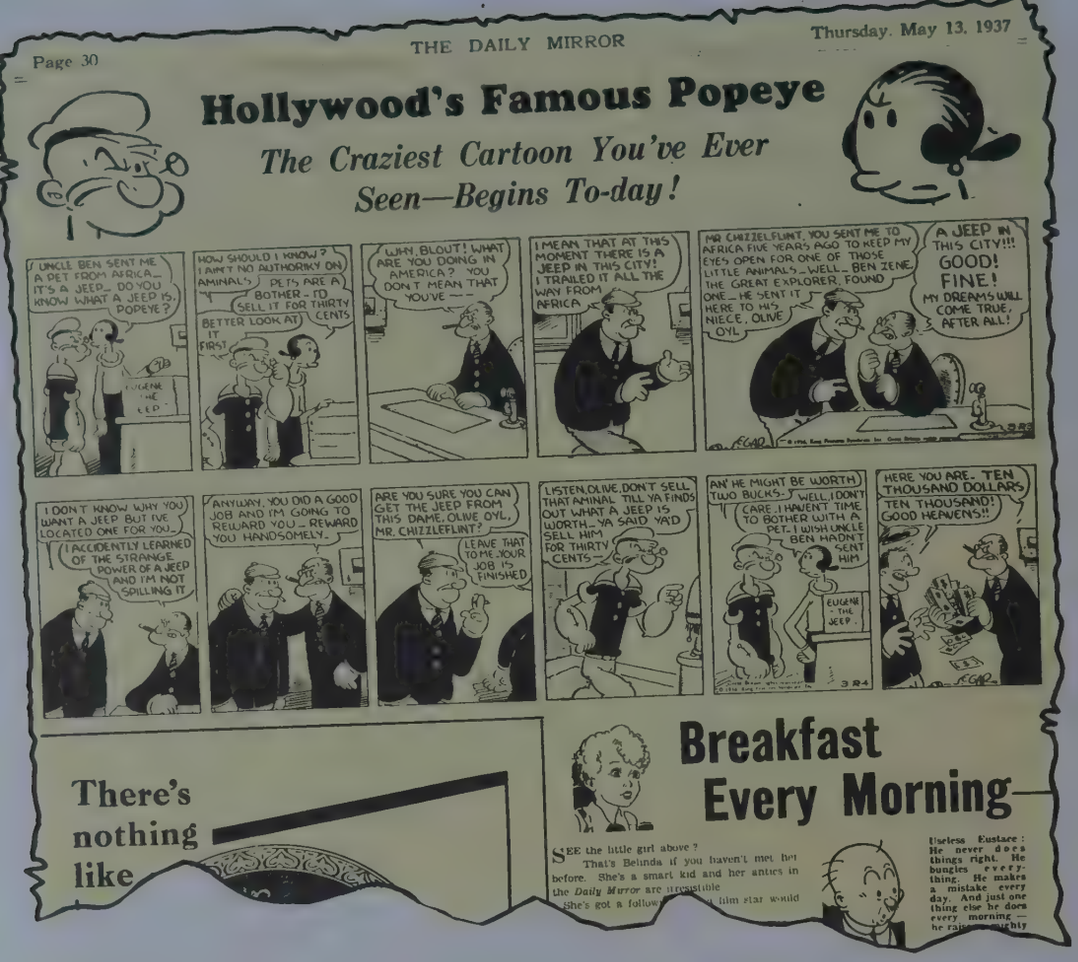
Popeye sat somewhat uneasily on that centre-spread, with 'Happy Mike, the Tramp on a Bike' to his left, 'Ali Ben Onion the Persian Sage' to his right, and 'Professor Switch and his Wireless Watchdog Zipp' underneath. (This strip, by the way, was drawn by Arthur Martin with his usual excellent expertise). The Segar artwork, great as it was when it appeared in the American Sunday comic sections, pinned together in pairs and sold inside a special wrapper down Rye Lane Market in Peckham, belonged to a different school of stripwork. The American supplements were made up, page by page, with different characters drawn by different cartoonists. The individual artwork added to the variety as you leafed through the sixteen or so pages. English comics were smaller – eight pages for a penny, twelve pages for twopence – and often featured two or more characters to the page. There was also a homogeny about the basic style of drawing, ranging from small hats balanced on big heads to big boots complete with spats, even for tramps! Small wonder, then, that the unique character of Popeye and his pals should seem artistically out of place in a British comic.

One other remaining characteristic of British comics was the caption, or libretto. This comically-written commentary ran underneath each picture, a tradition that lapsed back to the original halfpenny comics of the 1890's. Popeye, being reprinted from the American proofs, did not have room for the insertion of librettos. Nor, indeed, did it need them. But this did not stop Augustus Jolly: from the second week a two-line libretto was inserted underneath the last row of pictures.

"Kid Mustard certainly appears to be pretty hot stuff, doesn't he, chums? Spinach is the stuff that keeps him fighting fit, and unless Popeye can find some for himself in town it looks as if he'll be no match for the kid. But you can trust Popeye to get what he's after, so be here next week!" Even more British is this sample that appeared a few weeks later:

"Popeye was very favourably impressed when his pal Wimpy became a hen-fancier and started fawning over that fowl. But when he discovered the 'fowl' plot which lay behind it all, he got really 'egg-sasperated', and gave Wimpy 'the bird'. 'Twas a trick to get a free egg! "By September 18th Popeye's part in the **Jolly** had shrunk by one row of pictures, and artist Frank Minnitt had been hired to draw four small joke cartoons to fill up the space. A week or so later and Augustus Jolly had Grand News for All Readers in his Jolly Chat." Several new fun features will appear in next Saturday's issue, among which will be that happy pair, Kitty and Ken the Bright Young Sparks; Roaming Homer, and our cheeky office boy, Sunny Bunn. Tell all your friends about these grand new treats. Cheerio, all!"

And it was "Cheerio, all" to Popeye and his pals, who bade farewell to all Augustus's 'Dear Jolly'uns' without so much as a by-your-leave on October 16th, 1937. It would be twenty years before Popeye & Co returned to the pages of a British comic, but meanwhile we were not to be deprived of our favourite funnyman. For on the morning of Thursday May 13th, 1937, the day on which George VI was crowned King of England, Popeye arrived on page 30 of **The Daily Mirror**. In a double dose to mark the importance of the occasion, the two strips were headlined 'Hollywood's Famous Popeye – the Craziest Cartoon You've Ever Seen – Begins Today!' Starting with the arrival of the Jeep in a wooden box from Olive Oyl's Uncle Ben, we were off on



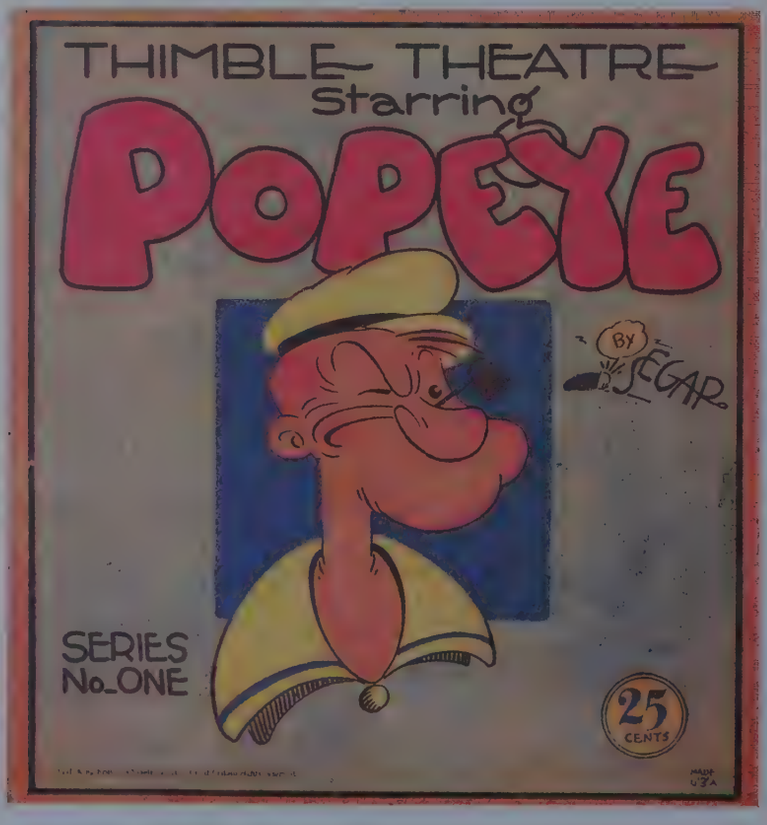
an adventure spree that would keep us laughing for the rest of the peace, all of the war, and into the Fifties.

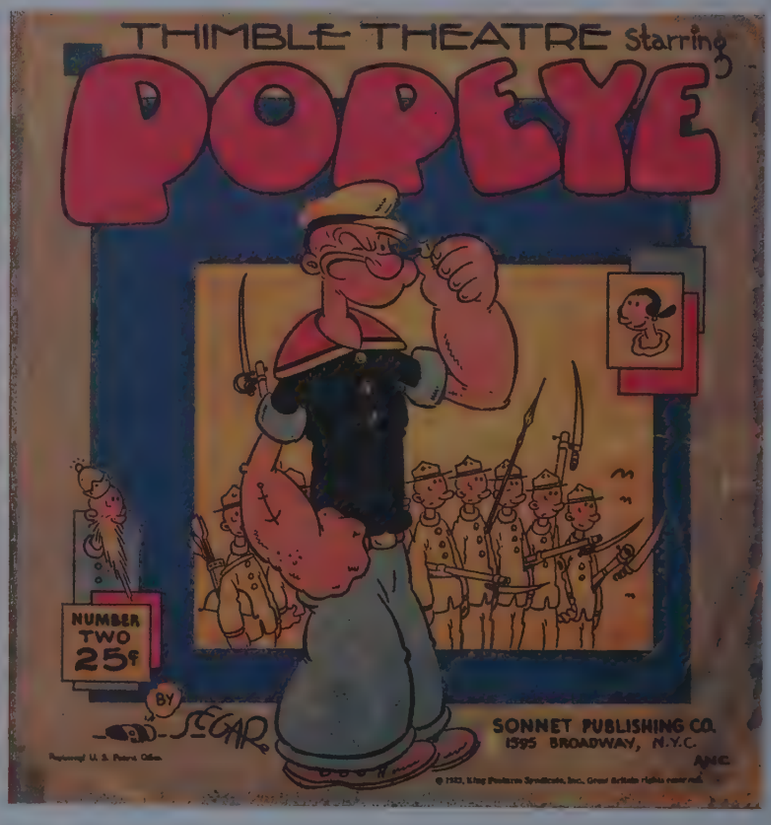
But let us turn back the clock for a year or three and see how Popeye made the transfer from daily newspapers to monthly comic books in his homeland of America. Born as a casual labourer within the strip 'Thimble Theatre' in 1929, the scrawny sailor-man swiftly soared to top billing. In 1931 the name of the strip became 'Thimble Theatre Starring Popeye', and this was the title of the somewhat short series of two comic books published in 1931/1932 by the Sonnet Publishing Company of 1595 Broadway, New York City. The books which were bound in cardboard covers cost 25 cents each, and for the asking price a youngster found he had 48 pages of strips reprinted from the newspapers: just 48 of them, for each strip was split and enlarged so that it filled exactly one page. Although I have never managed to purchase, let alone clap an eye on, either of these books, I am given to understand that Elzie Segar drew an original cover for each of them.

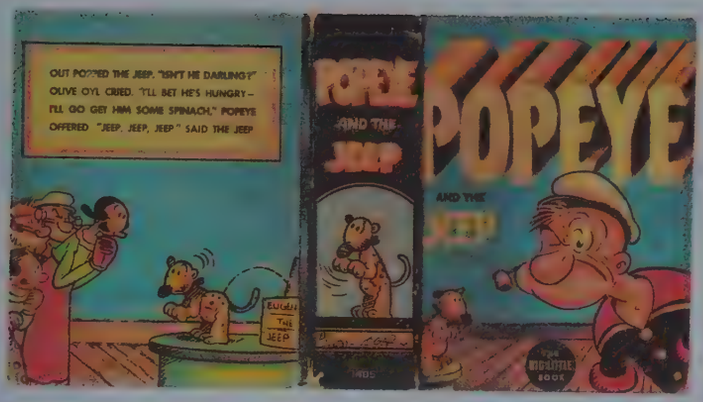
In 1932 the well-known children's book publishing house of the Whitman Company of Racine, Wisconsin, invented the Big Little Book. These handy little volumes became the bridge between the old outsized cardboard-covered comic books as originated around the turn of the century by the Frederick Stokes Company, and the modern 68-page four-colour comic books created by Max Charles Gaines with his **Famous Funnies** in the mid-Thirties. They were small pocket-sized books, printed black-and-white throughout, but with specially designed cardboard covers that included a pictorial spine, printed in four colours. These books were sold throughout the United States in chain stores such as the F. W. Woolworth Company, whose branches in Britain also sold the Big Little Books at sixpence a copy. The books were each built around one of the comic strip stories told in daily newspaper strip format, but converted the strips into fiction form. The standardised format was for the story to run in text on the left hand page, with one of the panels from the comic strip printed on the right hand page as an illustration. To fit the conventions of an illustrated book, all speech-balloons were removed from the comic strip panels. The first strip to receive Big Little Book treatment was Dick Tracy by Chester Gould: **The Adventures of Dick Tracy, Detective** appeared as No. 707 in the series, in late 1932. It was not until towards the end of the run in 1937 that our hero appeared: **Popeye Sees The Sea** was Big Little Book No. 1163.

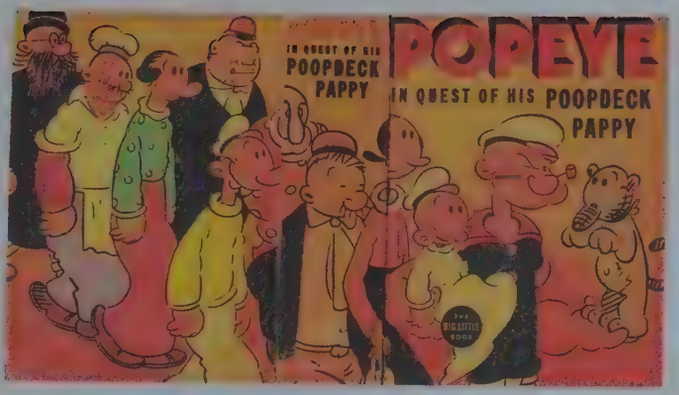
Subtitled 'An Original Story About the Star of Thimble Theatre, by Segar', the Big Little Book runs to 432 pages, although to be fair the last four are taken up with listings of other BLBs. But the surprising thing is that the book is not in line with our description of BLBs. **Popeye Sees The Sea** is a completely original book, written and drawn expressly for the BLB series. The artist was not permitted to sign his work, but we can probably deduce that he was not the same man as the author of the story from the fact that his illustrations get rapidly out of synch with the text. The arrival on Olive Oyl's doorstep of Sally and Salty in search of their Uncle Skip occurs on page 50, but is illustrated on page 67! "There are plenty of pyrikks these days," observes Popeye, "an' some of them is worser than the pyrikks of old!" Soon he, Olive, Wimpy and the kids are bound for Forgotten Island, King Boo Hoo and treasure. **Popeye and the Jeep** (No. 1405) and **Popeye in Quest for his Poopdeck Pappy** (No. 1550) followed in 1938 and 1939, both being adapted from Segar's newspaper strips.

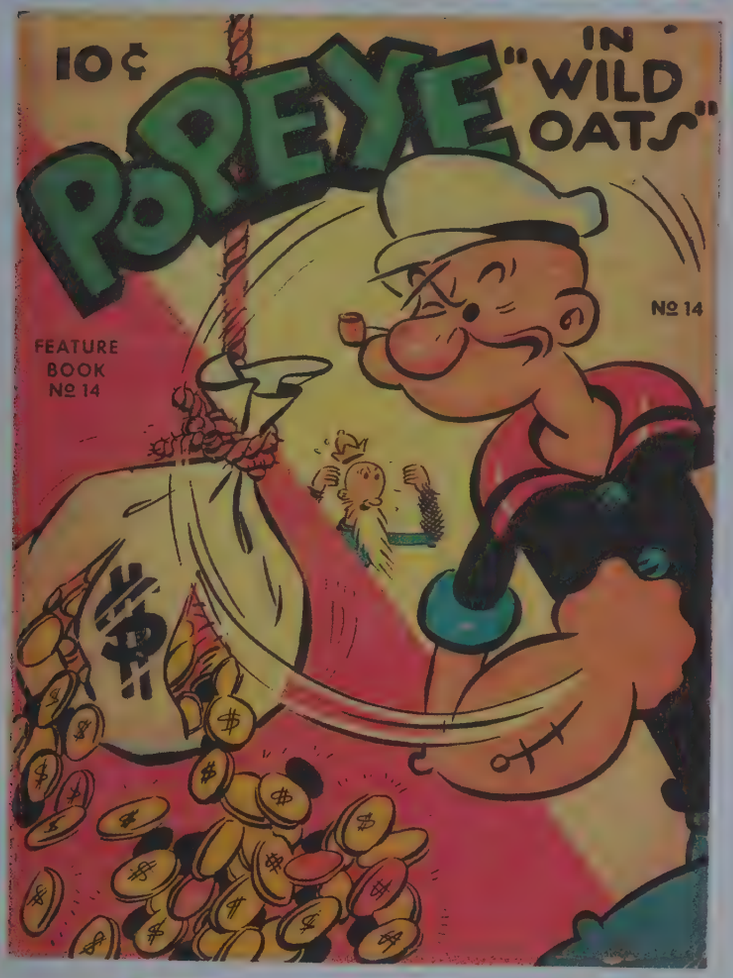
Before Popeye arrived as a Big Little Book regular, however, another publisher entered the scene. This was Saalfield and Company of Akron, Ohio, who billed themselves as 'Publishers for the Children'. They entered into arrangements with

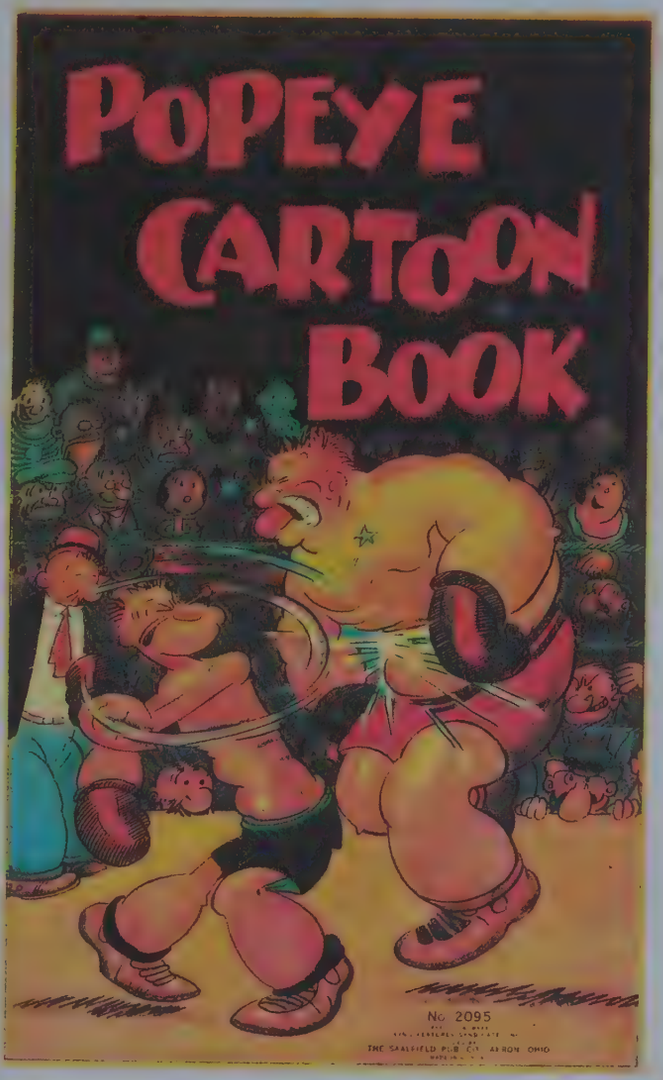


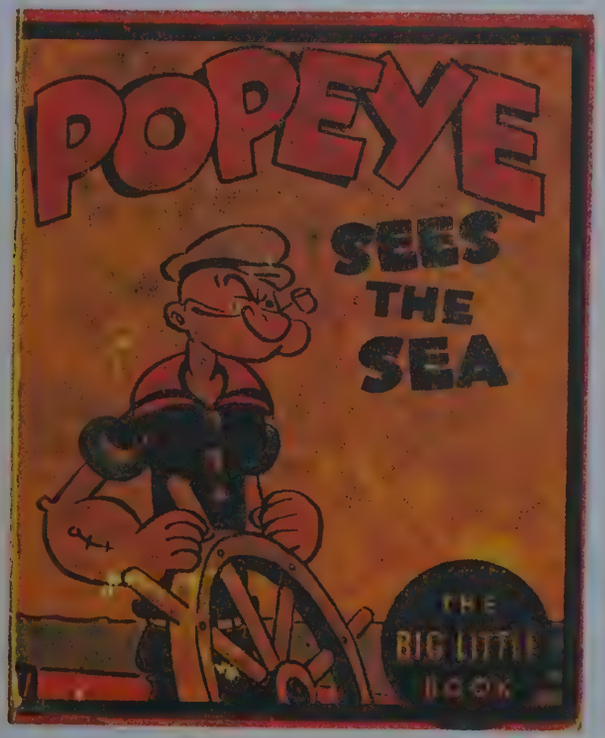



OUT POPPED THE JEEP. "ISN'T HE DARLING?" OLIVE OYL CRIED. "I'LL BET HE'S HUNGRY— I'LL GO GET HIM SOME SPINACH." POPEYE OFFERED. "JEEP, JEEP, JEEP." SAID THE JEEP
POPEYE AND THE JEEP
POPEYE AND THE JEEP
THE BIG LITTLE BOOK









Top Left: Popeye & The Jeep, Big Little Book No. 1405. Whitman, 1937.
Centre Left: Popeye in 'Wild Oats,' Feature Book No. 14. David McKay Co. 1937.
Bottom Left: Popeye sees the Sea, Big Little Book No. 1163. Whitman, 1937.
Top Right: Popeye in Quest of his Poopdeck Pappy, Big Little Book No. 1450. Whitman, 1937.
Centre Right: Popeye Cartoon Book. Saalfield No. 2095, 1934.
Bottom Right: Popeye and the Deep Sea Mystery, Better Little Book No. 1499. Whitman, 1939.

King Features Syndicate and in 1934 published the **Popeye Cartoon Book.** This 40-page reprint of 1933 Sunday strips was printed in full colour throughout, but each of the pages was split in half. This was fine, except that the book had to be turned sideways before you could read it! No further experiments were made in this format by the Publishers for the Children! Instead, they turned to the recently established Big Little Book format founded by the Whitman Company. And the first effort in this new series, which they carefully called Little Big Books, was No. 1051 – **Popeye.** 'Adapted from the Famous News-paper Comic Series Drawn by E. C. Segar', **Popeye** filled 160 pages and came in two versions, hardbacked at 15 cents or paperbacked at 10 cents. Unlike the Big Little Books, Saalfield's effort mixed panels from the daily strip in with the text, but like the BLBs they also removed all speech balloons. The front and back covers were drawn by a lesser hand than the Whitman cartoonist, however. Three more Saalfields followed: **Popeye in Puddleburg, Popeye in Choose Your Weppins,** and **Popeye's Ark.** These three were all in a smaller size of 4¾ by 5¼, while **Choose Your Weppins** was adapted, not from the Segar strip, but from the Max Fleischer Paramount cartoon film of the same name.

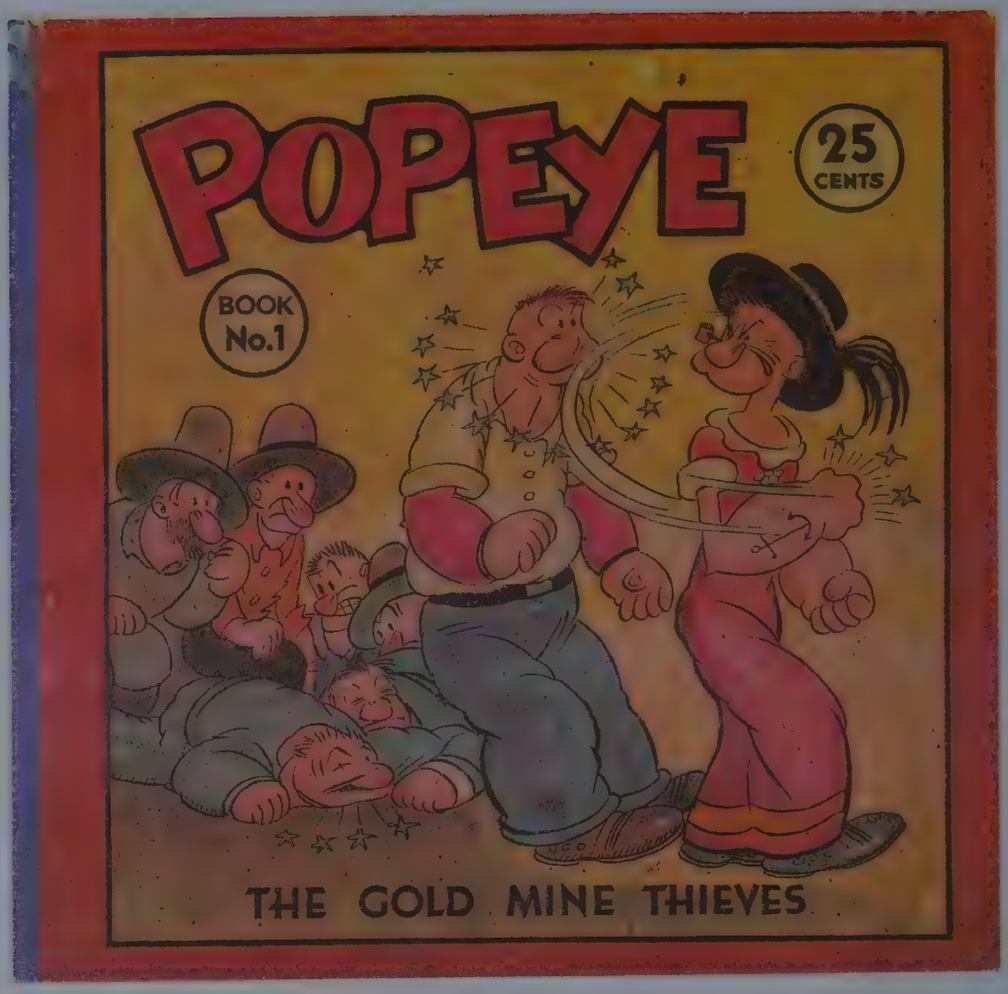
The first attempt at a Popeye comic book, helpfully entitled **Popeye Book No. 1,** was published in 1935 by another children's books specialist, the David McKay Company of Washington Square, Philadelphia. McKay had had much success with Mickey Mouse books, and now that Popeye was a star of Paramount-Max Fleischer cartoon films, saw no reason to neglect the spinach-eating sailor. The book followed the pattern set by the early American comic books: cardboard covers printed in red and black, containing 48 pages, each of which carried one single Popeye daily newspaper strip. Book No. 1 subtitled 'The Gold Mine Thieves' and contained the serial strip 'Popeye in Black Valley, or Human Varmints, or Vanishing Gold, or Mountain Mugs, or Dirty Work on the Hillside' – according to Segar, who also added this descriptive description: 'A Mining Mystery Story! A Story of a Strong Man Among Strong Men,' plus the one further descriptive word – 'Sock!' The No. 1 was followed shortly by No. 2, but there the series concluded.

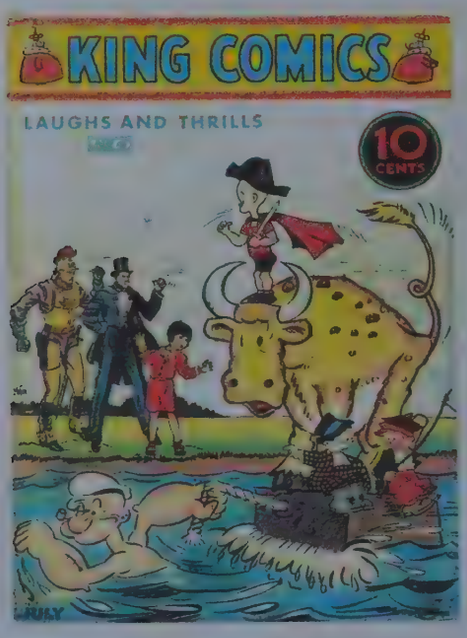
McKay, however, were not to be beaten. They had their eye on the new comic book market which, by 1935, was beginning to burgeon. By April 1936 number one of their new comic book series, **King Comics,** was on the news-stands of America: 68 pages of full colour comic strips for ten cents. As the title suggests, the contents were entirely made up of reprints of King Features strips, starting with Brick Bradford and his science-fantasy adventures, and concluding with Zane Grey's 'King of the Royal Mounted'. Sandwiched between were Segar's Popeye Sunday pages, complete with the top-strip, Sappo, a sort of short series of serials featuring sawn-off John Sappo, his oversized missus, and a zany professor called O. G. Wotasnozzle! Each issue of **King Comics** featured a month's quota of Sunday pages, four strips, relettered for easier reading as the pages were so reduced in size. Popeye also featured on the cover, which depicted all the King Features heroes in a single setting. This was usually drawn by Joe Musial, one of King's most reliable 'bull-pen' workers, a staff artist who filled in various odd jobs on other cartoonists' strips. Musial found the massed character covers tough going and soon reduced his cover illustrations to star just one character: Popeye the Sailor. Popeye was also moved to the front of the book, and given headline billing. Jo King, the regal editor, added a full-page letter to his young readers from issue number four, and included in his opening chat was this:

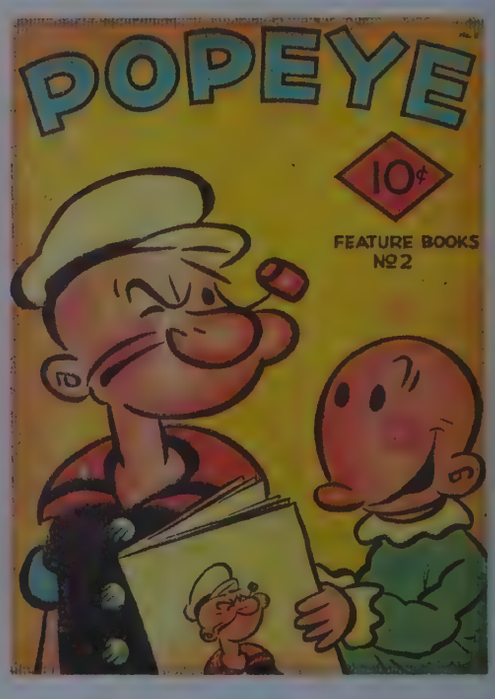
"Sometimes, when the Royal Cook is in a huff, I have lunch with Maggie and Father, or drop in at Wimpy's to talk to Popeye. The Sailor Man and I are great chums. I've even named my dog Popeye, the little beggar's so fond of spinach it seemed the only name for him."

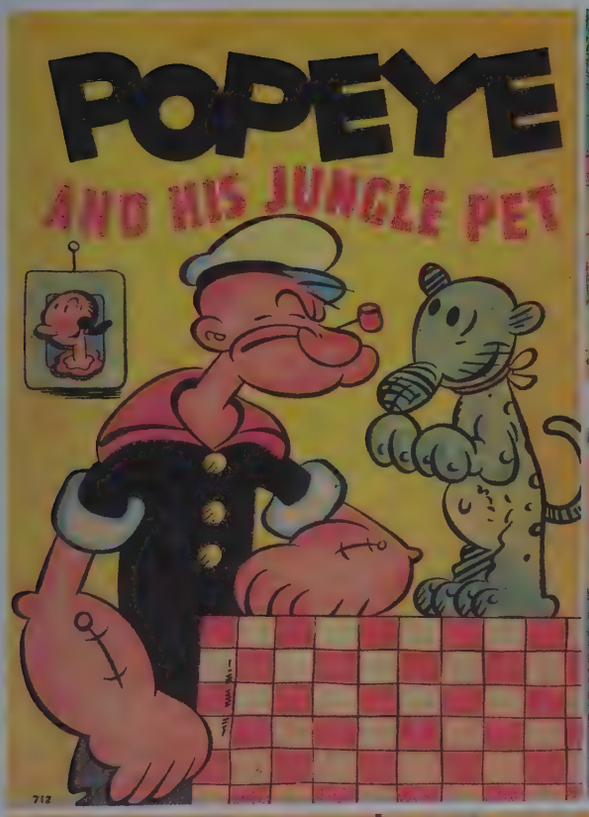
It was also around 1936 that Whitman published **Thimble Theatre Starring Popeye** in their new series, the Big Big Books. These were outsized editions of their Big Little Books, measuring 7¼ inches by 9½, and every other one of their 320 pages filled with one large picture (the other page containing the text of the story, of course). The stories were originals written especially for the books, each one bearing the legend: 'New Stories – New Pictures'.

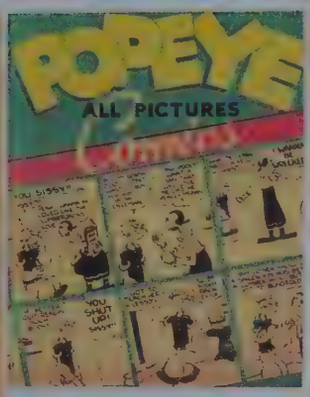
At this time the David McKay Company

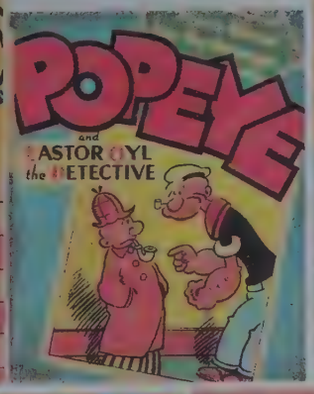


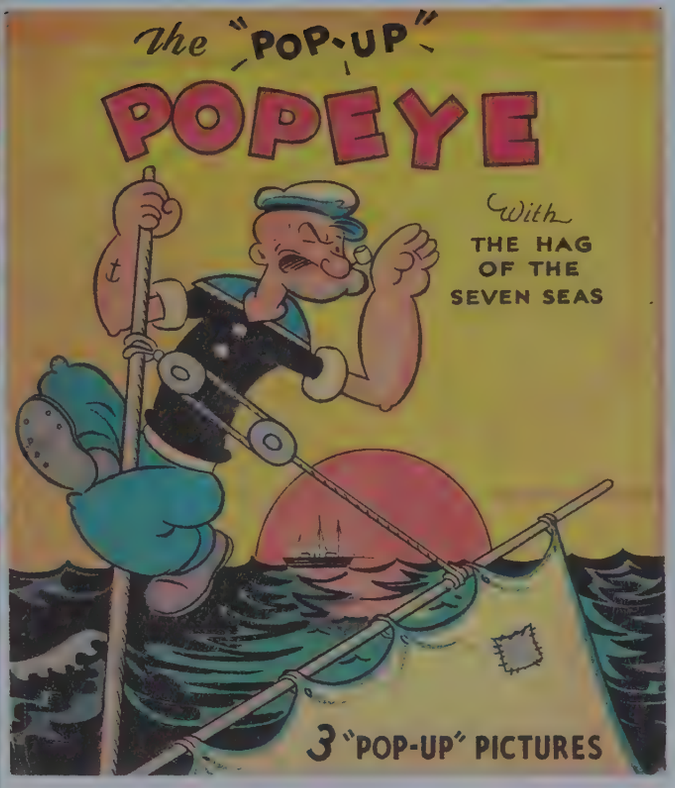


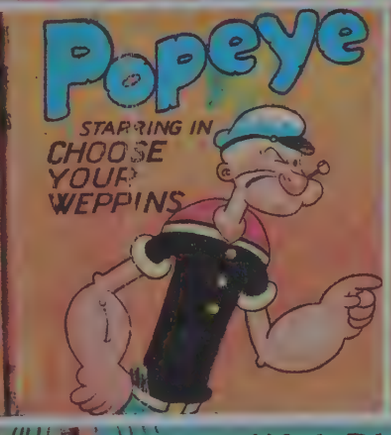


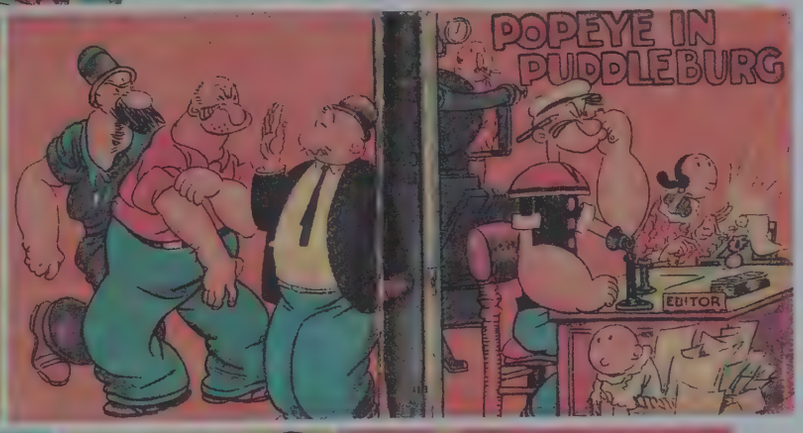


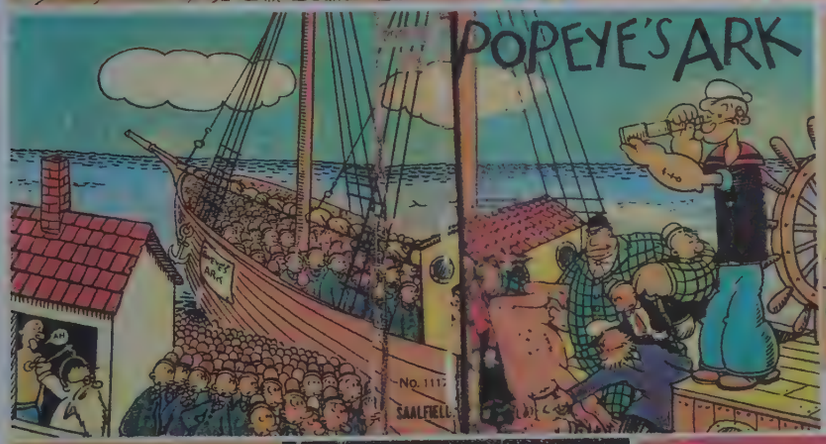


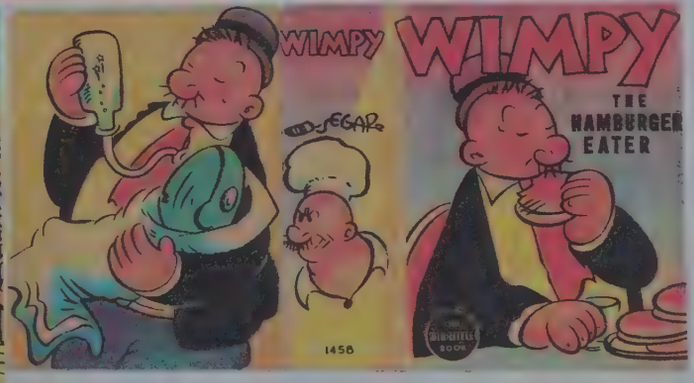


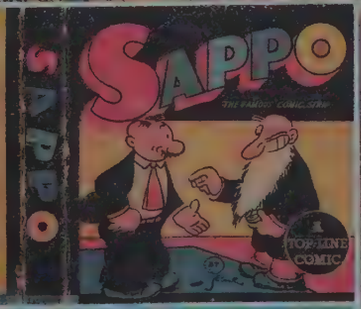


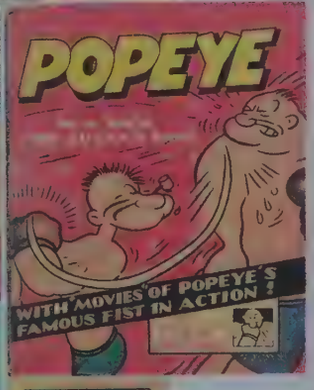




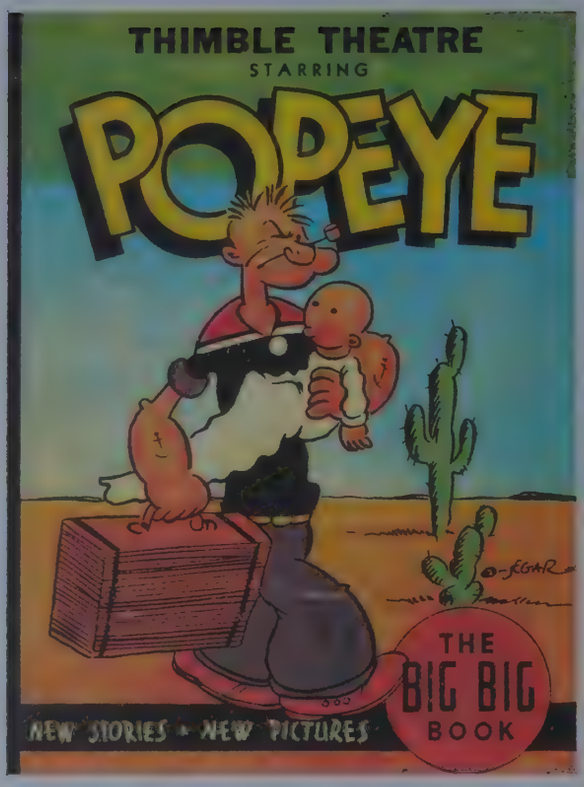






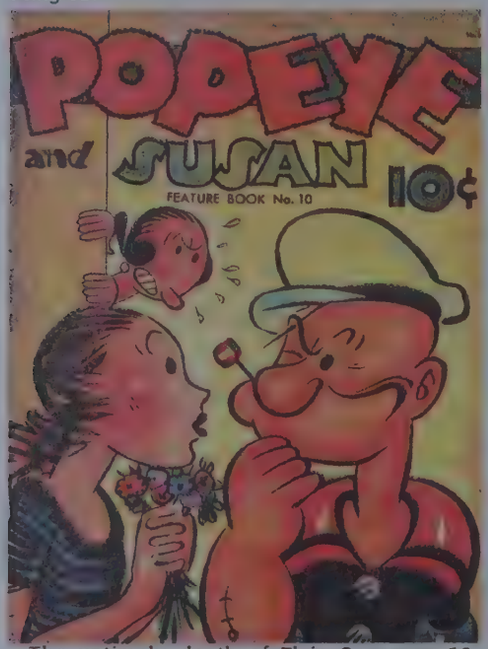


1. Popeye & his Jungle Pet. Whitman No. 712, 1937.
2. Popeye All Pictures Comics. A Better Little Book No. 1406. Whitman 1942.
3. Popeye & Castor Oyl, The Detective. Better Little Book No. 1497. Whitman 1941.
4. Pop-up Popeye. Blue Ribbon Press Book, Pleasure Books 1935.
5. Popeye in Choose Your Weppins, Saalfield No. 1593, 1935.
6. Popeye in Puddleburg. Saalfield No. 1318, 1934.
7. Popeye's Ark. Saalfield No. 1117, 1936.
8. Wimpy-The Hamburger Eater, Big Little Book No. 1458. Whitman, 1938.
9. Sappo. Whitman 1935.
10. Popeye in A Sock for Susan's Sake. Better Little Book No. 1485. Whitman, 1940.
11. Popeye. Saalfield No. 1301, 1934.
12. Popeye-How to Box. No. 14 of Tattoo Gum Comic Folder Series. (Smallest Popeye volume, 2¼" x 2") 1933.



Far Left: Popeye Big Big Book published by Whitman, 1935.
Left: Popeye Four Color comic No. 26. Dell 1939.

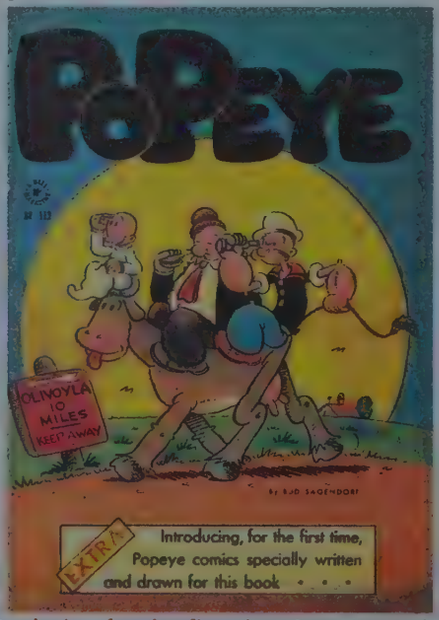
introduced their new line in ten cent comicbooks, oversized affairs measuring 8½ inches by 11½ and reprinting daily newspaper strips. The first two books, **Dick Tracy** and **Popeye**, were unnumbered and ran to 88 pages apiece. They were such a success that they were reprinted in the new series of comics that were given the running title of **Feature Books.** Number one was **Dick Tracy**, number two **Popeye**, and the previously issued pair came round again as No. 3 and No. 4. They remained the only two **Feature Books** to run to 88 pages, the regular pagecount being 52.

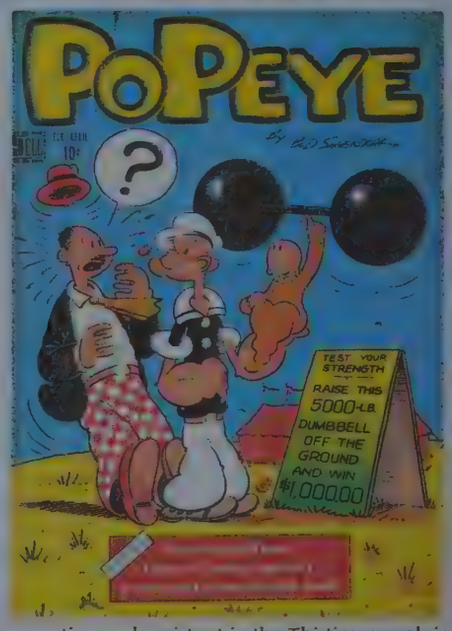


The untimely death of Elzie Segar on 13 October 1938 caught King Features on the hop. Popeye was more popular than ever before, thanks to the expanding popularity of the Fleischer cartoon films, and it was essential that the strip continue without a break. Charles H. Winner, known as 'Doc' to his buddies in the bull-pen, won the job and continued the Sunday pages and the daily serial so splendidly that only the eagle eyes of young comic strip fanciers could spot the difference. But the workload was too much for Doc, who had his own weekly page of 'Elmer' and 'Alexander Smart Esq.' to turn out. But he was able to give King time to find a good regular substitute, in fact two: Tom Sims to write the stories and dialogue, and Bela 'Bill' Zaboly to draw the pictures. Together this team worked throughout the war years, spotlighting the antics of the silly sailor with the goofy teeth, Oscar, the scrawny Aunt Jones and the monocled British big game hunter, Sir Pomeroy ('Pommy' to his pals).

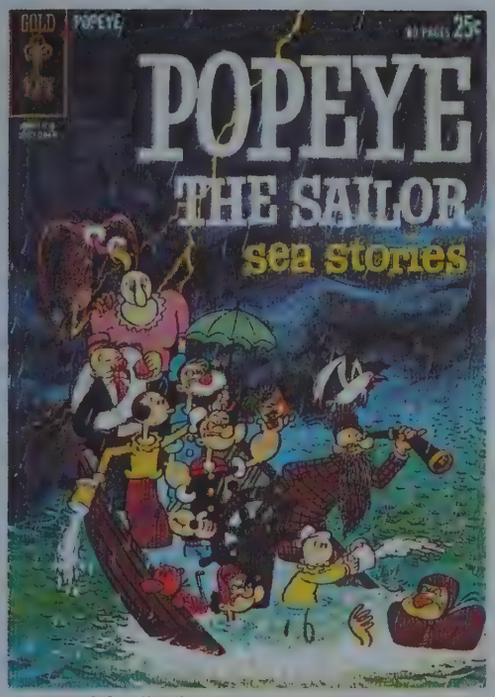
Dell comics, a subdivision of the major magazine publishing company founded by George T. Delacorte Jr in the 1920's now entered the comic book world with a long-running series of one-shot books. Originally published as the **Black and White Series,** backed up by a **Four Color Series,** Popeye starred in both. The former reprinted the newspaper dailies, while the latter reprinted as 68-page specials the Sunday pages which had originally appeared in **King Comics.** The **Black and White** series soon faded out of popularity, unable to compete with the full colour comic books. These went from strength to strength as new characters were introduced, and then reprints were phased out in favour of all new comic art.

The first brand new Popeye comic book was No. 113 of this **Four Color** series, published in July 1946 with the cover notice: 'Extra! Introducing for the first time Popeye comics specially written and drawn for this book!' The artist was Bud Sagendorf, a young fellow who had actually worked with E. C. Segar as his apprentice and assistant in the Thirties, supplying the odd cut-out or game panel which was for a time included in the Sunday newspaper page. Sagendorf now contracted to draw the new **Popeye** comic books, which became a regular chore for him beginning with a new Number One dated February to April 1948. Sagendorf cherished the memory of working with Segar, and frequently reworked his master's old stories in comic book form, such as 'King Swee'pea' which ran as 'The Swee'pea Story' in No. 46, and 'Goon Island' which ran as a Popeye Special in Dell's **Comic Album** series No. 7 (September 1959).


POPEYE
OLIVOYLA 10 MILES KEEP AWAY
by BUD SAGENDORF
EXTRA
Introducing, for the first time, Popeye comics specially written and drawn for this book . . .

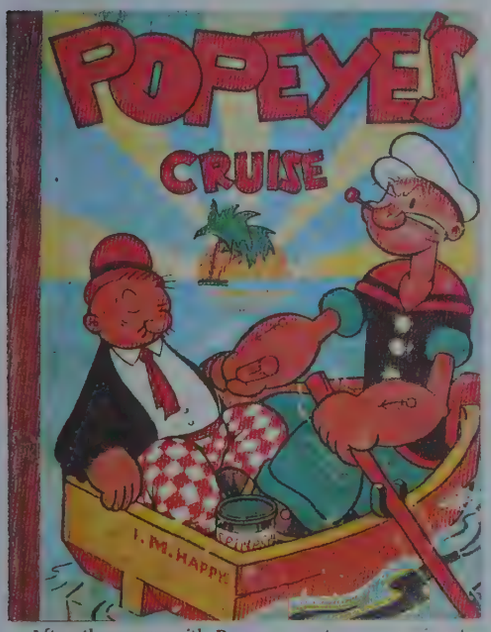


A series of 'New Series' began with Dell's dropping out of the comic book area. First came Gold Key with a bumper 80-page debut, **Popeye The Sailor Sea Stories** (actually number 66). This featured Sagendorf's finest single picture, the painted cover which was reproduced on the back of the book without the little lettering as popeye Pin-Up No. 1. That was in October 1962. Four years later in August 1966, **Popeye** No. 81 appeared published by King Features themselves. Three years on came February 1969, with the first **Popeye** (No. 94) published by Charlton Press, This was the first non-Sagendorf Popeye, drawn by Charlton's comics editor, George Wildman. From No. 139 Popeye found himself back with Gold

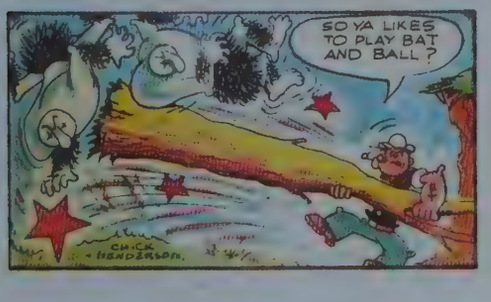


Key, and finally the series came to a close with No. 171, when the publisher was Whitman, a name associated with Popeye for fifty years. The date of the final **Popeye** comic was July 1984.

Meanwhile in Britain, Popeye had fared less well. After the bold start in the Daily Mirror, Birn Brothers, a major publishers of children's books, took on the rights and produced a series of four Large format books. **Popeye** and **Popeye the Pirate** each had 96 pages, **Popeye's Pranks** and **Popeye's Cruise** were slightly larger and bulked to 160 pages. A mixture of stories, strips and colour plates, the books were unsigned, but the last three were illustrated by the refugee cartoonist from Europe, Justyn Michman.



After the war, with Popeye cartoons coming to children's independent television via Granada, King Features strips were signed up to fill a page or so of **Film Fun** from 1959. The following year **TV Comic**, a rival, managed to secure the sailor by having new strips drawn in colour by a British cartoonist. The first to draw our hero was Chick Henderson, a somewhat shaky artist who had



served an apprenticeship at the J. Arthur Rank animation studio under David Hand. Other cartoonists involved over the years were Neville Main and the best, Bill Mevin. From 1965 these

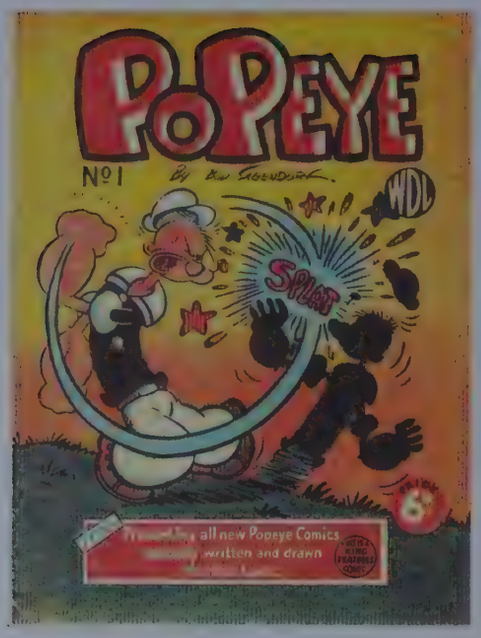
pages were garnered into an annual **Popeye Holiday Special.**

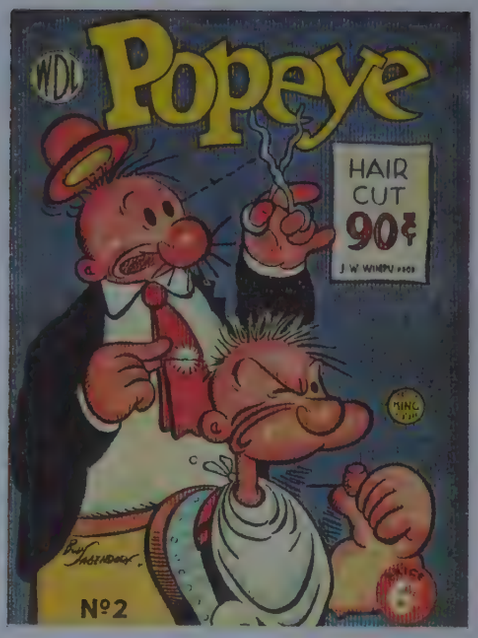
The first postwar **Popeye Annual** was published in 1960 by Adprint, and although publishers have changed (Purnell, World Distributors, Brown Watson, Grandreams, etc) most Christmasses since then have seen a new volume. George Cattermole was the first cartoonist for these, but was gradually replaced by reprints of either the King strips or material from the American comicbooks.

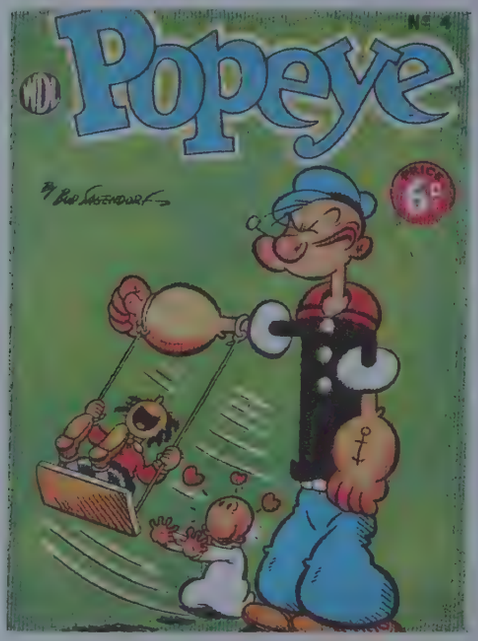
British comicbooks have also appeared down the years, beginning with World Distributors of Manchester (formerly Pemberton's) in May 1952. WDL ran a second series from 1957. These were all straight reprints from the States, but in 1959 L. Miller & Son, the prolific comicbook publishers of Hackney Road in London's East End, arranged to reprint King Features daily strips as monthly comic books. Editorial work was handled by the renowned Mick Anglo of **Marvelman** fame, whose main job was to provide the covers. For many of these he used artwork by the author of this chapter, originally drawn for several sets of fifty cartoon cards which were issued with the Primrose company's Popeye Sweet Cigarettes a few years earlier! Still, as most of my Popeye poses were lifted from the original American strips, I don't suppose there would be much point in taking the matter to court!

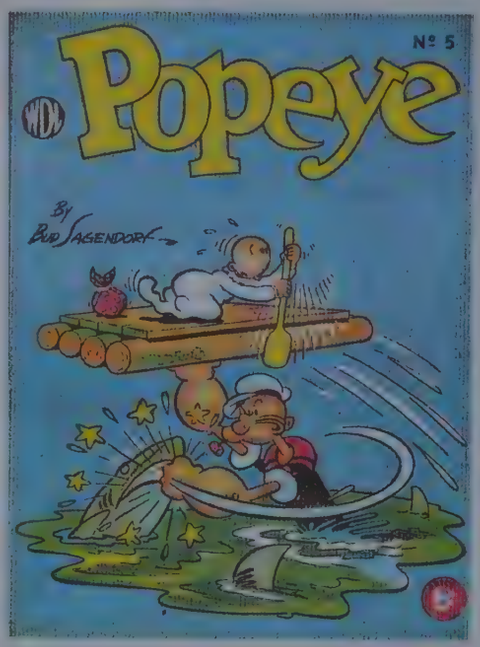
To wind up Popeye's progress in the comics, Whitman revived their Big Little Books series in 1967, sending Popeye on a **Ghost Ship to Treasure Island.** The price had inflated to 39 cents, but the anonymous pictures were all in full colour! in 1972 King Comics introduced a series of fifteen Educational Comics in which Popeye starred, beginning with No. E1, 'Health Careers', and followed up in 1980 by using him, and all the other King Features characters, in a series of educational tools including a series of 25 'How to Study' booklets for $3.95! As I conclude this chapter, Marvel Comics UK has launched a new series of monthly Popeye comic books, so clearly Popeye still "yam what he yam – and tha's that!"

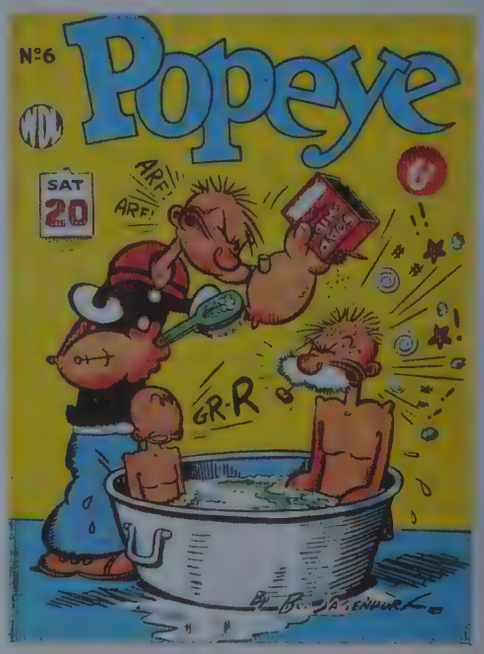
KING FEATURE
1980 EDUCATION CATALOGUE
"Follow me inside to see what King will bring in 1980..."
KING FEATURES CATAGORIES:
• MATH • READING
• CAREER AWARENESS
• KING CLASSICS • SPECIAL-EDUCATION • BASIC SKILLS
• REAL WORLD • SPANISH-ENGLISH
• Introducing our Classic Film Strips!
• And new Classic Wordbooks!



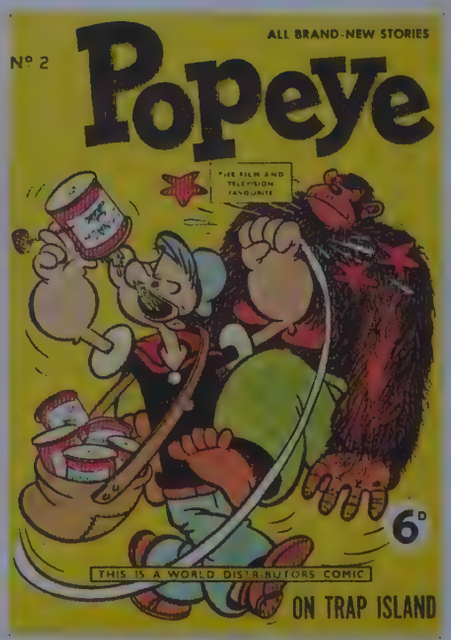


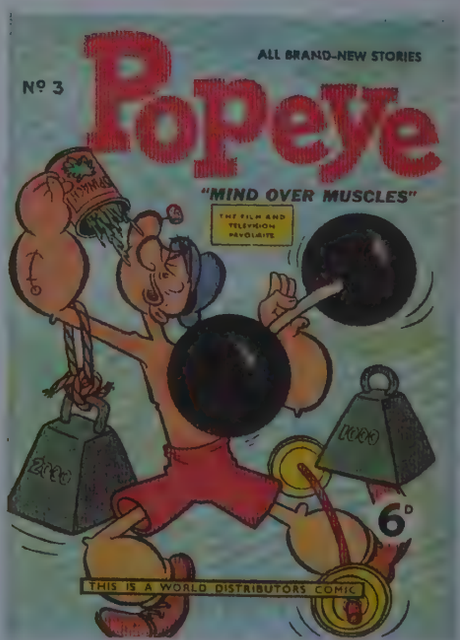




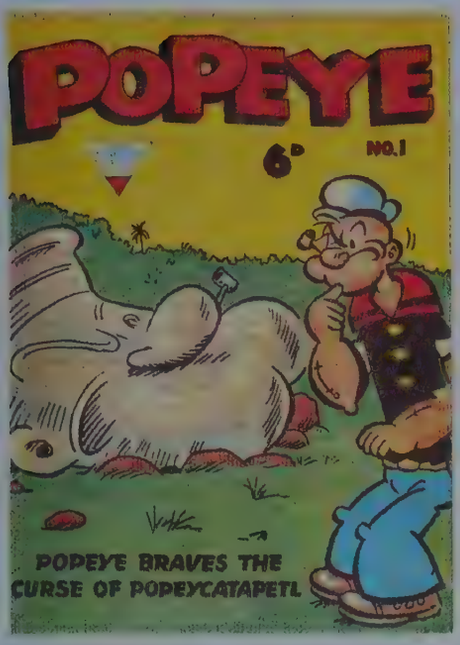


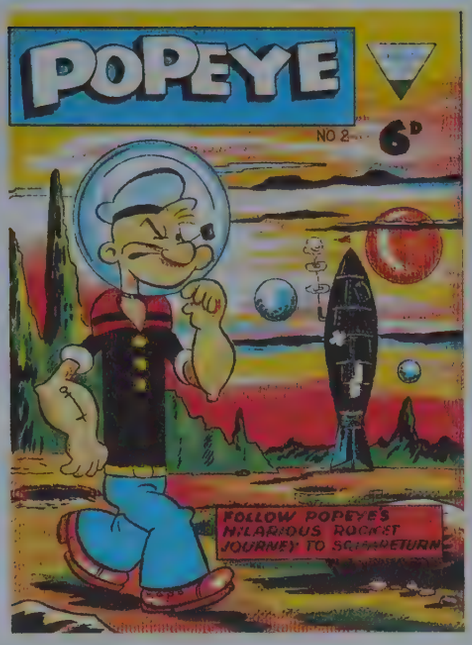
Selection of World Distributors (1st. series) reprint comics (U.K.).



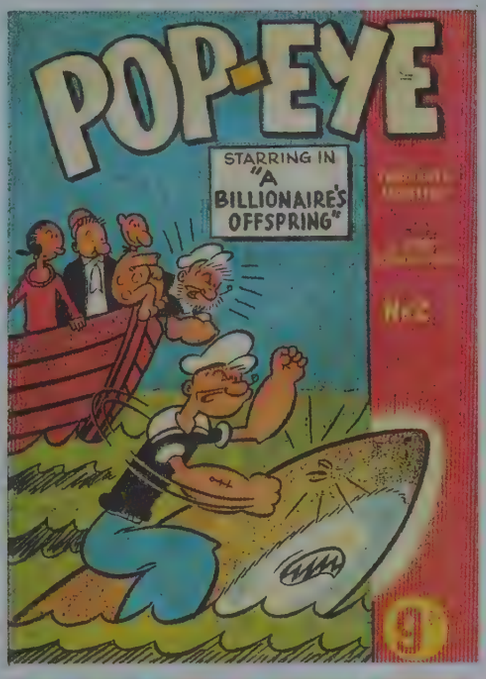


World Distributors (2nd. series) reprint comics (U.K.).





Monthly Popeye comics published by L. Miller & Son (U.K.).

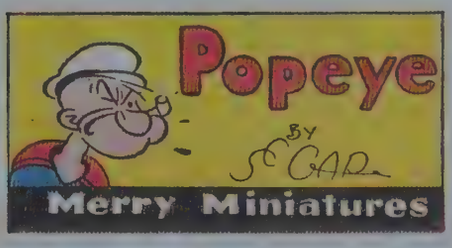


Australian Popeye comics reprinted Newspaper strips.

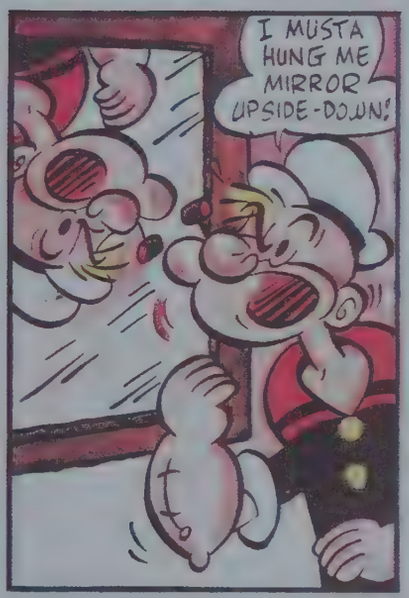
POPEYE
BEWARE OF THE DOG.
ARF! I SUSPOSE YOU ARE ASCARED SOMEONE MIGHT STEP ON HIM!
"MASS FUNNY-SWEET PEA WAS HERE JUS' NOW-!"
IF YOU WANTED IF THE ROSE DO FRUST WIMPY-I GOT A SPARE ONE!
TRAINING FOR A RACE, SIR? NO-RACING FOR A TRAIN!
DON'T LEAVE THIS EARTH PILED UP- DIG ANOTHER HOLE AND BURY IT.
THE TROUSERS AIN'T TOO SHORT- IT'S YOUR LEGS THAT ARE A BIT TOO LONG, SIR!
THROW IT BACK-IT'S TOO BIG FOR OUR FRYING-PAN!
THAT KID BUST ME GUN-WHEN I HIT HIM ON THE HEAD WITH IT!
I KNOWS WE HANDS IS DOWN- I'M ONLY PLAYIN' THE BLACK KEYS!
SHALL I SEND THIS CLOTHES HORSE, SIR, OR WILL YOU RIDE IT HOME?
TEACHER TOLE ME TO RITE A ESSAY ON A HORSH!
IF YER CALLED A SQUAW, I SUSPOSE HE IS A SQUAWKER
AHOY, OLIVE- YA FERGOT TO OPING THE GARRIDGE DOORS-!
COKY NUTS FER SALE!
WELL- I GOTTA MAKE A LIVIN' SOMEHOW!
I CAN'T SHOOT HIM- I FOR-GOT TO GET A GUN LICENCE.
I WON'T SMOOTH MAN- I DON'T WANTS NO RUG WITH THAT EXPRESSION!
BETTER SHUT THE PORT-HOLES- THE TIDES RISING!
TO THE STATION
TAINT FAR, SAILOR- FIVE MINUTES WALK EF YE RUN!
SEE ARF
I M FISHIN' FOR DOGFISH!
THE CHEESE IS FULL OF HOLES? LEAVE 'EM ON THE SIDE OF YOUR PLATE!
HOW LONG WILL YOUR CHOP BE? ABOUT TWO INCHES!
HOW ME DOWN I MUST I PLANTS THE SEED LONGE DOWN
HOW CAN I GET ALMONT THIS?
WILL WE GO FASTER WHEN YOUVE WOUND IT UP?
FERTILIZER TO PUT ON YOUR SPINACH? I ALWAYS PUT SALT ON MINE!
HOW DID THEY GET ALL THAT FROTH INTO THE BOTTLE?
AHOY! YOU'D BETTER HURRY AN' WAKE ME UP- OR I'LL BE LATE FER SCHOOL!
WOULDN'T IT BE QUICKER TO DIG IT WITH A SPADE?
SPEED 30 M.P.H.
SHOVE UP, SON- WE'S NOT GOIN' FAST ENUFF!
AHOY OSCAR! YA FERGOT TA LET GO OF THE HAMMER
TOSSING THE HAMMER CONTEST
I VAM TRYNA SEE WHAT I'D LOOK LIKE IF I WAS TWINS!
ARF! I AIN'T SNOOPERSTITOUS
MY GORSH! MUSN'T IT BE ARFUL- HAVIN' TO WARSH ALL THAT NECK
YER KIDS BEEN WALKIN' FER A YEAR NOW YA SEZ? MY GORSH-AINT HE TIRED.

Set of 50 Popeye sweet cigarette cards (Primrose Co.).

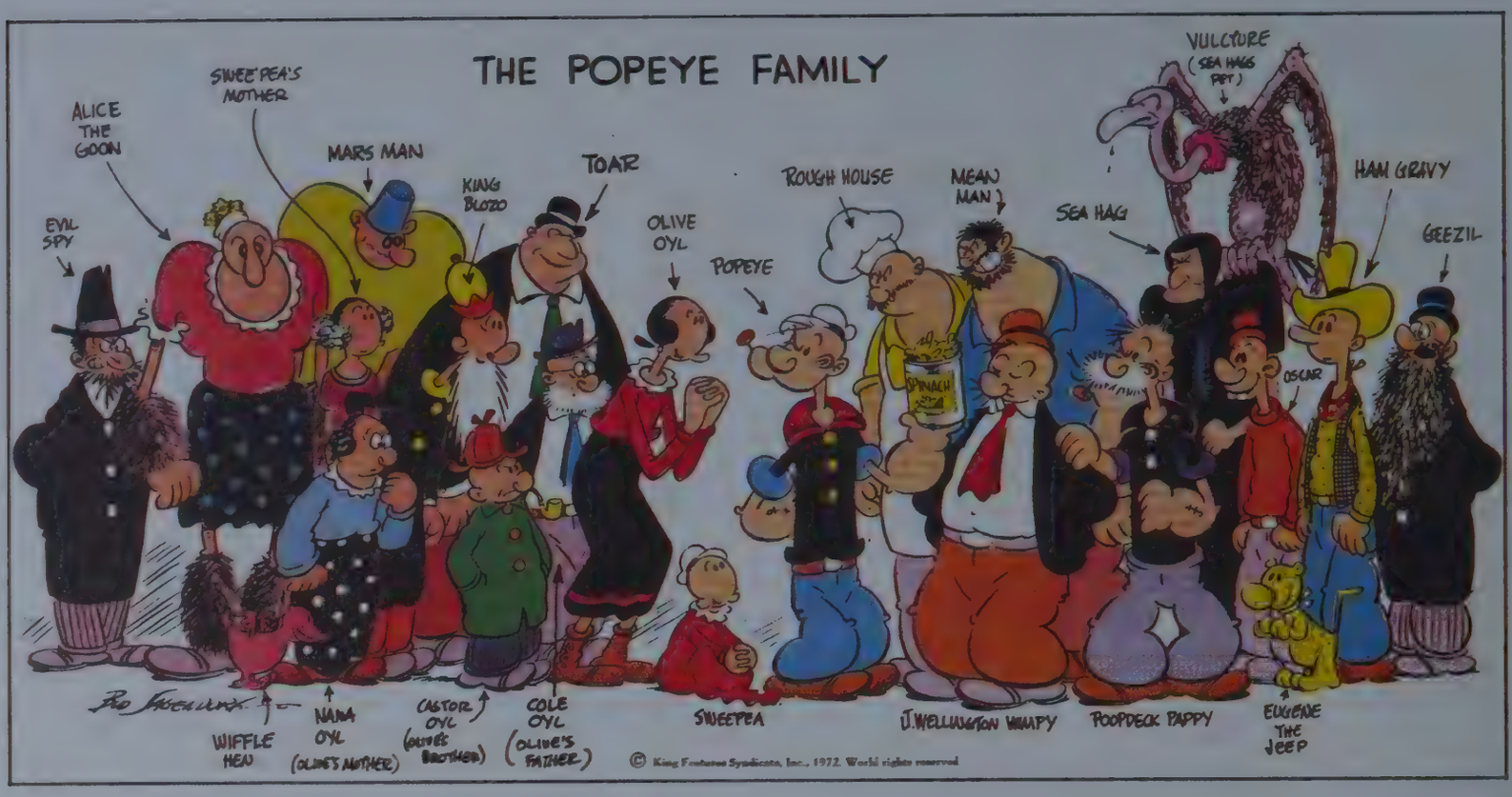
POPEYE
TONIGHT I AM GOING TO TELL YOU HOW TO CURE ABSENT-MINDEDNESS!
BOATIN'! 1½ FIRST HOUR- 6d SECOND HOUR-
I'LL JUST GO FOR THE SECOND HOUR SIR!
JUST SAVED A POUND- BOUGHT THIS GUINEA-PIG FOR A SHILLIN'!
THERE! THE T.V. DON'T MAKE THAT NASTY OLD WHISTLIN' NOISE NOW!
I'VE LOST ME CHEWIN GUM!
ARE YOU SURE YOU CONNECTED THE STOVE TO THE GAS MAIN?
NO. I AIN'T THE LION TAMER OLIVE - I JUST CLEANS THEIR TEETH!
EEK! SOMEBODY'S CUT OFF THE POOR HORSE'S HEAD!
YOU CATCH A HAMMER-HEAD SHARK AN WE'LL SOON HAS A HUT BUILT!
THAT'S FUNNY - SWEE PEA WEIGHS MORE THAN I DO!
I'LL THROW THIS FISH BACK- IT'S BEEN TODDEN ON!
EAGLE LAUNDRY
WASHER WANTED
THAT JOB WOULDN'T SUIT ME - I DON'T KNOW HOW TO WASH EAGLES!
GIVE US A TUNE, MR GEEZIL - POPEYE SEZ YOU ALWAYS FIDDLE WIT' YER WITSKERS
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE TOUGH STEAK - I NEEDS THE EXNERCISE!
GORSH! SUSPOSE IT HAD MISSED THE HOLE-!



2 Miniature comic-books published in the U.K. by Home Publicity Ltd. in 1938.



2 samples of large format cards (U.K.).



BUD SAGENDORF – a selection of his comic book and Sunday Page work.

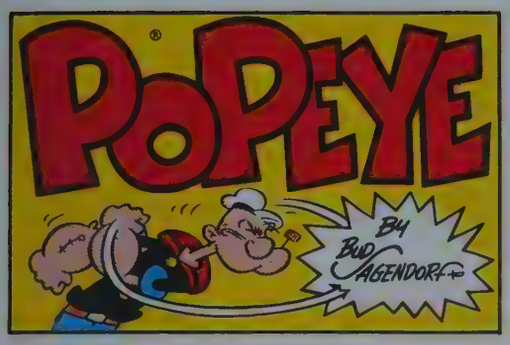
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS –
"ADRIFT!"
OR
"HERE'S DIRT IN YOUR FACE!"
OR
"I LIKE YOU, TOO!"
SOMETIME AGO POPEYE AND HIS PALS WERE ON A LITTLE TRIP ACROSS THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT, AND THEY RAN INTO – – –
By BUD SAGENDORF
IT WILL BE DARK IN A HALF HOUR – I THINKS WE SHOULD CAMP HERE FER THE NIGHT!
AT LAST! I'M TIRED OUT – WE'VE BEEN RIDING SINCE MORNING!
UGH! WHAT A PLACE! WE MUST BE A HUNDRED MILES FROM A RESTAURANT!
TIE THE HORSHES TO ONE OF 'EM CACTISES WHILE OLIVE AN' I FIXES SOME GRUB!
VERY WELL – – HEAP MY PLATE HIGH – I'M FAMISHED!
AFTER A QUICK MEAL THE WEARY NOMADS TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT
THE DESERT DARKNESS PASSES AND THE RISING SUN AGAIN LIGHTS THE DESOLATE WASTES
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA' TH – –? MY GORSH? WHAT HAS HAPPINGED?
(GULP) WE HAS BEEN ROBBED!!
AVAST, WIMPY! WAKE UP!! SOME SWAB HAS RUSTLED OUR BLANKETS, FOOD, WATER, AND HORSHES!!
GOOD HEAVENS, OL' PAL!! DO YOU MEAN THAT WE HAVE NO WATER OR FOOD?
'AT'S RIGHT, WIMPY – WE WAS ROBBED WHILE WE WAS ASLEEP!
WOE IS ME!! OOOH! AND THIS IS TUESDAY!
WOE! WOE! WOE!!
SURE IT IS TUESDAY!! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES 'AT MAKE? ANY DAY IS A BAD DAY TO BE ADRIFT IN A DESERK WIT'-OUT WATER!
BUT – – WOE – – TUESDAY IS THE DAY I ALWAYS WASH MY HAIR! I HAVEN'T MISSED A TUESDAY IN TWENTY YEARS!!

AHOY, POPEYE -- HERE'S FEETPRINTS IN THE SAND -- THE ROBBER MUST OF TOOKED OUR HORSES THIS WAY!!
OUR ONLY CHANCE TO COME OUT OF THIS WIT'-OUT BEIN' DEAD IS TO FOLLOW THE THIEF AN' GIT OUR STUFF BACK!!
WHEN I CATCHES UP WIT' HIM, I WILL BLAST HIM WIT' ME DOUBLE-DUCK-STOOP-TWISKER SOCK!! I HATES THIEVERS!
SIX HOURS LATER---
COME ON, YA SLOW-POKES ---- WE WILL NEVER CATCH HIM IF WE WALKS THIS SLOW!!
I CAN'T GO ANOTHER STEP -- I'VE GOT TO HAVE WATER - WATER! COOL, WET, DAMP WATER --
SHE'S IN A BAD WAY, OL' FRIEND. I FEAR SHE WILL BE UNABLE TO GO ANY FARTHER!
POOR OLIVE!
COME ON, OLIVE - I WILL CARRY YA!
WATER!
I FEAR THAT I, TOO, AM UNABLE TO GO ANY FARTHER, POPEYE!
PERHAPS IF MISS OYL MOVED OVER, YOU COULD CARRY ALL OF US!
BLAST YA, WIMPY, GIT UP ON YER FEET! YA IS NOT GOING TO MOOCH NO RIDE!!
BAH! YOU ARE A CAD, SIR!
HA! HA! HA! FAT MAN TRY TO MOOCH RIDE!! HA!
WHA'--TH'--??
WHO EVER YA IS - COME ON OUT FROM B'HIND 'AT ROCK!!
HA! HA! HA!
POPEYE, THEY IS NO PERSING B'HIND THIS ROCK!
HUH?
BUT THEY HASTA BE - WE HEARD HIM LAUGHING!!
THE HEAT MUSTA MADE US HEAR THINGS!!
YIPE!
HA! HA! YEAH! YOU'RE HEARIN' THINGS!
HA!
HA!
IT'S 'AT BIG ROCK WHAT IS TALKIN'!
HA! HA! OF COURSE I'M TALKING! HA! HA! HA!
BLOW ME DOWN! A TALKING ROCK!!
HA! HA! HA! YOU'D THINK YOU'D NEVER HEARD A ROCK TALK BEFORE!!
HA!
HA!
I FEEL SILLY STANDIN' HERE TALKIN' TO A ROCK WHEN I KNOWS ROCKS CAN'T TALK!
MAYBE IT'S A MAGIC ROCK!
PERHAPS IT COULD MAGIC UP SOME WATER FOR US!
OH YEAH?
HM? MAGIC? MAYBE YA IS RIGHT!! HM?
I WILL TESK IT!
AHOY, MR. ROCK, IF YA IS SO CLEVER, LE'S SEE YA GIVE US SOME WATER, PLEASE!
WATER?
WATER? YOU WANT WATER?
YAS! WE IS VERY THIRSKY!!
OKAY! WATER IT IS!!
OKAY, SAM, GIVE THE SAILOR WATER!
HA! HA! HA! THAT'S ENOUGH, SAM, TURN IT OFF!!
SPLAT
HA! HA! CLOSE UP QUICK!! HE'S LIABLE TO BE MAD! HA! HA!
!!
!!
PLOP
I SAW YA! YA OPINGED UP LIKE A CLAM -- YA IS NOT A TALKIN' ROCK!! YA IS JUS' A SHELL FER SOME SWAB HIDIN' INSIDE!
PLUNK
HM? WELL I'LL BE --? 'AT STONE IS JUS' THE SAME HARDNESS AS ME FISK!!
HA! HA! HA!
MAYBE YER ROCK IS TOO HARD TO BUST, BUT I WILL FIND A WAY TO GIT TO YA!!
WIMPY, I'LL BETCHA THE SWAB WHAT IS IN 'AT ROCK IS THE ONE WHAT ROBBED US!
AND ANY SWAB WHAT ROBS ME IS ME EMENIE AN' I WILL TEAR HIM TO PIECES!!
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, BLABBER-MOUTH!
SPLAT

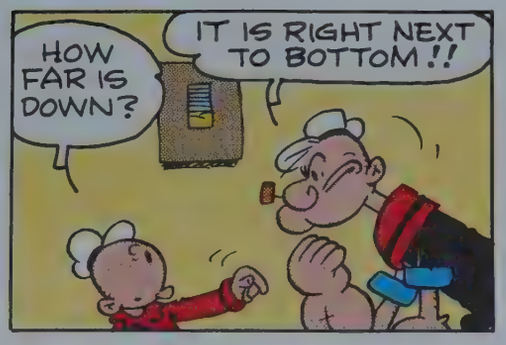
DIDJA SEE 'AT? DIDJA SEE WHAT HE DID? HE THREW DIRT IN ME FACE!!
NASTY, ISN'T HE?
GR.R.
THEY IS TWO THINGS I HATES — THIEVES AN' DIRT THROWERS, AN' 'AT SWAB IS BOTH!!
-AN' I WILL NOT LEAVE THIS DESERK UNTL I HAS SMACKED HIM WIT' ME TWISKER SOCK!
YOU TELL 'EM, BIG BOY!
HA!
IF POPEYE KNEW WHAT HE WAS UP AGAINST, HE WOULD LEAVE AS FAST AS HE COULD CARRY OLIVE AND SWEE'PEA! THE SWAB INSIDE THE ROCK IS A MEMBER OF THAT ALMOST EXTINCT RACE OF VILLAINS CALLED BURROWERS, OR GOPHER PEOPLE.
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
AT ONE TIME THERE WERE MILLIONS OF GOPHER PEOPLE —
BUT TODAY THERE ARE LESS THAN A HUNDRED LEFT — ALL LIVING IN THE DESERT VALLEY POPEYE AND HIS PALS ARE ADRIFT IN —
HERE IS A CROSS SECTION OF THE GROUND UNDER THE ROCK TO SHOW YOU WHY THEY ARE CALLED GOPHER PEOPLE —
LIKE OLD TIMES — HAVIN' SOMEONE TO BE NASTY TO!
YEAH! MAKES LIVIN' FUN AGAIN!
THE FIRST CHANCE WE'VE HAD TO STEAL ANYTHIN' IN FIFTY YEARS!
I PUT THEIR HORSES IN THE SOUTH GOPHER HOLE!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING FOR OLIVE — SHE'S BEGINNING TO FEEL THE THIRST AGAIN!
MY GORSH! I FERGOT ALL ABOUT HER!!
WATER!! GIVE ME WATER! I'LL EVEN TAKE MUDDY WATER! WATER! WATER! WATER!
THAT GAL'S IN A BAD WAY — — !!
SAY! I'VE AN IDEA! LET'S GIVE THEM A GLASS OF WATER!
OH, WE COULDN'T DO THAT! THAT WOULD BE THE NICE THING TO DO AND WE'RE THE NASTY TYPE — WE'RE MEAN!
HA! HA! IT WOULDN'T BE NICE AT ALL!
THEY ARE ALL THIRSTY AND IF WE GIVE THEM ONE GLASS OF WATER, THEY'LL ALL WANT IT AND START FIGHTING! OH, BOY! I CAN SEE IT NOW!! KICKING, SCRATCHING, HITTING AND SMASHING EACH OTHER OVER A GLASS OF WATER!!
WE'D BETTER GET WATER SOON OR WE'LL ALL BE DEAD!
I KNOW IT, WIMPY — I YAM ARFUL THIRSKY MESELF!!
LOOK, POPEYE — ON THAT ROCK — — — A GLASS OF WATER!!
WATER!!! GIVE US WATER!!
TAKE IT EASY!! WE HASTA BE FAIR ABOUT THIS!!
ARE THEY FIGHTING YET?
NAW! THE SAILOR IS HOLDING THEM BACK!
LE'S ACT LIKE GROWED UP PEOPLE — THEY IS ENOUGH WATER FOR EACH OF US TO HAVE ONE BIG SWALLOW!
GIVE IT TO ME FIRST!
WE WILL BE CIVILIZED AND DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHICH ONE GITS THE WATER FIRSK!!
YOU HOLD THE WATER, OLIVE — WHILE WIMPY AN' SWEE'PEA HELPS ME FIND SOME STRAWS!
AHOY, WIMPY — WE KIN USE CACTUS NEEDLES FER STRAWS!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA, OL' PAL — LET US GET ON WITH THE DRAWING — MY THIRST IS GROWING!
IT SURE WILL BE SWELL TO TASTE WATER AGAIN!
WHA'— — TH'— — — !?! OLIVE, WHAT IS YA DOIN'?
BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY — — SHE IS WASHIN' HER HAIR WIT' OUR WATER!!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
PLOP
HA! HA! THE GAL WASHED HER HAIR WITH THE WATER!! WHAT A DAME! HA! HA!
YEAH! AND NOW THE OTHERS AREN'T SPEAKING TO HER! HA! HA! HA!
IF YOU BOYS WON'T TALK TO ME, I WON'T TALK TO YOU!!
LOOK, POPEYE — WHY DON'T WE PACK UP AND GET OUT OF THIS DESERT?
DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY!
HOW KIN WE PACK UP? THE SWABS UN'ER-GROUND STOLE ALL OF OUR STUFF! WE COULDN'T GIT TEN MILES ACROSS THE DESERT AFOOT!
WE WILL HAFTA STAY RIGHT HERE UNTIL I FIGURES OUT A WAY TO GET OUR FOOD AND WATER BACK!!
BAH! I DON'T SEE WHY THEY HAD TO GET SO MAD! A GIRL HAS TO THINK OF HER LOOKS!
Pop
A GIRL'S HAIR IS PART OF HER BEAUTY AND SHOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF!
TAKE IT EASY, BABY — I'LL TALK TO YOU!!
GULP?
YOU'RE JUST MY TYPE, BABY — WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL OF MY LIFE?
HUH?

WE COULD MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER, KID!
GOSH!
AW! I BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL OF THE GIRLS!
OH, NO, BABY - JUST YOU!
YOU'RE MY DREAM GIRL, BABY - YOU'VE GOT THAT OL' MAGIC!
SO TRUE!
THE MOMENT I SAW YOU - I KNEW, BABY - I KNEW I LOVED YOU!!
YES! YES!
KISS ME, BABY! KISS ME!!
OOOH! LOVER BOY!
SMACK SMACK
YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH ME BECAUSE OF MY GREAT BEAUTY?
HEAVENS NO, BABY!! I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE SO UGLY!! I'M JUST MAD ABOUT UGLY WOMEN!!
HUH?
GR-R-R!! YOU FIEND! TOYING WITH A WOMAN'S EMOTIONS!
GOOD GORSH!? WHAT IS WRONG WIT' OLIVE?
COME ON OUT AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!
AHOY, OLIVE! WHAT IS THE MATTER?
HE INSULTED ME!
WHAT YA TALKIN' ABOUT? WHO INSULTED YA?
HE DID! HE CALLED ME UGLY!
BLOW ME DOWN? YA MEANS ONE OF 'EM GOPHER SWABS WAS TALKIN' TO YA?
HE WHISPERED SWEET NOTHINGS TO ME AND THEN HE INSULTED ME!!
I DIDN'T INSULT HER!
I JUST TOLD HER THAT I LOVED HER!
CAN I HELP IT IF I'M NUTS ABOUT UGLY DAMES?
ARF! ARF! HE'S SURE GOT YER NUMBER, OLIVE!
SHE'S HORRIBLE! SHE'S EVERYTHING A WOMAN SHOULDN'T BE - SHE'S WONDERFUL!
STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP, YOU CAD!
ARF!
BAM!
COME ON, OLIVE - DON'T LET 'EM GIT YER GOAT!
BAH!! PHOOEY! HE'S NO GENTLEMAN!
HA! HA! BOY! WAS SHE MAD!
YEAH! BUT ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE WITH HER?
WHO, ME? HECK NO! I JUST FIGURED IF WE COULD GET HER DOWN HERE WE'D HAVE SOMEONE TO COOK FOR US!
HEY! THAT WOULD BE SWELL!
WHAT THIS GOPHER-HOLE NEEDS IS A HOUSE-KEEPER - I'M SICK OF WASHING DIRTY DISHES!
THERE SHOULD BE SOME WAY TO GET HER!
WATER! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR SOME WATER!
HEY!! LOOK WHO'S HERE - THE FAT MAN!!
SAY - HE LOOKS LIKE A HEEL!!
WATER! WATER!
I WONDER IF HE'S ENOUGH OF A HEEL TO MAKE A DEAL WITH US?
LET'S TRY HIM!
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME WATER, BUB?
BEG PARDON? THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
WE'LL SWAP YOU A GALLON OF WATER FOR MISS OYL - ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CALL HER OVER HERE AND KEEP HER BUSY WHILE WE DIG A HOLE UNDER HER!!
SIR! WHAT KIND OF A HEEL DO YOU THINK I AM?
AFTER ALL - JUST THINK - A WHOLE GALLON OF WATER!!
HM -?
YOO-HOO! MISS OYL!!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, WIMPY?
PLEASANT DAY, ISN'T IT?
HOW'S YOUR MOTHER FEELING?
READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?
THIS ABOUT RIGHT?
YEAH! START DIGGIN'!
WIMPY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
HOW'S YOUR UNCLE'S DOG?
CLOMP
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
HAS THE HEAT GOT YOU?
BLA! BLA! BLA! BLA!
CLOMP
OH! I'M BEING PULLED DOWN INTO THE GROUND!
OH! HELP!
I'VE GOT HER FEET!
HELP!! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING! POPEYE!!
YOO-HOO-POPEYE!! WHERE ARE YOU, POPEYE? HELP ME!
PLEASE, MISS OYL - CAN'T YOU COOPERATE!
SH-H-SHUSH!
PHOOEY!! SHE'S GOT HER ARMS SPREAD OUT!
WE CAN'T GET HER DOWN WHILE SHE HAS HER ARMS SPREAD OUT!

LET'S PUSH HER WAY UP AND THEN JERK HER DOWN, GOOD AND HARD!
NOW!
WHOP
SHE'S STILL GOT HER ARMS OUT— WE'LL NEVER GET HER DOWN WITH HER ARMS OUT!
HELP!
PLEASE, MISS OYL— PUT YOUR ARMS UP OVER YOUR HEAD!
YOUR COOPERATION WOULD BE APPRECIATED!
MAY I HAVE MY GALLON OF WATER NOW — I GOT HER OVER HERE FOR YOU. IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU CAN'T PULL HER DOWN!
YOU DON'T GET YOUR WATER UNTIL WE GET OUR SCULLERY MAID!
HELP!! HELP!! POPEYE!! HELP!!!
MY GORSH! 'AT'S OLIVE CALLIN' FER HELP!!
HELP!
I'M COMIN', OLIVE!
HELP!
HELP!
OH, MY GORSH!? WHATCHA DOIN', OLIVE?? GIT UP OUTA 'AT HOLE! YA LOOKS SILLY!!
I CAN'T! THEY'VE GOT A HOLD OF MY FEET!!
YOU'D BETTER NOT LET THAT SAILOR PULL HER OUT OR YOU'LL NEVER GET THE WATER!
THE GOPHER PEOPLE WANT ME FOR A HOUSE-KEEPER!
GIMME YER HAN'S— I WILL PULL YA OUT!!
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, OL' PAL!
CRACK
WHA'SA IDEA, WIMPY?
I SWAPPED MISS OYL FOR A GALLON OF WATER!
BLOW ME DOWN!! YA IS A WORSTER HEEL THAN I THOUGHT YA WAS!!
CRASH
BUT-BUT- I ASSURE YOU I WAS GOING TO DIVIDE THE WATER WITH YOU!
GORSH!?! WHAT ARE YA DOIN', OLIVE?
I'M STUCK IN A HOLE!
CAN'T YOU GIT OUT?
NO! THOSE NASTY GOPHER MEN ARE HOLDING MY FEET!
OKAY, OLIVE— I WILL PULL YA OUT NOW!!
HURRY UP! BRING THAT PLANK!
HA! HA! NOW LET'S SEE HIM PULL HER OUT!
IT'S NO USE, POPEYE— THEY'VE TIED SOMETHING TO MY FEET! IT'S TOO BIG TO COME THROUGH THE HOLE!
PUFF
BOY!! SHE'S SURE STUCK GOOD!!
PUFF
HA! HA! HA! HA!
THREE HOURS LATER—
(PUFF) (PUFF) I GUESS YA IS STUCKED FER GOOD, OLIVE— I KIN NOT PULL YA OUT!!
PUFF
WOE!! WHAT IS TO BECOME OF POOR LITTLE ME?
HM--? I WON'ER?
POPEYE, I THINKS I HAS AN IDEA!
HUH?
YA HAS ALWAYS HAD LOTSA WIND— WHY DOESN'T YA BLOW HER OUT?
YA MEANS PUT ME MOUTH ON THIS AN' BLOW?
YAS! I BET YA KIN BLOW HARD ENOUGH TO POP HER OUT OF 'AT HOLE!
I WILL TRY ANYTHIN' ONCE — I WILL TAKE A DEEP BREATH AN'---
?
WHEEE
POP!
POP!
POP!
POP!
POP!
HOORAY!! KEEP IT UP, POPEYE! YA IS BLOWIN' ALL OF OUR STUFF OUTA THE GROUN'!
NOW WE KIN GIT OUT OF THIS DESERT!
THE END

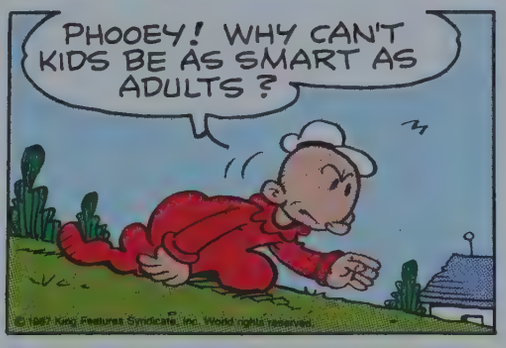

POPEYE
BY BUD SAGENDORF

SOMEDAY I YAM GO'NER FIND A QUESTION POPEYE CAN'T ANSWER!


HOW FAR IS DOWN?
IT IS RIGHT NEXT TO BOTTOM!!

WHY IS GOLD SO EXPENSIVE?
ON ACCOUNT OF IT AIN'T SAND!

WHA'S INSIDE A BRICK?
MORE BRICK!


PHOOEY! WHY CAN'T KIDS BE AS SMART AS ADULTS?
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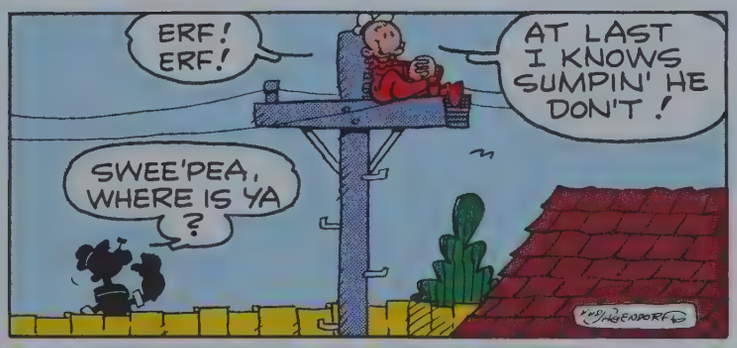
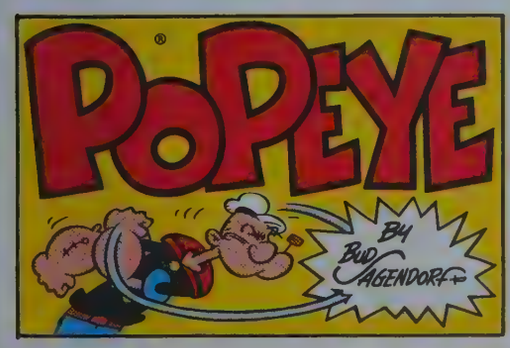
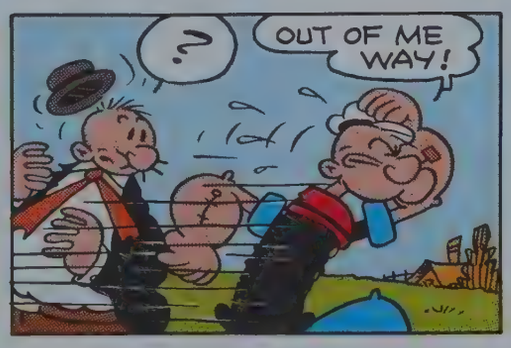
AHOY, SWEE'PEA, LUNCH IS READY!

SWEE'PEA! WHERE IS 'AT KID?
?
?
7/19


ERF! ERF!
AT LAST I KNOWS SUMPIN' HE DON'T!
SWEE'PEA, WHERE IS YA?

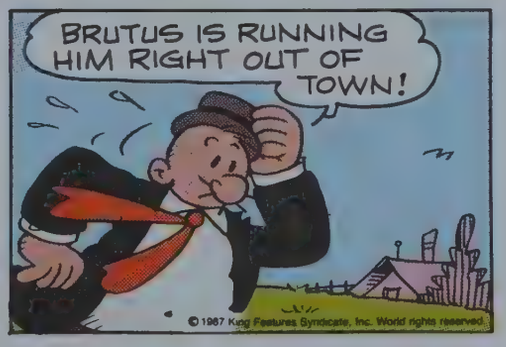

POPEYE
BY BUD SAGENDORF


?
OUT OF ME WAY!

!
?
GR-R!

GOOD HEAVENS?? BRUTUS IS CHASING AND POPEYE IS RUNNING!
?
CLOMP!
CLOMP!

IT IS UNLIKE POPEYE TO RUN FROM ANY-THING!


BRUTUS IS RUNNING HIM RIGHT OUT OF TOWN!
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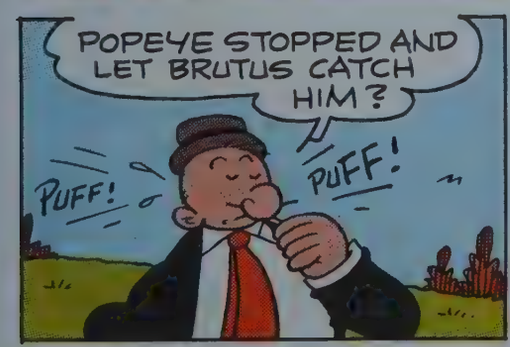
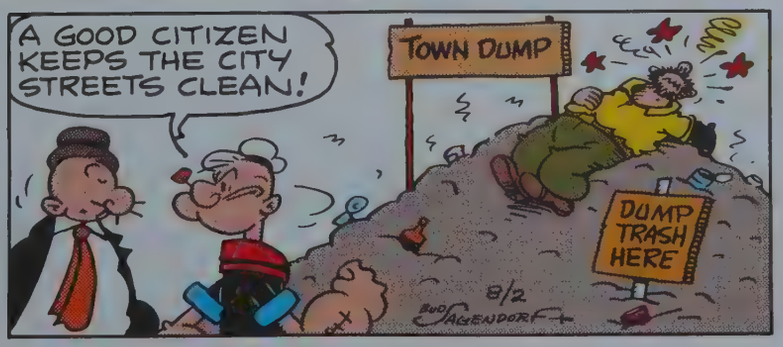

POPEYE STOPPED AND LET BRUTUS CATCH HIM?
PUFF!
PUFF!

POW!


A GOOD CITIZEN KEEPS THE CITY STREETS CLEAN!
TOWN DUMP
DUMP TRASH HERE
8/2
BUD SAGENDORF

POPEYE
BY BUD SAGENDORF
MISS OYL SERVES A NICE BREAK-FAST!
NOW TO MAKE PLANS FOR LUNCH!
O.OYL
AH! MY FAVORITE MOOCHING TARGET!!
IT IS A PLEASANT DAY FOR LUNCH... ISN'T IT, OL' PAL?
YER WASTIN' YER TIME!
IT IS NEVER A WASTE OF TIME CONVERSING WITH A VALUED FRIEND!
PHOOEY!
I CAN'T BUY YA A HAMBURGER... I YAM BROKE!
BROKE?
CURSES, SIR... YOU ARE A DISAPPOINTMENT!!
YOUR FRIENDSHIP IS WORTHLESS!
BUD SAGENDORF
I BID YOU ADIEU, SIR!
'TIS A SHAME I HAVE TO DIP INTO MY EMERGENCY RATIONS!
5/31
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POPEYE
BY BUD SAGENDORF
SAY IT AGAIN!
OKAY! OKAY! I LOVES YA!
IS THAT ALL?
YOU IS ME SPECIAL GIRL!
WHY DO YOU LOVE ME?
ON ACCOUNT OF YOU IS ME SWEETY!
WHY AM I YOUR SWEETY?
I GUESS BECAUSE I LOVES YA!
ARE YOU SURE YOU LOVE ME?
YEAH!
SAY IT AGAIN!
I LOVES YA!!
MORE!!
YER ME SWEET PATOOTY!
DON'T YOU FIND INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATION STIMULATING?
11/15
BUD SAGENDORF
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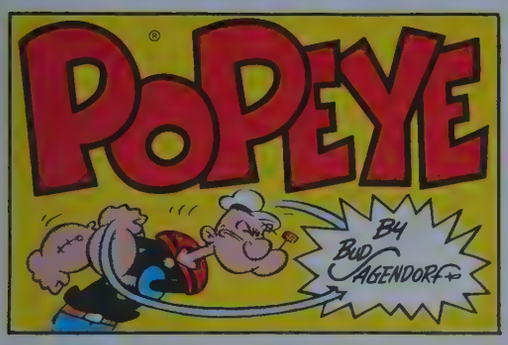
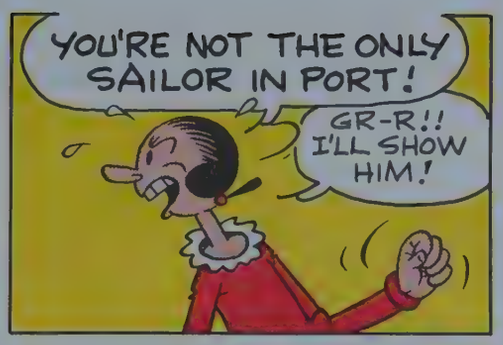
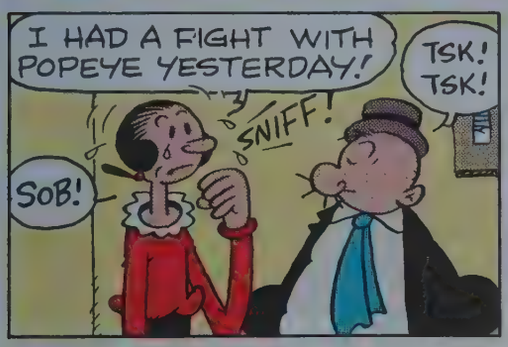
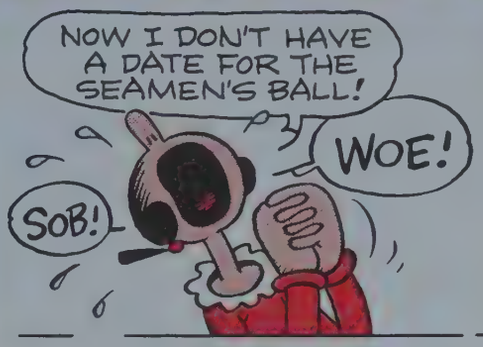
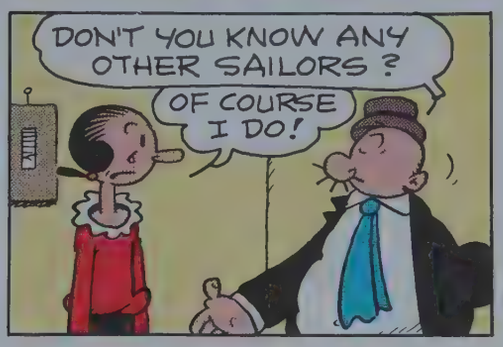

POPEYE
BY BUD SAGENDORF

I YAM NOT TAKIN' YA TO NO DANCE!
BEAST!


YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY SAILOR IN PORT!
GR-R!! I'LL SHOW HIM!

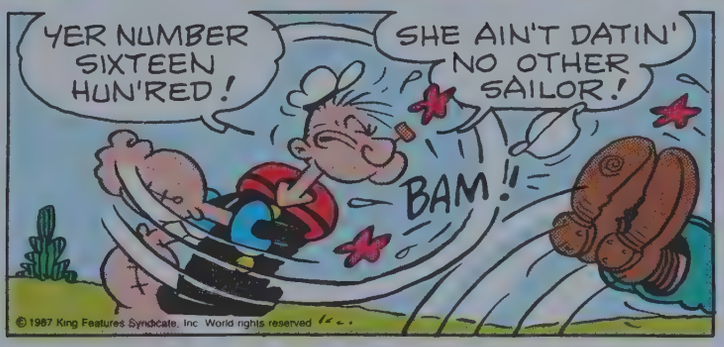

I HAD A FIGHT WITH POPEYE YESTERDAY!
TSK! TSK!
SNIFF!
SOB!


NOW I DON'T HAVE A DATE FOR THE SEAMEN'S BALL!
WOE!
SOB!


DON'T YOU KNOW ANY OTHER SAILORS?
OF COURSE I DO!

I KNOW ABOUT SIXTEEN HUNDRED IN THIS TOWN!
SO?

EVERYONE I'VE CALLED IS IN THE HOSPITAL!
?
7/5
BUD SAGENDORF


YER NUMBER SIXTEEN HUN'RED!
SHE AIN'T DATIN' NO OTHER SAILOR!
BAM!!
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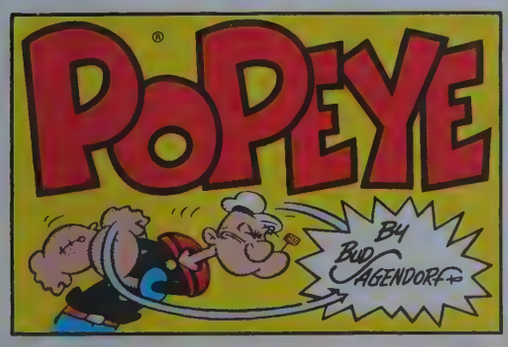
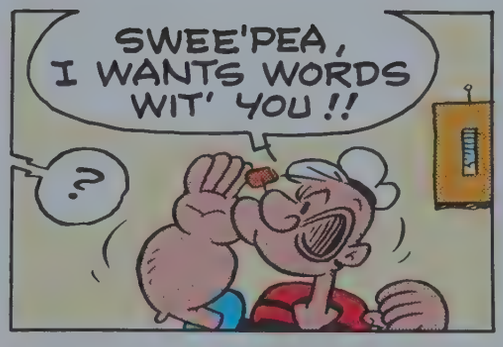

POPEYE
BY BUD SAGENDORF

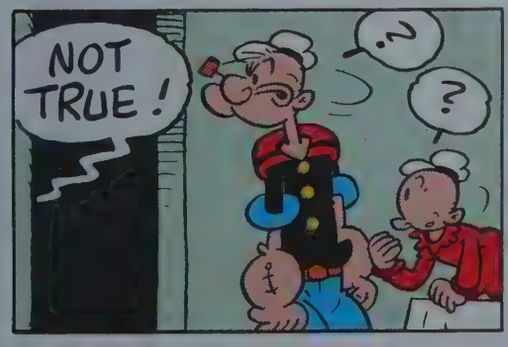
AN' WHEN YA GITS A LI'L BIGGER I WILL TAKE YA FISHIN' WIT' ME!!
!


SWEE'PEA, I WANTS WORDS WIT' YOU!!
?

I YAM WORRIED ABOUT YOU!
I FEELS FINE!
?

YOU SPENDS TOO MUCH TIME WIT' YER BLASTID GOLD-FISH!
I LIKES ARNOLD!

WHAT YOU NEEDS IS A HOBBY.. YA SHOULD COLLECT SUMPIN'!
THEY'S NOTHIN' TO COLLECT AROUN' HERE!


NOT TRUE!
?
?

THEY'S PLENTY TO COLLECT RIGHT HERE!
5/17
BUD SAGENDORF

GARBAGE! AN' YA KIN TAKE YER FIRST COLLECTION OUT FER THE TRASH-MAN!
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POPEYE – THE COLLECTABLES

By Stephen Herbert

It's the films that I remember best; the monochrome Fleischer classics of the 'thirties that found a new audience on late fifties television in Britain. But when, twenty years later, I thought back to those happy days of Popeye televiewing I recalled as well other memories of the one-eyed spinach eater – of ice cream vans plastered with crude paintings of the Popeye crew, a raucus rendering of the immortal "I'm Popeye the Sailor Man . ." shattering the calm of hot suburban Sunday afternoons. I remembered too, trips to Southend-on-Sea where a giant mechanical Popeye sat in a rowboat perched above the entrance to the Funfair; oars flailing uselessly, endlessly propelling the cussed old salt on a journey to nowhere. In 1979, Popeye's 50th Birthday year, I returned to Southend on a pilgrimage to the spot where many years before I'd stood and gazed at the creaking old salt. Inevitably Popeye had gone, but surprisingly the wreck of the bright red rowboat, 'The Olive' (of course), was still beached above the playground gates.

I never intended to collect Popeye memorabilia but, as a result of my involvement a decade ago in the publication of a 'fanzine' to mark the old Sailor Man's half century, (now a collectors' item in its own right, I suppose) I found myself deluged with Popeye novelties. My best friend's wife entrusted me with an Olive Oyl elastic-strung toy preserved from her childhood, which still went 'weak at the knees' when the sprung base was pressed, despite having suffered the trauma of a severed arm on some distant, over-enthusiastic playday. My sister presented me with an ancient Popeye salt cellar, found at an antiques fair. (Years later, bereft of cash or chequebook, I would spot its pepperpot mate while wandering past a streetmarket stall. A subsequent visit proved too late, the Popeye pepperpot had found a richer home).

The gifts came not only from family and friends, but also unexpectedly from Popeye fans all over the world. A Japanese schoolboy sent a home-made pop-up Popeye greetings card, and a copy of a glossy newsstand monthly for boys called – yes, **Popeye** – which included a review of my fanzine (in Japanese, of course!) American collectors sent snaps of rare and – for by now I was hooked – mouth-watering Popeye goodies. One fan sent Xerox copies of 1930s song sheets, settling conclusively long-standing arguments among fellow Popeyephiles over the words of obscure Popeye songs. And so I became a Popeye collector, and I began to search out details of Popeye treasures of old.

Perhaps the most popular cartoon collectables of all time were the Mickey Mouse watches and clocks, available in many variations over the years. Popeye collectors are less well served, but the old sailor has featured on timepieces too, with American wristwaches and pocket watches dating back to the thirties. The Popeye wristwatch in my own collection is a strange hybrid,

as the Popeye figure has been given Mickey Mouse arms! This peculiar watch was purchased new in 1980. British collectors searching for a Popeye clock have a good chance of finding a Smiths' alarm of twenty years ago. This features Swea Pea and a reclining Popeye on the face, but has conventional clock hands. Li'l Swea Pea nods his head as the clock ticks.

The earliest, most beautiful, and probably the rarest of the Popeye timepieces is the new Haven Watch Company's alarm clock of c.1932. Every surface of the clock includes a picture. On the underside of the base are miniature portraits of Olive, Roughouse and two other early Thimble Theatre characters. On the visible sides of the base are close-ups of Wimpy and Popeye, and full-length pictures of the same characters adorn the sides of the case. The clock's face features the Sailor Man in a running position; his bulging arms are the clock's hands, his fingers mark the time. Most magical of all is the back of the clock case. Popeye is seated smoking his pipe and beside him, sketch pad on knee, sits a young boy scribbling. Segar's signature appears beneath the scene. Surely this is Elzie Segar as a boy, back in Illinois in nineteen-hundred-and-when, sketching Frank 'Rocky' Feigle, the old scrapper who legend has it was Segar's inspiration for the Popeye character?

I had seen a photograph of this clock during Popeye's 50th Anniversary year, but didn't dare even to dream that one would turn up in England – or that if it did, it would be for sale at an affordable price. A year or two later I was passing through a street market in London's East End at seven o'clock one cold winter morning, just as the junk and antique dealers were setting out their wares. Perched forlornly on an otherwise empty trestle table on the corner of the street was a grubby Popeye clock – **the** Popeye clock! Its glass was missing, and the figures had suffered some wear, but sixty years on it was still ticking away merrily, giving an unnecessarily pessimistic ring to the New Haven Watch Company's warranty, printed on its base: 'Guaranteed for ninety days against faulty materials or workmanship . . .' The required notes were folded into the dealer's hand before the clock ticked twice.

The early tin and iron Popeye toys are now expensive rarities, traded by collectors prepared to pay almost as much for an old toy as most of us would spend on a holiday or a car. Such wondrous playthings as a 15 inch long clockwork Popeye the Sailor in a Rowboat, produced in 1935 by the Hoge Manufacturing Co., New York; or the cast-iron Hubley Popeye Spinach Delivery motorcycles of 1938, are much sought after treasures. Early tin toys by Marx and other makers show Popeye walking, punching, and even dancing. Fragile celluloid Popeyes, some with nodding heads, were also sold at this time, and are now difficult to find in an undamaged state. Also available during the early years were such esoteric items of Popeyeana as a Whiffle Hen Car Hood Ornament and a Jeep Doll, both illustrated – together with many other period toys – in Bud Sagendorf's 50th Anniversary tribute, **Popeye** (K.F.S., 1979).

The toys of the 50s and 60s – and up to the present – are more accessible, and offer an amazing variety for keen collectors. American completists search eagerly for items only in Europe, and European collectors yearn for Popeye toys produced exclusively for Stateside distribution.

Chad Valley made a hand puppet and Give-A-Show slide projector. The popular Auto-Magic-

Facing Page: A selection of Popeye toys and novelty items, many of which are mentioned in this article.

One day, Popeye went to Olive's house to look after Sweet Pea while Olive went shopping. To keep him amused, Popeye had bought Sweet Pea his favourite comic to read, which he found very funny. Popeye was glad that Sweet Pea was so happy, as it meant he could read his new magazines
POPEYE
MAGNETIC FOLD-AWAY GAME
A fast action chase game for 2-4 players
POPEYE JIGSAW PUZZLE
POPEYE'S SPINACH-GREEN BATH GRAINS
POPEYE SHAPED SOAP
OLIVE OYL
Joke'n Jelly BEAN MACHINE
THAT'S NICE I EAT SPINACH
Corgi
Olive Oyl
puzzle laberinto nº 433 POPEYE

Picture-Gun also projected Popeye pictures. Many manufacturers produced Popeye dolls, including at least one talking example. The large cloth body of this plastic-headed doll concealed a nylon disc mechanism. When the string on his side was pulled, Popeye would proclaim "Olive Oyl – She's my Goil . . ." and half a dozen similar random inanities. When this toy turns up, its pipe is **always** missing. Some of the plastic 'Squeezy-squeaky' dolls produced for the British market in the 50s and 60s, and a similar nightlight of the same era, were desperately ugly, adding to their appeal for collectors! One unusual novelty of a few years back was a pair of long-limbed pliable plastic Popeye and Olive figures which, when firmly encouraged to do so, would squash into a cardboard spinach 'tin.' British Bendy toys are frequently found, with Popeye's various outfits well presented by examples of different ages. These Bendy toys – produced in different sizes – tend to crumble, but are hardly less susceptible to deterioration than Popeye character soap bars, early examples of which have survived for half a century. In 1980 Cliro Perfumeries produced Popeye – and Olive-shaped soaps. The Sailor Man's features were truly grotesque, and Olive's spindly figure didn't adapt well to the rather squat shape of the soap bars. Nevertheless the cheerful boxes make these attractive collectables. Another 'useless-if-used' item in the writer's collection is a large Olive Oyl candle. A Popeye edition of practically every genre of collectable has appeared over the years, including plates and cups, badges, and even picture postcards. Surely it's only a matter of time before a Popeye postage stamp graces our mail – perhaps for the Centenary, 2029!

Popeye games include jig-saws, hooplas and playing cards, as well as the more unusual 'Joke and Jelly Bean Machine.' As the outer cardboard cover of the large tube of jelly beans is turned, the answers to silly jokes are revealed! Popeye has been a good merchandising character for the Primrose Confectionery Co. Their Sherbet Dab consisted of a tiny taffy lollipop and a bag of sherbet powder. Some versions of the bag featured badly-printed cartoon games on the back. Finding this sort of item can be difficult – who deals in used sherbet wrappers? – and when found intact a decision must be made; should the contents be disposed of, to protect the printed wrapper? Popeye gum wrappers also come into this category, and gum cards can be found. The picture cards found in the Primrose Confectionery Co's Popeye sweet cigarette packets first appeared in 1960, and examples of the first series are now quite scarce. At least four series of fifty cards were issued, and most are readily available from trade card dealers. The actual packets may be less easy to come across, particularly now that children are discouraged from apeing the adult smoking habit. In Popeye's case the product/character link was tenuous anyhow, since it's difficult to imagine the old sailor smoking anything but his corn-cob pipe – although Popeye ashtrays have been sold. Another Popeye delicacy for kids of the 50s and 60s – in Britain at least – was Spinach. No, not the horrible soggy vegetable stuff but long strands of green coconut candy. Does anyone out there have a Popeye spinach wrapper?

With the reproduction of the early strips in book form it is no longer necessary for collectors to search out ancient newspapers to obtain reproductions of Segar's wonderful strip cartoons, but the original artwork is very collectable, each item being unique. Occasionally sketches from the animation studios come onto the market, each one a very special momento of the Popeye cartoon classics.

The films themselves are collectable of course; or at least some of them are, produced for home-movie enthusiasts – both legal and unlicensed versions – since the 1930s. Twenty years ago I had an 8mm movie projector, and I well remember the frustration of trying to match the projected picture of Popeye's **Ace of Space** with the black floppy soundtrack disc provided with the 'Americom' 8mm film. "Start projector on tone" instructed the voice at the beginning of the record. There followed immediately a 'Bleep,' and with the flick of a switch the projector rattled into life – but synchronism eluded my efforts at talkie showmanship. Catcalls and jeers from the juvenile audience greeted Popeye's entrance, as he whined with Olive Oyl's voice, and Olive responded with the Sailor Man's cackle.

The live-action Robin Williams – Shelley Duval **Popeye** movie provides scope for a whole sub-genre of collectables, from theatre stills to posters, and from paperbacks to pressbooks.

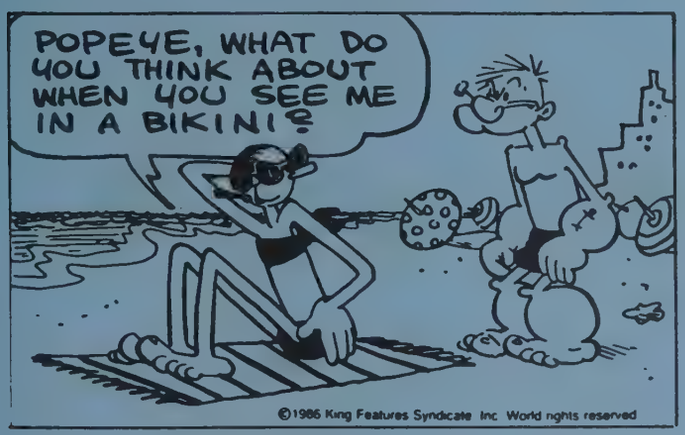
On summer day-trips to the coast the spirit of Popeye haunts me still, nowadays as a blinking, jumping figure in an arcade video game. In one 'Fun Palace' a year or two ago I was even able to arm-wrestle with a giant Popeye figure. Perhaps, many years from now, these coinslot machines will be the ultimate collectables for 21st Century collectors with fond memories of Popeye-by-the-Sea back in the 'good old 80s' of their childhood. I'll settle for keeping my memories of a creaking old sailor in a rowboat trip to nowhere. In any case, all this involvement with a kids' cartoon character is a bad influence on a father's **own** children. When my young daughter was asked in school recently "Who sailed to America in the Mayflower – the answer begins with a 'P'," she replied – yes, you've guessed it!

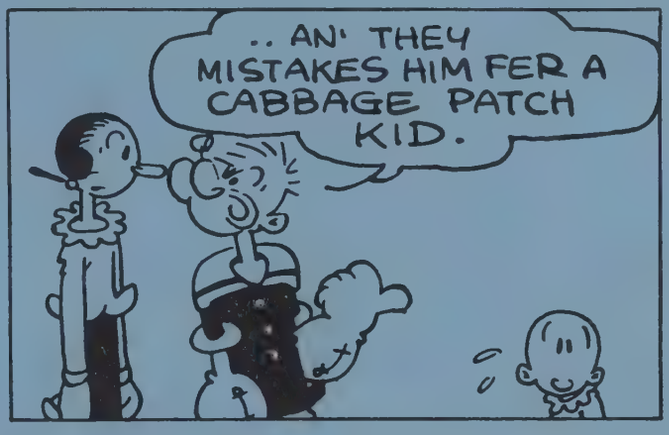
Above: Early Popeye badges and a Jeep novelty lucky spinner. c.1930's.

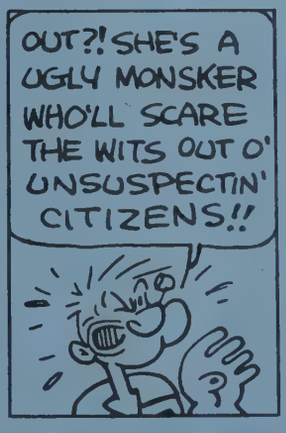
Below: The original sheet music for the Popeye theme as featured in the Max Fleischer animated cartoons.

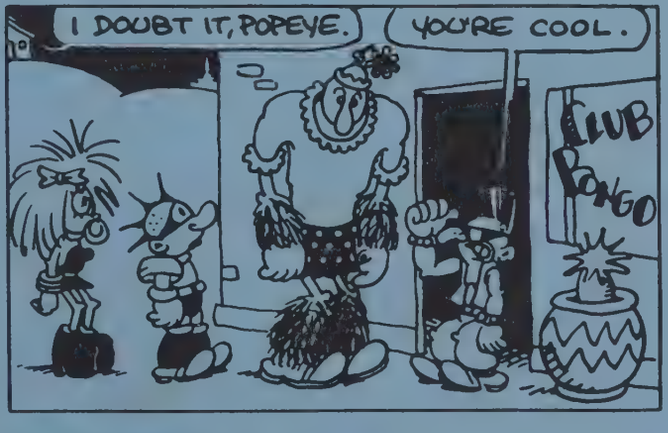
I'M POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN
Words and Music by SAMMY LERNER
SPINACH
THEME SONG FROM PARAMOUNT'S "POPEYE THE SAILOR" CARTOONS
PRODUCED BY FLEISCHER STUDIOS
By arrangement with SEGAR and King Features Syndicate
Famous Music
CORPORATION
1619 BROADWAY . . . . . NEW YORK
PUBLISHERS TO PARAMOUNT PICTURES

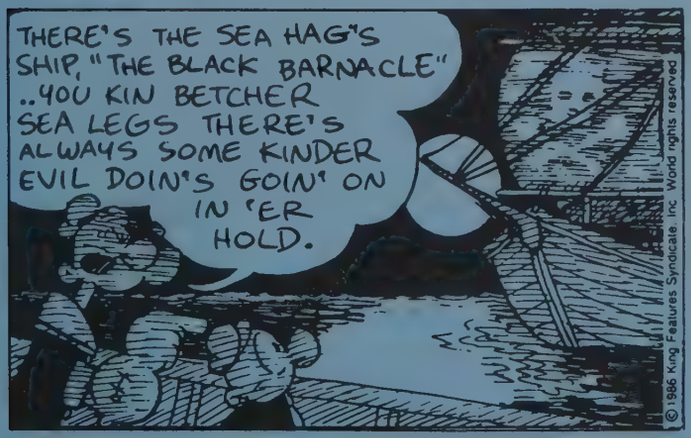
A selection of strips by Bobby London – the current 'Popeye' daily strip artist.










THERE'S THE SEA HAG'S SHIP, "THE BLACK BARNACLE" ..4OU KIN BETCHER SEA LEGS THERE'S ALWA4S SOME KINDER EVIL DOIN'S GOIN' ON IN 'ER HOLD.
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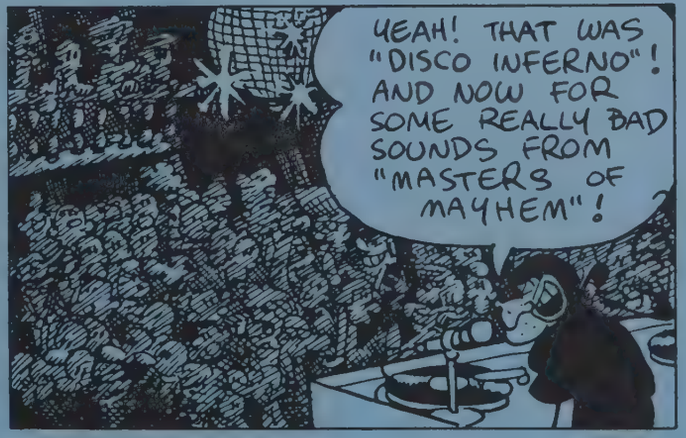

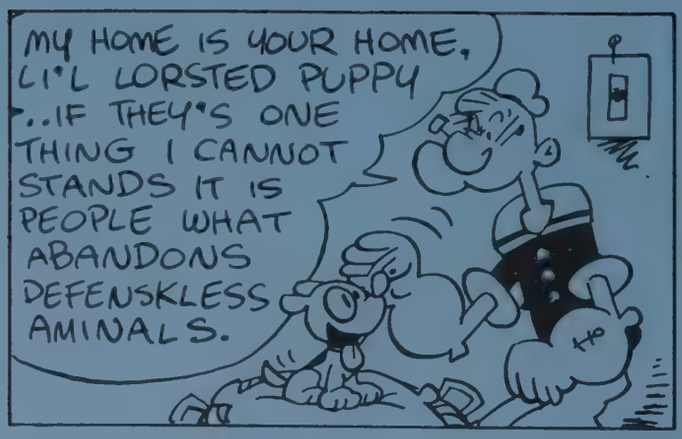
MY HOME IS YOUR HOME, LI'L LORSTED PUPPY ..IF THEY'S ONE THING I CANNOT STANDS IT IS PEOPLE WHAT ABANDONS DEFENSKLESS AMINALS.

PSSST!.. HERE HE COMES ..LOOK PITIFUL!
LONDON
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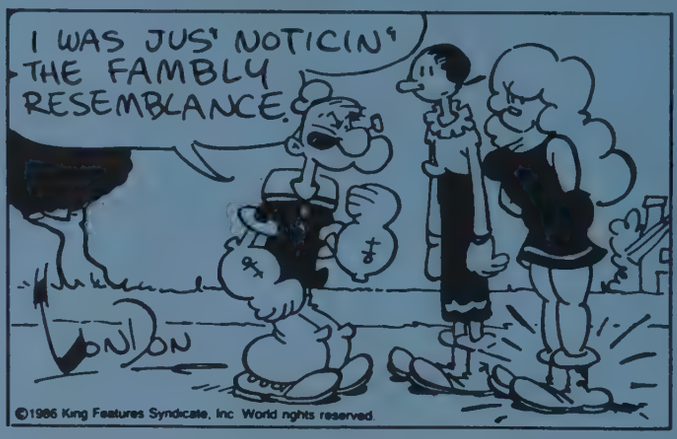
POPEYE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY COUSIN SUTRA OYL.


I WAS JUS' NOTICIN' THE FAMBLY RESEMBLANCE.
LONDON
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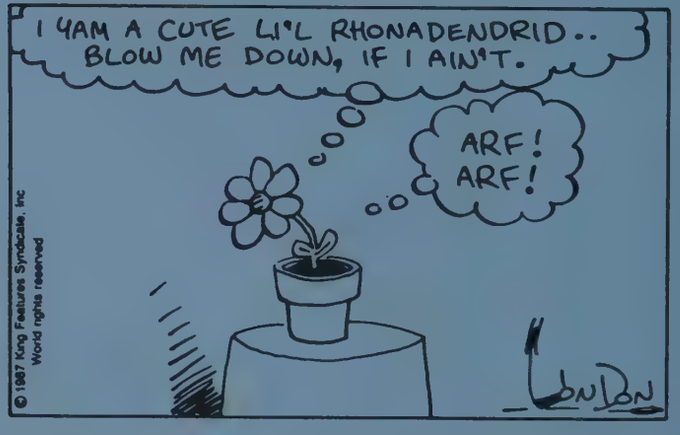
YA HAS GOT TA TALK TO YER PLANTS SO'S THEY KIN GROW UP HEALTHY, CASTOR OYL.. I HAVE BEEN TALKIN' TO ME RHONADENDRID, HERE, FER OVER A WEEK NOW.


I YAM A CUTE LI'L RHONADENDRID.. BLOW ME DOWN, IF I AIN'T.
ARF! ARF!
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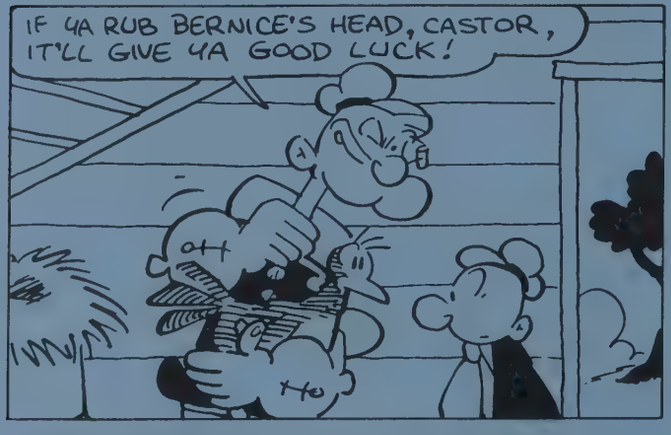
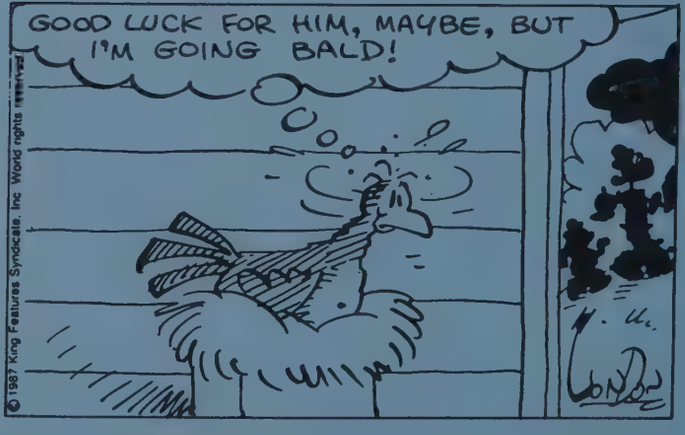
LONDON


IF YA RUB BERNICE'S HEAD, CASTOR, IT'LL GIVE YA GOOD LUCK!


GOOD LUCK FOR HIM, MAYBE, BUT I'M GOING BALD!
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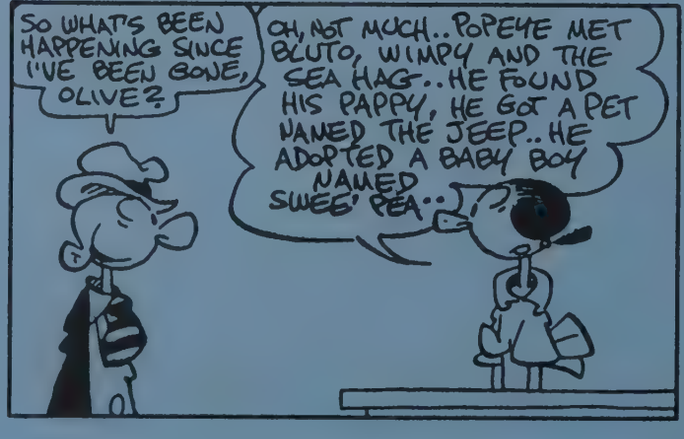
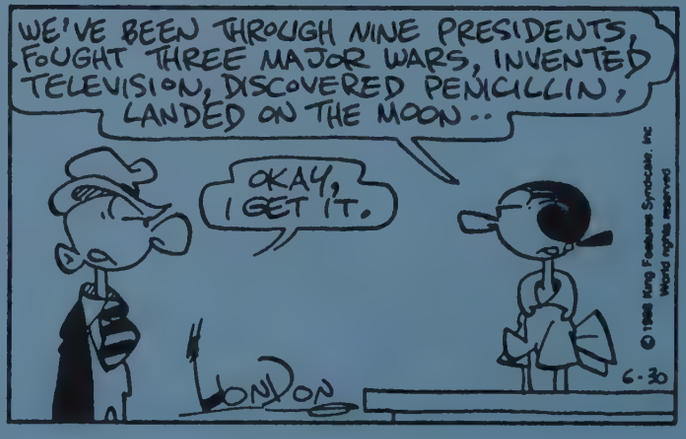
LONDON


SO WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING SINCE I'VE BEEN GONE, OLIVE?
OH, NOT MUCH.. POPEYE MET BLUTO, WIMPY AND THE SEA HAG.. HE FOUND HIS PAPPY, HE GOT A PET NAMED THE JEEP.. HE ADOPTED A BABY BOY NAMED SWEE' PEA..


WE'VE BEEN THROUGH NINE PRESIDENTS, FOUGHT THREE MAJOR WARS, INVENTED TELEVISION, DISCOVERED PENICILLIN, LANDED ON THE MOON..
OKAY, I GET IT.
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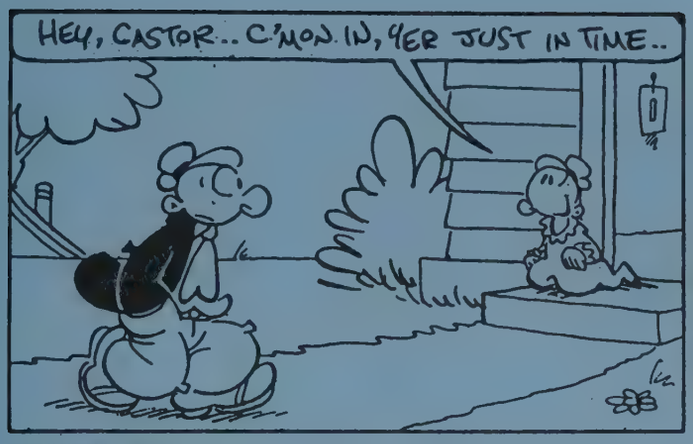
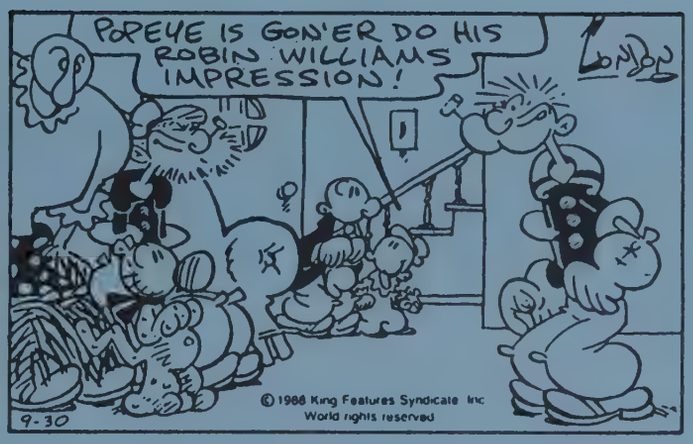
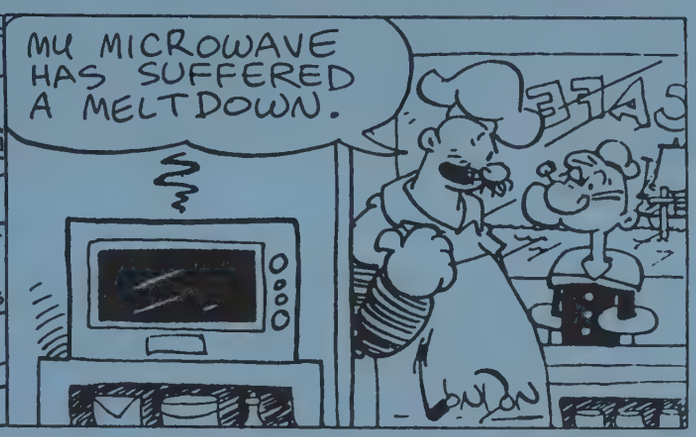
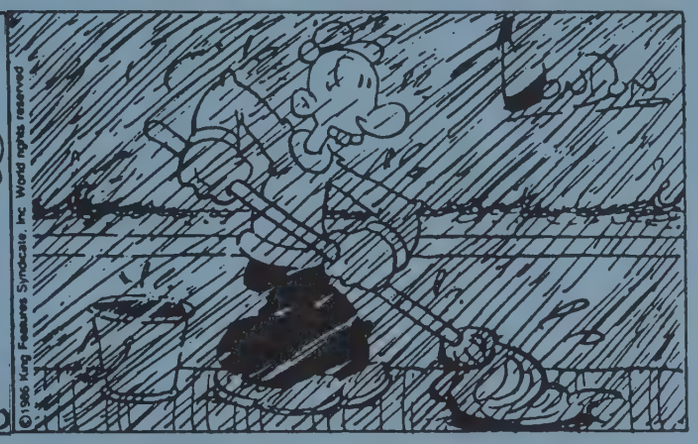
LONDON
6-30









I'M NOT HAVING ANY FUN, POPEYE.. MY COUSIN SUTRA OYL IS WEARING EXACTLY THE SAME STYLE BIKINI AS MINE!
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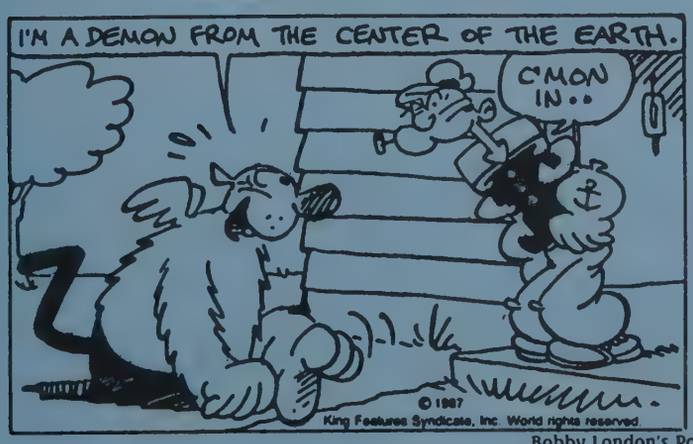

Bobby London's Popeye is currently published in collected form by Ravette Books Ltd. of London.

ENDING WHERE WE BEGAN – More from the masterful pen of Elzie Segar.

HELLO, GUS - SAY, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'LL BE AT YOUR POKER PARTY TO-NIGHT OR NOT - I'LL CALL YOU LATER
EVERY TIME I GO TO A POKER GAME I STAY LATE —
AND EVERY TIME I STAY LATE MYRTLE THROWS A ROLLING PIN AT ME
SOMETIMES SHE MISSES AND SOMETIMES SHE HITS
IF I THOUGHT SHE'D MISS ME TO-NIGHT I'D GO
IT'S HARD TO DECIDE
I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND
JOHN — JOHN — OH, JOHN —
I'VE MADE A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!
I'VE FOUND THAT A FEATHER ON THE END OF A ROLLING PIN WILL MAKE IT GO STRAIGHT
NO! NO? NO!

January 1st, 1928: Wild Whoofle Hens run free near Mr. Lotts' western ranch in this early Sunday episode, featuring Castor Oyl.

THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR, CASTOR WHY DON'T YOU SWEAR OFF BRAGGING ABOUT HOW SMART YOU ARE - EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU'RE A SAP!
I ONLY CLAIM THAT I CAN DO ANYTHING I PUT MY MIND TO
MR LOTTS RANCH
I KNOW ONE THING YOU CAN'T DO - YOU CAN'T CAPTURE A WILD WHOOFLE HEN ALIVE! IF YOU DO THAT I'LL ADMIT THAT YOU'RE THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD
WILD WHOOFLE HENS ARE THE BRAINIEST AND TRICKIEST BIRDS THAT EVER LIVED - BUT I MUST CAPTURE ONE, ALIVE
THIS COUNTRY IS FULL OF 'EM - THERE'S ONE NOW, LOOKS LIKE A CINCH TO GRAB HIM
WHOOFLE
WOT-THU —!
WHOOFLE
WHOOFLE
WHOOFLE
WHOOFLE
DEEP THOUGHT
WHOOFLE!
WHOOFLE!
GEE, WHAT A DUMB BIRD!
WHOOFLE
WELL I'LL BE —!
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SEGAR

BY SEGAR
I'LL TRY MY LUCK SELLING HAIR-GROWER TO-DAY – AND THIS LITTLE WIG WILL HELP A LOT
HAIR GROWER
I MAY BE OUT OF A JOB, BUT A MAN WITH BRAINS WILL ALWAYS GET BY
YESTERDAY I WAS BALD
AS SOON AS A CROWD GATHERS I'LL SPILL A GOOD HOT SALES TALK
NOW I'LL GET UP AND DO MY ACT
HAW! HAW!

June 24th, 1928 & June 30th, 1929: Two episodes from Segar's epic Sunday pursuit of Castor and Ham Gravy across the Great American Desert at the close of the 1920s.

THE FELLOW WHO SOLD ME THIS DESERT RANCH SURE HANDED ME A TRIMMING! BUT I'M GLAD HE DID – BECAUSE I'VE LEARNED A LESSON
NOBODY IN THE WORLD COULD TRIM ME AGAIN! I'M WISE NOW
Z-Z-
EVERY HORSE I'VE GOT IS TOO LAZY TO STAND ON HIS FEET
GET UP! COME ON, UP!
NO, SIR, NOBODY'LL EVER PUT ANYTHING OVER ON ME AGAIN
WOF!
IF SUCKERS KEEP COMING WEST I'M GOIN' TO QUIT HOLDIN'-UP TRAINS – NOW, OLD HOSS – I'LL HIDE YOUR RIDING GEAR – THEN YOU FLOP DOWN AND ACT LIKE ONE OF HIS OLD SKATES – I'LL DO THE REST
MYSTERIOUS RIDER OF THE GREAT OPEN SPACES
HOWDY, STRANGER, GOT ANY HOSSES TO SELL?
HUH? WHO, ME? SURE – I'VE GOT SOME GOOD HOSSES TO SELL – SURE I HAVE – YEAH – FIVE BUCKS EACH TAKE YOUR PICK
I RECKON I'LL TAKE THIS ONE
A MIGHTY FINE HOSS – HE MAY NOT HAVE ANY TEETH, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S YOUNG – AIN'T CUT 'EM YET
HIS OWN HORSE
WHISPERING IN HIS EAR – HA! HA! I'LL TAKE MORE'N THAT TO GET HIM UP – SOMEBODY'S STUCK, BUT IT ISN'T CASTOR OYL, THIS TIME! HAW! HAW! HAW!
ADIOS, AND THANKS FOR THE BARGAIN
HEY!! WAIT A MINUTE! HOW'D YOU GET THAT HORSE UP? HEY?!
HOSS LANGUAGE, THAT'S ALL I JUST SPOKE A WORD OF HOSS LANGUAGE IN HIS EAR
SAY, MISTER – WHAT WAS THAT WORD? PLEASE TELL ME! WON'TCHA? WILL'YA? PLEASE!
WELL, STRANGER, IT'LL COST YOU TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS TO KNOW THAT WORD OF HOSS LANGUAGE
HERE'S FIFTY – IT'S WORTH THAT TO ME – QUICK – WHAT'S THE WORD?
THE WORD IS "GOOCH"
GOOCH?
YES – GOOCH
HA! HA!
GOOCH!
GOOCH!
HEY, YOU! GOOCH!
GOOCH!
GOOCH!
Z-Z

SADDO
BY
SEGAR
I TOLD HER THAT WE'D LIVE SEPARATE LIVES - OH, BOY, I TOLD HER PLENTY!
THEN HER UNCLE DIES AND LEAVES HER OVER HALF A MILLION — ON THE OUTS WITH MY RICH WIFE! OUW! I'M SICK!
HERE SHE COMES
OH, HOW I LOVE HER - HER EYES! HOW I LOVE HER SMILE! HOW I LOVE HER RUBY LIPS! —
AND HOW I LOVE HER SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS!

WAY OUT IN DEATH VALLEY— THE VALLEY OF A THOUSAND TRAGEDIES, IT IS ALMOST SUICIDE TO TRAVEL INTO THIS SCORCHING INFERNO AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR — BUT THERE'S GOLD OVER IN THE FUNERAL RANGE— BUT OF WHAT USE IS GOLD TO MEN WITH THEIR TONGUES HANGING OUT?
1
GEE WHIZ - LOOK AT THE VULTURES FOLLOWING US - I'LL GO SHOO 'EM AWAY
2
SHOO — SHOO!! BEAT IT! - SHOOOOOOOO! DOGGONIT! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH - SHOOEY!!
3
GOOD NIGHT! THEY WON'T SHOO — NICE BIRDY — GWAN NOW! SHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! WELL, OF ALL THE NERVE!
4
HELP HAM! FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, HELP!
5
I'LL SAY HE NEEDS HELP! JUST LOOK AT THOSE TERRIBLE VULTURES
6
7
HEY, CASTOR, DO SOMETHING!! ONE OF 'EM'S GOT ME BY THE NOSE AND HE WON'T LET GO — I'VE LOST MY KNIVES
8
BANG
9
YOU KILLED HIM, CASTOR, BUT HE WON'T LET GO! I CAN'T GET HIS JAWS OPEN
WHAT! HAS HE GOT A DEATH GRIP ON YOUR NOSE? OH, THAT'S TOO BAD - GEE, YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK!
10
BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET HIM LOOSE?
YOU CAN'T! CAN'T BE DONE! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT A DEATH GRIP IS?
11
AW, COME ON!
IT'LL BE HECK IF I HAVE TO GO THROUGH LIFE LIKE THIS
6-30
SEGAR

POPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
JOHN, WE'VE GOT SO MUCH ROOM IN THIS HOUSE, MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TAKE A BOARDER
O.K. I'LL HANG OUT A SIGN
BOARDER WANTED
I HOPE WE GET A GOOD BOARDER
YEAH
BOARDER WANTED
PASS THE GRAVY!
WHO IS HE? - RELATIVE OF YOURS MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME?
OF COURSE NOT
MAYBE HE WANTS TO BOARD HERE
ROTTEN COFFEE - ROTTEN SOUP - ROTTEN VEGETABLES BUT I STAY ANYHOW!
TO BE CONTINUED
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March 2nd, 1930: Popeye, introduced in a separate story in the daily strip of 1929, makes his first Sunday page appearance here on the return of Castor and Ham from their desert exploits. Popeye, of course, steals Olive from Ham in short order.

HOMESICK, HAM?
YES, CASTOR, I MISS YOUR SISTER - MY OLD SWEETHEART, OLIVE OYL
WELL - COME ON - THERE'S A TRAIN HEADIN' OUT OF THIS TOWN IN HALF AN HOUR. LET'S BE ON IT
JUST THINK, I'M GOING TO SEE MY OLIVE OYL AGAIN. WE'VE BEEN SWEETIES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS
NO PLACE LIKE HOME, AFTER ALL
A FEW DAYS LATER
'LO, MAW! 'LO, PAW!
HOW'RE YOU, SON?
CASTOR
AND NOW TO SEE MY OWN DEAR OLIVE OYL, THE FINEST LITTLE GIRL IN THE WORLD
I'LL RUSH RIGHT IN AND SMOTHER HER WITH KISSES!
OH-ER- ULP! HELLLLOOOOO!!!
SO! I CAN'T TURN MY BACK FOR A FEW YEARS, EH?
WHY, HOW ARE YOU, HAM-?-- YA LOOKIN' SWELL
HEY! JUSTA MINUTE!
I'LL BUST HIS JAW!
NOW, BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
I'LL BATTEN HIS HATCHES, BLOW ME DOWN!
ARE YOU STILL ON YOUR FEET?!
YA NEVER TOUCHED ME
YA DIDN'T HIT ME ONCT
AN' NOW I'M GONNA TAKE YA APART!
?!?!
YA SWAB, I'M GO'NER JUMP DOWN YER TROAT!
GOOD WORK - THAT SAVES ME FIST
LOVE'S A LOTTA HOOEY, ANYHOW !!!
3-2
SEGAR
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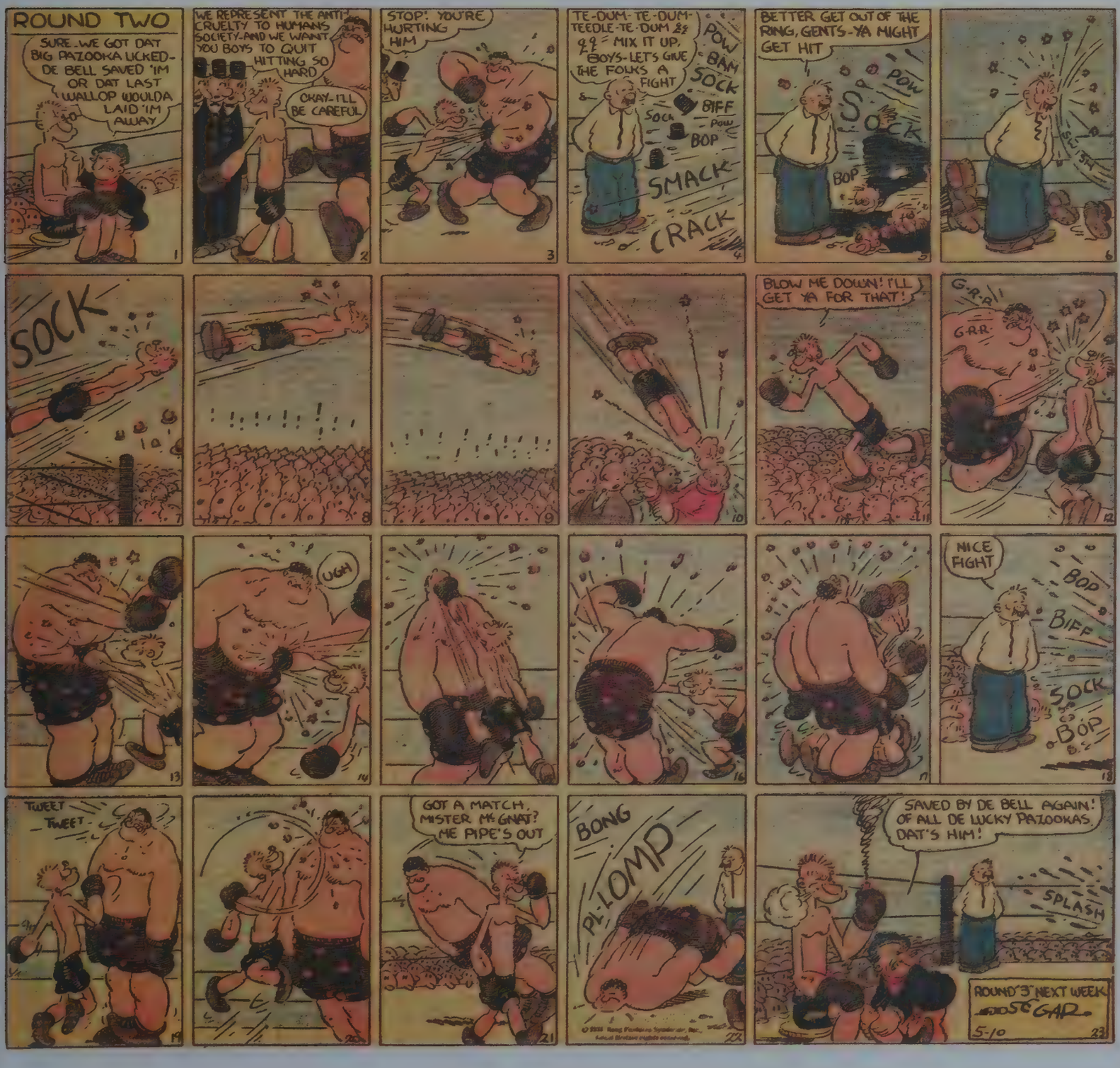
DON'T FORGET TO SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S SHIRTS - PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR
YOU'D BETTER SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S UNDERWEAR - PAJAMAS AND SHIRTS
WHY THE HECK DON'T YOU SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR HUBBY'S PAJAMAS - SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR?
MAYBE I'M GOING LOONEY OR MAYBE IT WAS THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE - AT ANY RATE I'D BETTER GET BUSY
HOT IDEA
IT'S MY LATEST INVENTION, BILL, EVERY MARRIED MAN SHOULD OWN A DOZEN - I CALL IT THE "BUTTON-REMINDER". IT'S A MINIATURE PHONOGRAPH - WORKS LIKE AN ALARM CLOCK - THE LOCAL TALKING MACHINE CO. IS IN WITH ME

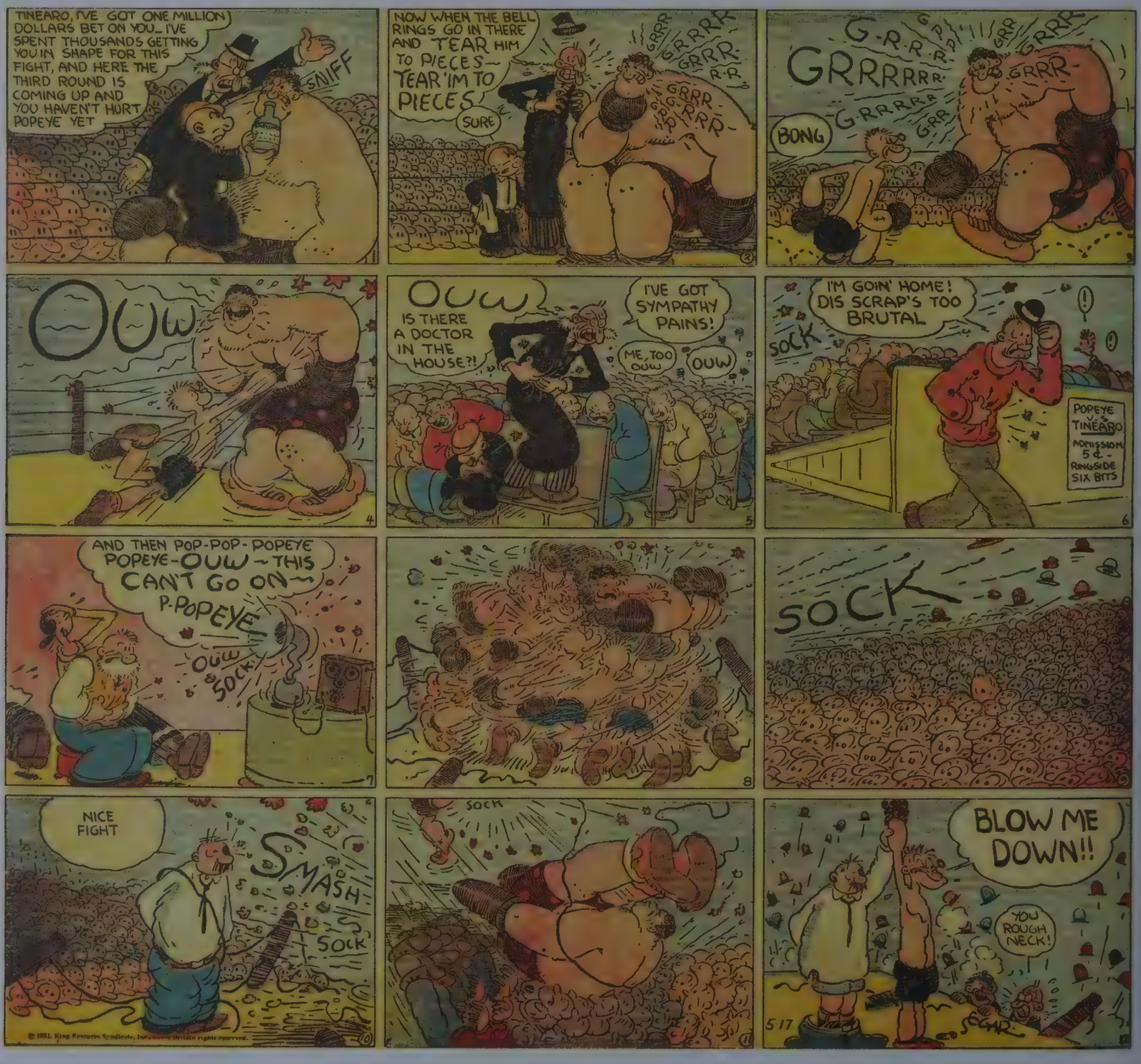
April 26th, May 10th, 17th & 24th, 1931: Popeye's 'sprisefightin' career was a long one. Here are four episodes from his early bout with the terrible Tinearo. Castor has joined a Mr. Kilph in matching the man-mountain fighter against Popeye, who is managed by a bantam boxer named Batt McGnat. The honorable J. Wellington Wimpy makes virtually his first appearance in the ring as referee, and later at Rough House's Cafe.

DIS IS DE DAY OF DE "POPEYE-TINEARO" FIGHT AND ARE YOU IN SHAPE? NO! YA WOULDN'T TRAIN - YA WOULDN'T DO NUTTIN' I TOLD YOU -
OH, POOR POPEYE! I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF HIM FIGHTING THAT BRUTE
CHEER UP, DAUGHTER, HE MAY NOT GET KILLED
DON'T CRY, OLIVE
DON'T BE SILLISH - I AIN'T SCARED OF THAT BIG PUNK - HE'S THE MOS' CHEESE I EVER SEEN IN ONE SPOT - THA'SA FACK
HE'LL KILL YOU - YOU'RE A GOOD "LITTLE" MAN, BUT HE'S A GOOD "BIG" MAN
YOU'LL GET DE SOCKIN' OF YER LIFE
WHY, THERE'S THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE BETTING ON TINEARO AND I DOUBT THAT ANYONE IS BETTING ON YOU
YOU FIGGER FUNNY - WHO YA SUSPOSE THEM THOUSANDS ARE BETTIN WITH?
SAY, FELLA! HOW MANY TIMES DO I GOTTA TELLYA THAT PRIZE FIGHTERS DON'T EAT BEFORE FIGHTIN'? YA GOTTA LAY OFF SIX HOURS BEFORE EACH SCRAP
I CAN'T FIGHT ON A EMPTY STUMICK - WHEN ME INSIDES SAYS EAT - I EATS - WRAP UP SIX HOT DOG SAN'RICHES
COMIN' UP!
HOT DOGS!
YOU'RE DE PRIZE FATHEAD! DEY DON'T COME NO DUMBER — EATIN' DOGS BEFORE A FIGHT! SAY - SUPPOSE TINEARO LAMS YA IN DE BREAD BASKET
WELL - SUSPOSE HE DOES - IT'LL BE FULLA BREAD, THA'S ALL - I'VE HAD FIGHTS ALL ME LIFE AN' I NEVER WANTS FOR A EMPTY STUMICK WHEN I WANTS TO POP SOMEBODY
HA! HA! THE UNDERTAKER'S WAITING OUTSIDE IN CASE THERE'S A FUNERAL
DRESSING ROOM NO. 13
FUNERAL?! AW, I AIN'T GÖNER HIT 'IM THAT HARD
DAT'S A GOOD COMEBACK, BUT IT DON'T GETCHA NUTTIN' IF YOU WIN DIS BOUT I'MA LILAC
HOW CAN YOU STAND THERE AND GRIN? I GUESS YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH BRAINS TO BE FRIGHTENED - AREN'T YOU AFRAID? - THE BETTING IS TWENTY TO ONE AGAINST YOU
'CEPTIN' FOR HIM FALLIN' ON ME AFTER I CRACKS 'IM I AIN'T SCARED - AS FOR THE BETTIN - I SAYS THIS - LOTSA PEOPLE IS GÖNER GET SUSPRISED
BIG TALK DAT'S ALL
I'M A DOCTOR AND I ADVISE AGAINST EATING JUST BEFORE FIGHTING
GO PEDDLE YER PILLS - I'M NO INFINK
HERE'S TINEARO! WHEEEE!
OH, BOY
GOOD BYE, SAILOR!
LOOK AT THE MOUNTAIN!
YEOWIE!
GOOD NIGHT!
GEE — HE BROKE THROUGH THE RING!
WHAT THU - ?!
RASH
WHAT A MAN!
HE WENT THROUGH AS IF IT WAS MADE OF PAPER
HE MUST WEIGH A MILLION POUNDS
HOLY SMOKE
THA'S WHAT YA GETS FOR BEIN SUCHA BIG ELEPHINK — HERE, HAVE A HOT DOG WHILE WE'RE WAITIN' FOR 'EM TO FIX THAT HOLE
NO, THANKS - I'VE GOT BETTER SENSE THAN TO EAT BEFORE A FIGHT
YA MUS'BE DEIJKIT
TO BE CONTINUED

APPO
BY
SEGAR
YOUR CRAZY INVENTIONS GIVE ME A PAIN.. ESPECIALLY THAT BUTTON-REMINDER.. IT'S THE SAME AS SAYING I'M A NEGLECTFUL WIFE
YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF FAULTS AND I'LL POINT 'EM OUT TO YOU—AND FROM NOW ON YOU'LL DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!!
HE'LL BE A MODEL HUSBAND WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM
JOHN SAPPO! GO CLEAN YOUR FEET!
HE SEEMS TO THINK I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO BUT CLEAN UP AFTER HIM
2.
SAY- WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
I'M DOING EXACTLY AS YOU TOLD ME
I'M CLEANING MY FEET


ROUND TWO
SURE..WE GOT DAT BIG PAZOOKA LICKED- DE BELL SAVED 'IM OR DAT LAST WALLOP WOULDA LAID 'IM AWAY
WE REPRESENT THE ANTI-CRUELTY TO HUMANS SOCIETY-AND WE WANT YOU BOYS TO QUIT HITTING SO HARD
OKAY-I'LL BE CAREFUL
STOP! YOU'RE HURTING HIM
TE-DUM-TE-DUM-TEEDLE-TE-DUM ♫♫ MIX IT UP, BOYS-LETS GIVE THE FOLKS A FIGHT
POW
BAM
SOCK
BIFF
POW
SOCK
BOP
SMACK
CRACK
BETTER GET OUT OF THE RING, GENTS-YA MIGHT GET HIT
POW
SOCK
BOP
SOCK
BLOW ME DOWN! I'LL GET YA FOR THAT!
G-R-R!
G-R-R!
UGH
NICE FIGHT
BOP
BIFF
SOCK
BOP
TWEET TWEET
GOT A MATCH, MISTER MC GNAT? ME PIPE'S OUT
BONG
PI-LOMP
SAVED BY DE BELL AGAIN! OF ALL DE LUCKY PAZOOKAS, DAT'S HIM!
SPLASH
ROUND 3 NEXT WEEK
SEGAR
5-10

APPRO
81
SEGAR
GOOD HEAVENS JOHN! - OH!
SMATTER ?!!?
I'M GETTING FAT! FAT! - I WEIGHED MYSELF THIS MORNING AND I'M "200" POUNDS
IF THIS KEEPS UP I'LL BE READY FOR THE CIRCUS IN A MONTH
THAT'S A COINCIDENCE THE INVENTION I'M WORKING ON NOW IS FOR FAT PEOPLE
MYRTLE, COME TRY MY NEW INVENTION - IT'S A NEW KIND OF SCALE
SCALES GIVE ME A PAIN!
A HUNDRED AND TEN POUNDS!! THAT SCALE THIS MORNING MUST HAVE BEEN WRONG
TRA LA-LE LA
GREAT INVENTION. ISN'T IT? HERE'S THE WAY IT WORKS
-WHEN A SKINNY LADY GETS ON, IT ADDS FORTY POUNDS TO HER WEIGHT- AND WHEN A FAT LADY LIKE YOURSELF STEPS ON IT TAKES NINETY OFF, SEE?


TINEARO, I'VE GOT ONE MILLION DOLLARS BET ON YOU_ I'VE SPENT THOUSANDS GETTING YOU IN SHAPE FOR THIS FIGHT, AND HERE THE THIRD ROUND IS COMING UP AND YOU HAVEN'T HURT POPEYE YET
SNIFF
NOW WHEN THE BELL RINGS GO IN THERE AND TEAR HIM TO PIECES— TEAR 'IM TO PIECES
SURE
GRRR
G-R-R-R-R
GRRRRRR
BONG
OUW
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?!
I'VE GOT SYMPATHY PAINS!
ME, TOO OUW
OUW
I'M GOIN' HOME! DIS SCRAP'S TOO BRUTAL
SOCK
POPEYE VS TINEARO
ADMISSION 5¢ - RINGSIDE SIX BITS
AND THEN POP-POP-POPEYE POPEYE-OUW-THIS CAN'T GO ON-
P-POPEYE
OUW
SOCK
SOCK
NICE FIGHT
SMASH
SOCK
SOCK
BLOW ME DOWN!!
YOU ROUGH NECK!
5 17
SEGAR

POPEYE BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
JOHN, I GAINED ANOTHER POUND - ISN'T IT AWFUL?!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, I'LL INVENT A REDUCING MACHINE
OH-FINE!
LATER
WELL - THAT'S FINISHED - I'LL GO BUY SOME PAINT
TO START PUSH LEVER DOWN
SO THIS IS THE REDUCING MACHINE, I CAN'T WAIT TILL JOHN COMES BACK
NOW I'LL PUSH THE LEVER DOWN - GEE, I HOPE IT WORKS
TO START PUSH LEVER DOWN
OUW! HELP!
R-R-R-R-R-
HELP HELP R-R-R-
HELP - HELP
THIS IS A HECK OF A REDUCING-MACHINE - THE CRAZY THING TORE MY CLOTHES OFF
PLOP
REDUCING-MACHINE NOTHING - I CHANGED MY MIND AND INVENTED A WALNUT-HULLER
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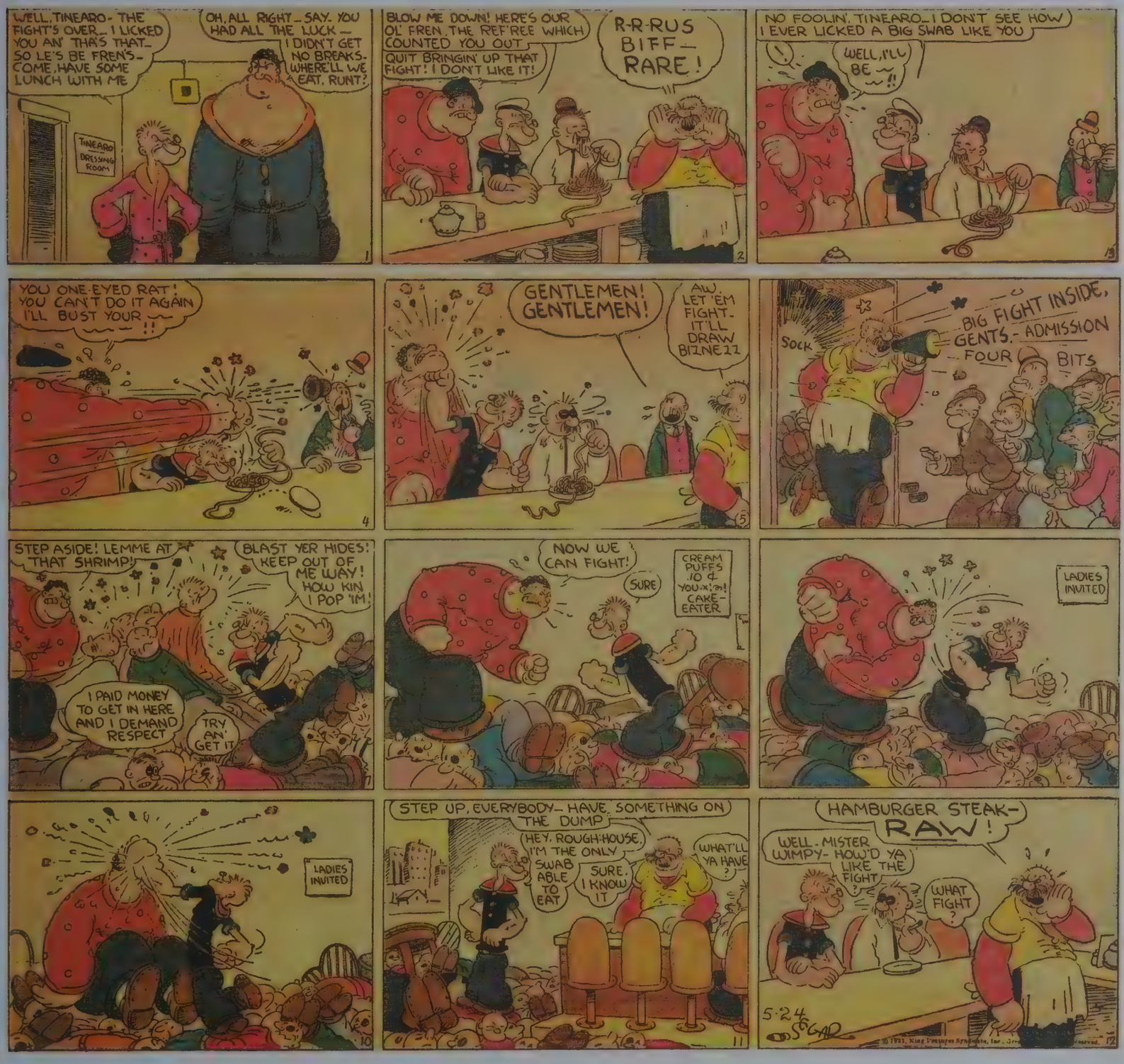
WELL, TINEARO - THE FIGHT'S OVER - I LICKED YOU AN' THA'S THAT - SO LE'S BE FREN'S - COME, HAVE SOME LUNCH WITH ME
OH, ALL RIGHT - SAY, YOU HAD ALL THE LUCK - I DIDN'T GET NO BREAKS. WHERE'LL WE EAT, RUNT?
TINEARO DRESSING ROOM
1
BLOW ME DOWN! HERE'S OUR OL' FREN, THE REF'REE WHICH COUNTED YOU OUT
QUIT BRINGIN' UP THAT FIGHT! I DON'T LIKE IT!
R-R-RUS BIFF - RARE!
2
NO FOOLIN', TINEARO - I DON'T SEE HOW I EVER LICKED A BIG SWAB LIKE YOU
WELL, I'LL BE -
3
YOU ONE-EYED RAT! YOU CAN'T DO IT AGAIN I'LL BUST YOUR -
4
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!
AW LET 'EM FIGHT - IT'LL DRAW BIZNEZZ
5
SOCK
BIG FIGHT INSIDE, GENTS. - ADMISSION - FOUR BITS
STEP ASIDE! LEMME AT THAT SHRIMP!
BLAST YER HIDES! KEEP OUT OF ME WAY! HOW KIN I POP 'IM!
I PAID MONEY TO GET IN HERE AND I DEMAND RESPECT
TRY AN' GET IT
7
NOW WE CAN FIGHT!
SURE
CREAM PUFFS .10 ¢ YOU-x!;@! CAKE-EATER
LADIES INVITED
LADIES INVITED
10
STEP UP, EVERYBODY - HAVE SOMETHING ON THE DUMP
HEY, ROUGH-HOUSE, I'M THE ONLY SWAB ABLE TO EAT
SURE, I KNOW IT
WHAT'LL YA HAVE?
11
HAMBURGER STEAK - RAW!
WELL - MISTER WIMPY - HOW'D YA LIKE THE FIGHT?
WHAT FIGHT?
5-24 SEGAR
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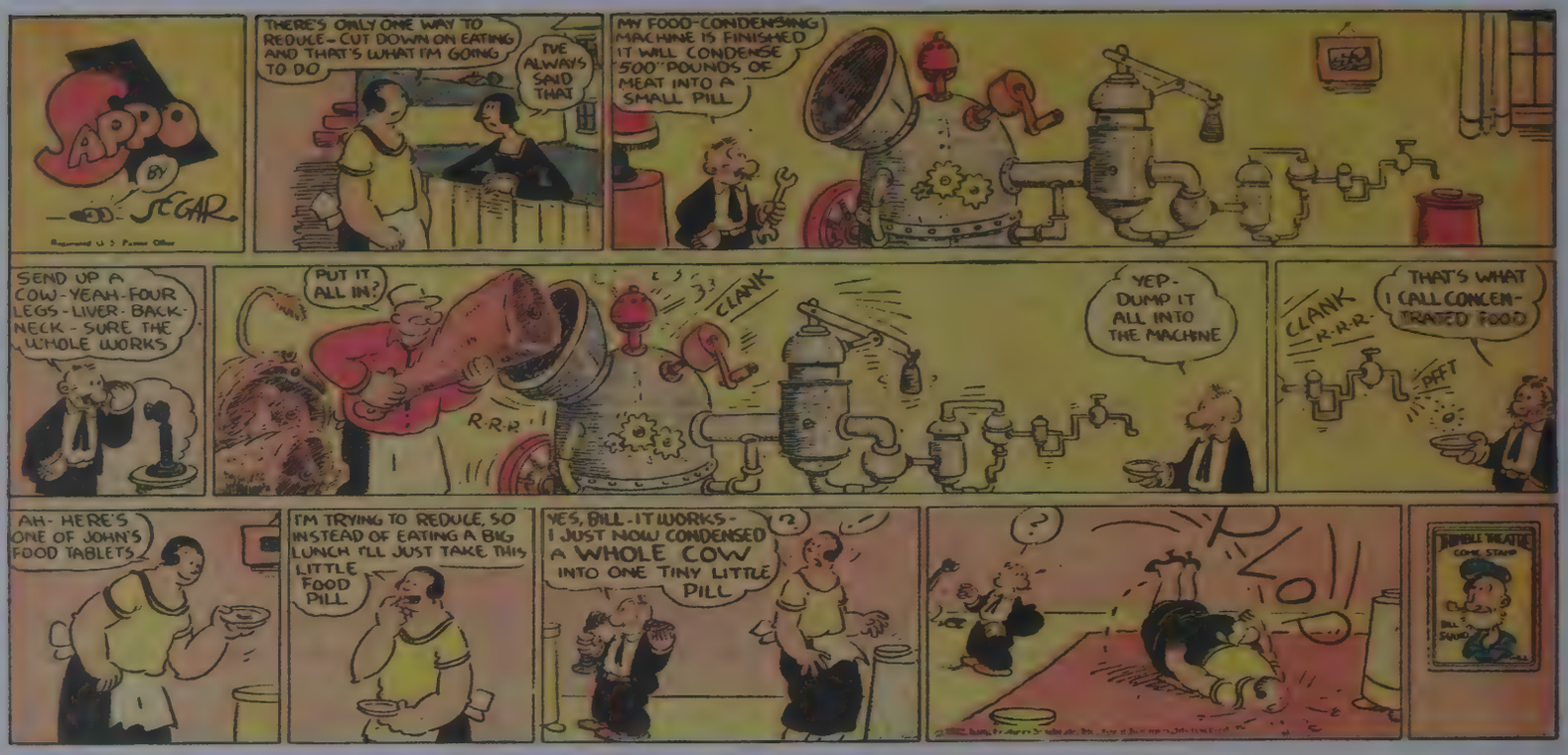
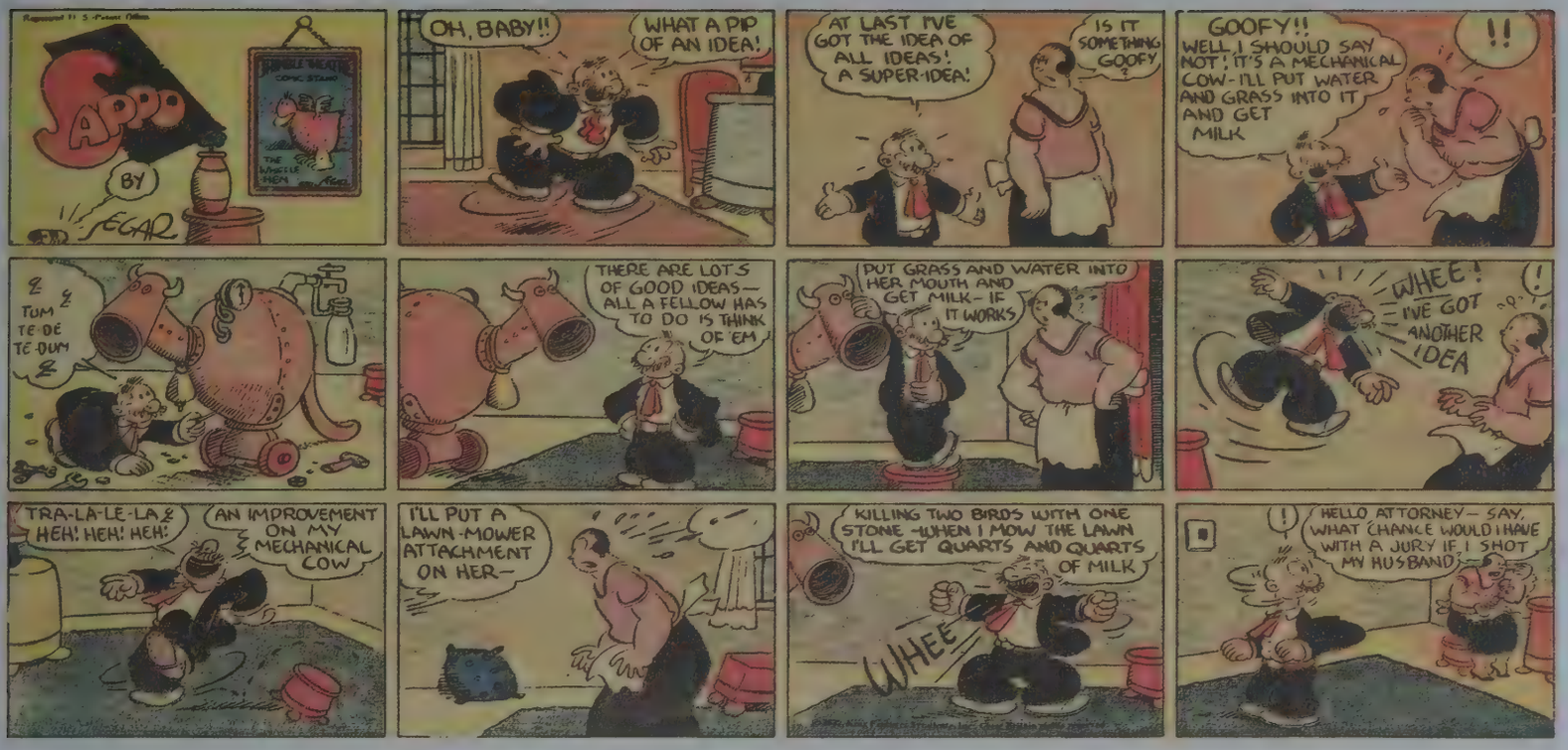

POPPO BY SEGAR
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO REDUCE - CUT DOWN ON EATING AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO
I'VE ALWAYS SAID THAT
MY FOOD-CONDENSING MACHINE IS FINISHED IT WILL CONDENSE 500 POUNDS OF MEAT INTO A SMALL PILL
SEND UP A COW - YEAH - FOUR LEGS - LIVER - BACK - NECK - SURE THE WHOLE WORKS
PUT IT ALL IN?
R-R-R
CLANK
YEP - DUMP IT ALL INTO THE MACHINE
CLANK R-R-R
THAT'S WHAT I CALL CONCENTRATED FOOD
PFFT
AH - HERE'S ONE OF JOHN'S FOOD TABLETS
I'M TRYING TO REDUCE, SO INSTEAD OF EATING A BIG LUNCH I'LL JUST TAKE THIS LITTLE FOOD PILL
YES, BILL - IT WORKS - I JUST NOW CONDENSED A WHOLE COW INTO ONE TINY LITTLE PILL
?
?
KOW!
BUBBLE THEATRE COME STAND BIG SWAG

April 24th, 1932 & May 1st, 1932: Mr. Kilph, determined to see Popeye bested in the ring, has here gotten him matched with a robot – with a nuts and bolts showdown.

POPEYE, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SIGN UP TO FIGHT MISTER KILPH'S MAN - I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON
YA THINK HE'S GOT SOME DIRTY WORK UP HIS SLEEVE?
1
I DON'T KNOW BUT MY WOMAN'S INTUITION TELLS ME THAT OLD MAN KILPH IS GOING TO TRICK YOU
AN MY GEN'LEMAN'S INSTINK TELLS ME I KIN KNOCK THE SNOZZLE OFF'N ANY HOOMAN LIVIN'
2
I DIDN'T TELL'ER I YAM GONER FIGHT TO-DAY NO SENSE IN WORRYIN' A LITTLE SWEE'PEA LIKE HER
SHE DON'T WANT ME TO GET HURT ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM THE ONLY SWEETNY SHE EVER HAD WICH HAS PERSNAL MAGNACISM AN' SEX REPEAL
3
MISTER KILPH, I WANTS TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE SWAB I'M GONER FIGHT
CERTAINLY — I'LL PRESS THIS BUTTON AND HE'LL WALK RIGHT INTO THE ROOM
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
R-R-R-R
TICK TICK
A RADIO CONTROLLED MECHANICAL IRON MAN! - I'LL SPEAK INTO THE "MIKE" AND HE'LL TELL YOU WHAT HE THINKS OF YOU
WELL, I'LL BE-!!!
TICK TICK
6
WHY YOU I'LL KNOCK YOU BOUNCEY BOUNCEY
WHY YOU I'LL KNOCK YOU BOUNCEY BOUNCEY
TICK TICK
9
YA CAN'T INSULK ME AN' YA BETTER UN'ERSTAN' THAT RIGHT NOW
CRACK
TICK
YOU DIDN'T HURT HIM - I DIDN'T HAVE HIS JAW SCREWED ON TIGHT - IF I'D PRESSED THIS BUTTON HE'D HAVE SMACKED YOU OVER
BOOOOO!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - IN THIS CORNER - POPEYE, THE FIGHTING SAILOR - IN THAT CORNER MR KILPH'S RADIO CONTROLLED MECHANICAL MAN
ANNOUNCE ME AS REFEREE PLEASE
10
AND MISTER WIMPY IS THE REFEREE
BOOO BOOO BOOOOOO BOOO BOOO BOOO BOOO BOOO
THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
BOOOOOO
11
LISTEN — I WANT A GOOD CLEAN SCRAP - NOW WHEN THE BELL RINGS - LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
TICK TICK
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
TICK TICK
13
BOO
TICK TICK
14
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 YOU'RE OUT!!
SWISH
TICK TICK
4-24
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK
SEGAR


SAPPO
BY SEGAR
OH, BABY!!
WHAT A PIP OF AN IDEA!
AT LAST I'VE GOT THE IDEA OF ALL IDEAS! A SUPER-IDEA!
IS IT SOMETHING GOOFY?
GOOFY!!
WELL, I SHOULD SAY NOT! IT'S A MECHANICAL COW- I'LL PUT WATER AND GRASS INTO IT AND GET MILK
!!
TUM TE-DE TE-DUM
THERE ARE LOTS OF GOOD IDEAS— ALL A FELLOW HAS TO DO IS THINK OF 'EM
PUT GRASS AND WATER INTO HER MOUTH AND GET MILK- IF IT WORKS
WHEE! I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA
TRA-LA-LE-LA HEH! HEH! HEH!
AN IMPROVEMENT ON MY MECHANICAL COW
I'LL PUT A LAWN-MOWER ATTACHMENT ON HER—
KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE -WHEN I MOW THE LAWN I'LL GET QUARTS AND QUARTS OF MILK
WHEE
HELLO ATTORNEY— SAY, WHAT CHANCE WOULD I HAVE WITH A JURY IF I SHOT MY HUSBAND?

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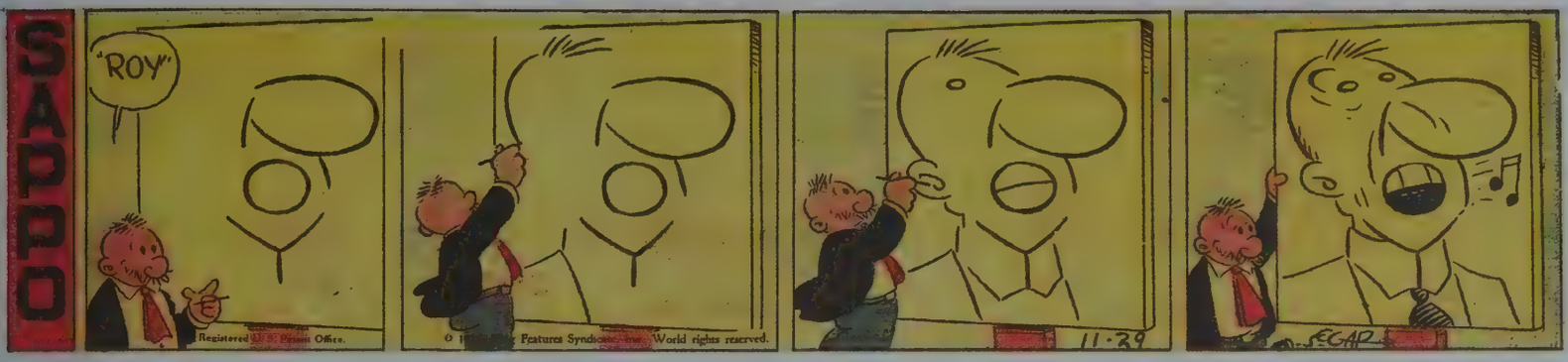
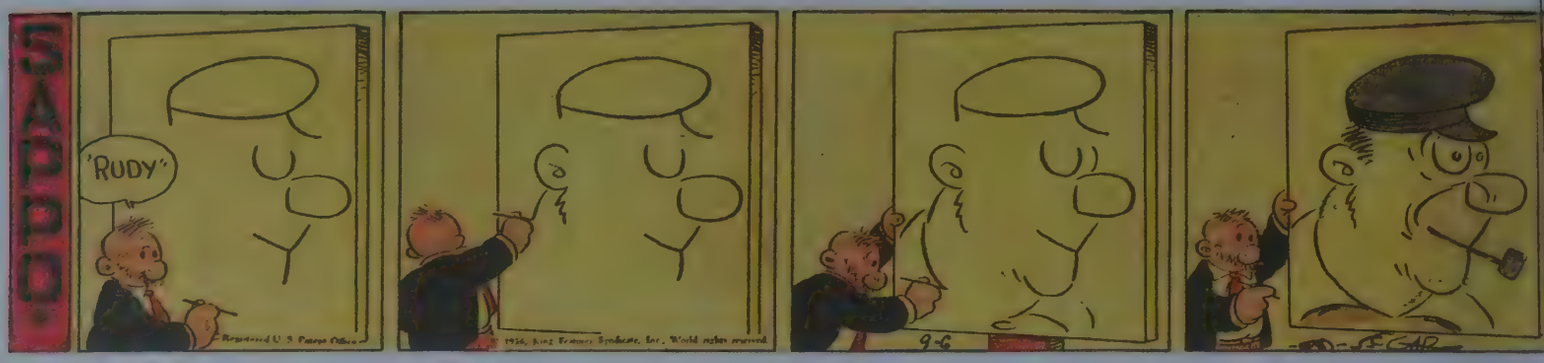
September 13th, 1936: Here the Jeep rescues Popeye's strained pocketbook by sidestepping the middleman to his orchids.

WE CAN'T EXPLAIN HOW THE JEEP DOES HIS TRICKS, SO LET'S JUST CALL IT MAGIC AND LET IT GO AT THAT—
JEEP JEEP
EUGENE, YA SURE ARE A STRANGE AMINAL—I DON'T SEE HOW YER ABLE TO MAKE YERSELF INVISIBLE AN' HOW YA KIN GET OUT OF A LOCKED IRON BOX AN' SUCH LIKE
THE TROUBLE WITH HIM IS HE'S A ORCHID-EATER—ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS ORCHID SALAD—
AN' THA'S TOO EXPENSITIVE—HMM—HE'LL EITHER EAT THIS SPINACH OR HE'LL STARVE—COME ON, EUGENE
NOW, BY GOLLY, YOU EAT THAT SPINACH AND LIKE IT, OR ELSE—
WHAT! NO ORCHIDS ?!!
THOUGHT
GO ON, EAT IT! WHY, YA ACKS JUS' LIKE A SPOILT CHILD
I GOT TO BE MORE FIRM WITH YA
FADING OUT
IF THEY'S ANYTHING WICH SHOULDN'T BE IT'S A SPOILT INFINK! PODEY—YA'LL EAT THAT SPINACH OR YA'LL GO HUNGRY
GONE
ORCHID -SHOP-
FADING IN
ORCHID SHOP
YESSIR—HE'S GOT TO LEARN TO EAT WHAT'S PUTTIN' IN FRONT OF HIM
I AIN'T GO'NER LET NO BLASTED JEEP DICTIPATE TO ME
I'D BE DISGUSTIPATED WITH MESELF IF I DID
JEEP! JEEP!
SO YA WAS A GOOD BOY AN' ET YER SPINACH—THA'S SWELL!
AN' JUS' FOR THAT I YAM GO'IN' OUT AN' BUY YA A ORCHID FOR DESSERT



November 29th, 1936: Popeye is somewhat underwhelmed here in hearing his lady love's siren song (hic).

OLIVE'S SURE GOT A BAD CASE OF HICCUPS-CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING FOR HER, MA?
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING I KNOW- I THINK I'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR
HIC-
HIC
1
I'VE SEEN 'EM GO ON LIKE THAT FOR DAYS-I'LL GIVE HER SOME MEDICINE
HIC-
HIC
M.D.
2
GEE, BUT SHE'S A SWELL GAL- BLOW ME DOWN! I'LL GO VISIK HER AN' TAKE HER SOME FLOWERS
3
TAKE A DRINK OUT OF THIS BOTTLE EVERY FEW MINUTES AND SOONER OR LATER YOUR HICCUPS WILL STOP
HIC
YESSIR, BY GOLLY! SHE'S JUS' THE KIND OF A GAL I'D LIKE FOR A WIFE
5
WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO GET YOUR MIND OFF OF YOUR HICCUPS? IT MIGHT HELP- WHY DON'T YOU SING?
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, MOTHER, I'LL SING
HIC
LET'S SEE-WHAT'LL I SING-HMM- THE OLD SONGS ARE THE BEST
HIC-
SWEEEET ADELINE- MY ADELINE-
HIC
GLUG-GLUG
SWEEEET ADELINE-
HIC
YOU'RE THE FLOWER OF MY-HIC- SWEET ADELINE -HIC-
11-29
I CERTINGLY AM SUSPRISED !!!
SEGAR



September 6th, 1936: Wimpy at large

OH, BY THE WAY, POPEYE! WILL YOU LEND ME FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS?
A COURSE NOT! ARE YA CRAZY?
JEEP! JEEP!
HOW ABOUT A DIME?
NO!
I'LL GO DOWN TO ROUGH-HOUSE'S CAFE AND SEE IF ANY OF THE BOYS WILL LET ME HAVE A DIME
WHEN SOMEBODY GIVES YA A DIME THEY'RE JUS' ENCOURAGING YA TO KEEP ON MOOCHING
WELL, YA WON'T GET NOTHIN' OUT OF THIS GANG - THEY KNOWS YA -
YOU WRONG ME, SIR - YOU SEEM TO DOUBT MY ABILITY -
PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN, BUT WILL ANY OF YOU LET ME HAVE THE PRICE OF A HAMBURGER TILL TUESDAY? I GET MY CHECK TUESDAY
G'WAN, YA DUMB-HEAD!
WHAT CHECK?
I WISH YOU'D CHOKE!
SCRAM!!
HE'S GOT MORE CHANCE OF FLYIN' THAN HE HAS OF GETTIN' SUMPIN' OUT OF THAT BUNCH
HAH! DID YOU TELLING ME?
GET OUT OF HERE, WIMPY!
YOU LOAFER!
NO, YOU PEST!
NO!
VERY WELL, HMM - I'LL TRY YOU AGAIN SOMEOTHER DAY
GENTLEMEN! I HAVE A FINE IDEA!! IF EACH OF YOU WILL LEND ME A PENNY I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO BUY A HAMBURGER!
LISTEN, WIMPY, KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
G-R-R
BEAT IT!
YA SEE? I TOLD YA, YA COULDN'T GET NOTHIN' OUT OF 'EM - YA FAILED!
I NEVER GIVE UP! I SHALL WIN OUT YET!
YER A PEST AND THEY HATE YA
AND I, SIR, WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR HATRED
OH! I AM SICK OF THIS WORLD!
NO FRIENDS! NO MONEY! IF I HAD A QUARTER I'D BUY SOME RAT POISON AND END IT ALL!
BOO
MY FRIEND, WILL YOU LUNCH WITH ME ACROSS THE STREET? I DISLIKE EATING ALONE
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
9-6
EGAR

AHOY, GANG.... HERE ARE SOME PHOTOS OF ME VERY SPECIAL FRIENDS!

Me first love

OLIVE OYL... She is me very best girl frien'.

SWEE'PEA... This is me little adoptit boy kid—

J. WELLINGTON WIMPY... The hamburger king of the world—

PAPPY... He is more trouble than all me other friends—

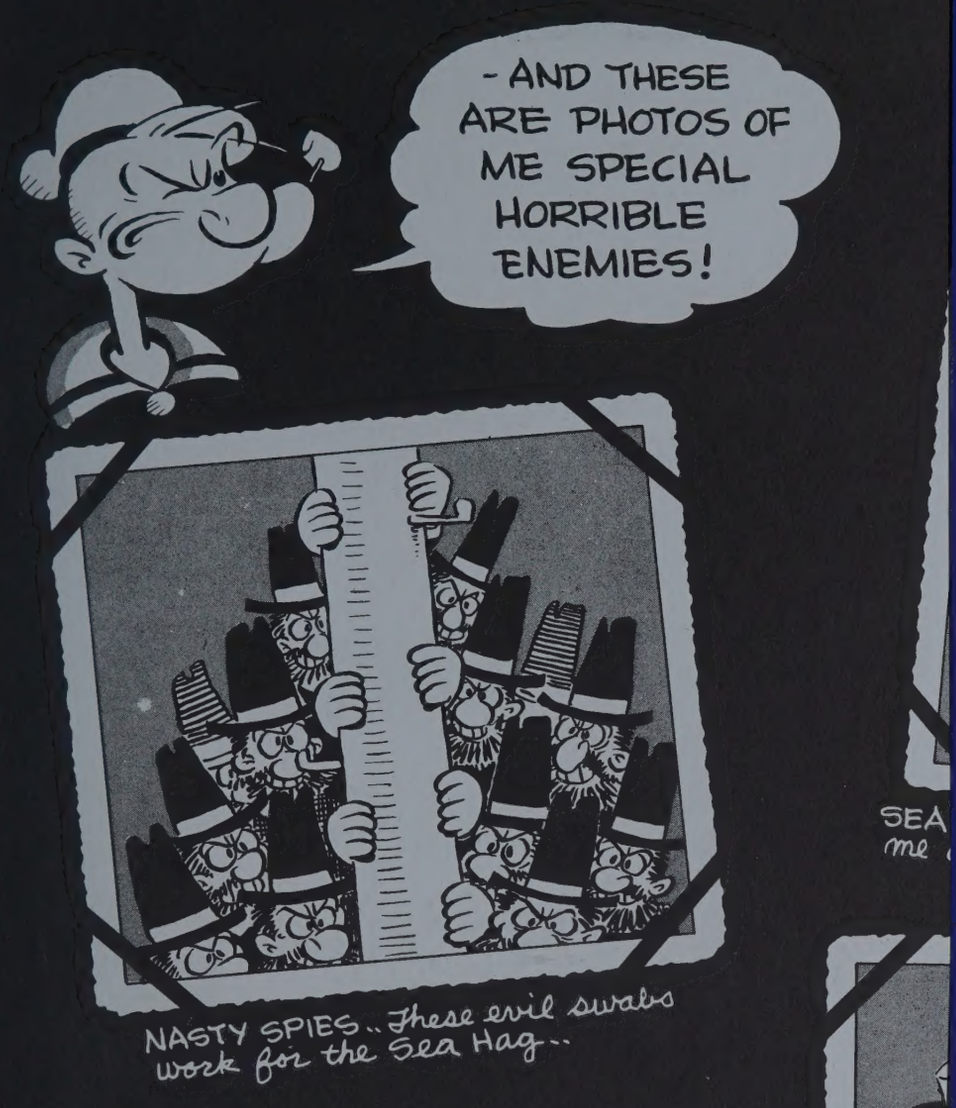
ROUGH-HOUSE... he serves the best food in town...

KING BLOZO... The king of Spinachovia...

ALICE THE GOON... a true friend from the moon—

EUGENE THE JEEP.... Me orchid eatin' pet..

TOAR... The biggest man in the world..



Elzie Crisler Segar created Popeye the Sailor as a bit part player in his 'Thimble Theatre' comic strip back in 1929. Over sixty years later the rough, tough son of the sea has become an instantly recognisable character all over the world and is still going strong in newspapers, comic books and television. This 60th anniversary collection reprints a good selection of Mr. Segar's magnificent comic strip work so that modern day readers can see exactly why his creation became so popular. There is a mood running throughout the stories that is hard to define in words, but once experienced can easily hook you and make you a fan for life. Take this book, find yourself a comfortable armchair, sit down and enjoy. You won't be alone, millions of readers have been entertained by Mr. Segar's spinach eating sailor over the years – join the club!

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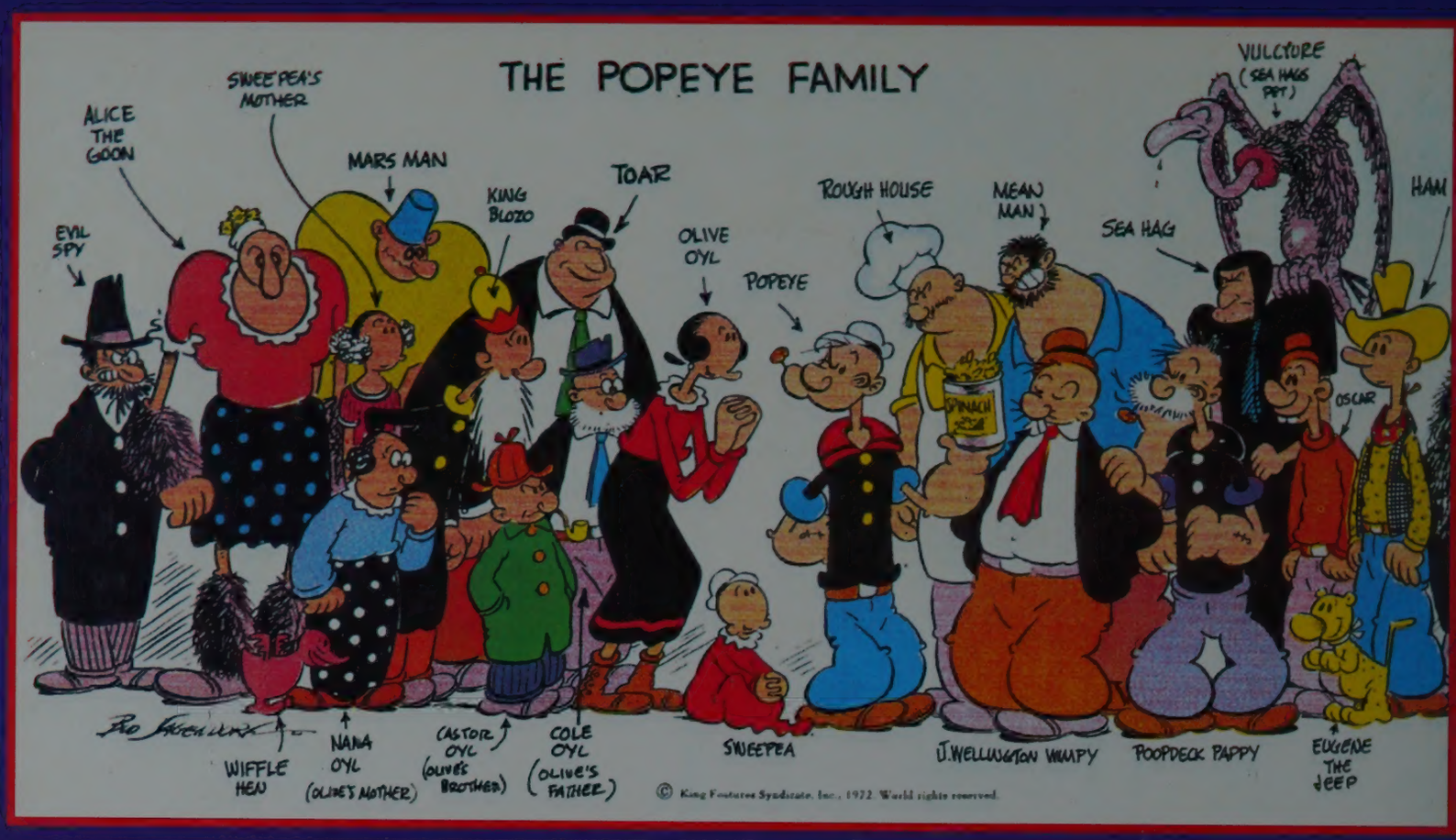

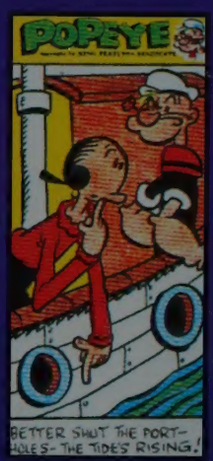

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